ADVENTURE

THE NEW MAGAZINE OF EXCITING FICTION AND FACT ▪ APRIL, 25c

UNDERWATER COMMANDOS ATTACK! SEE PAGE 12

WESTERN NOVEL: "Low Smoke" ▪ "JETS OVER KOTO-RI"

We'll establish you in
Your Own Business
...even if now employed!

Yes, you can profitably operate your business in spare time while building a permanent full time business.

We are NOW enlarging this **23 YEAR OLD,** world-wide chain of individually-owned service businesses. If you are dependable and willing to work, we invite you to mail coupon below for details on how to become financially independent in a profitable, lifetime *business of your own.* We'll help finance you!

You use the proven successful methods of long established **DURACLEAN** Dealers. Here is a sound, life-time business that thrives during peace or war. YOUR service is advertised in leading National magazines.

Dealerships grow from REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders. Alert dealers can average $5.00 hourly gross profits on service they render and $3 on *EACH* of their servicemen at National Price Guide charges. **Easy to learn . . quickly established.**

Gross $5.00 hourly

23 YEARS of PROVEN SUCCESS

Patented Machine becomes carrying case

World-wide Services

Duraclean dealers' businesses have developed into a world wide organization with dealerships throughout North America, Central America and South America, as well as in Alaska, Africa, China, Israel, Bermuda, Hawaii, Switzerland, etc.

Resale Service

Occasionally a Duraclean dealer, because of illness, moving out of town, Army draft, etc., desires to sell his dealership. We maintain a serivce to help such a dealer sell his business.

You Become an Expert
in cleaning and protecting Rugs, Carpets and Upholstery!

DURACLEAN (left) cleans by *absorption.* An aerated foam, created by the patented electric Foamovator, restores the natural lubrication of wool and other animal fibers in rugs and upholstery. Dirt, grease and many unsightly spots vanish. Fabrics and floor coverings are cleaned with a *new consideration for their life and beauty.*

Fabrics *last longer* because this modern, safe process avoids strong soaps and harmful solvents. No machine scrubbing! This eliminates unnecessary wear on pile and the breaking of fibers.

Service rendered *right in the home!* Fabrics dry in just a few hours. No inconvenience for customers. Rug pile again stands erect and even. Furnishings are left clean, fresh and enlivened.

DURAPROOF is another year 'round service rendered right n the home, office or institution —*without removing furnishings.* It protects carpets, upholstery, furs, clothing, piano felts and auto interiors from damage by moths or carpet beetles. U. S. Government says, **"Moths are present in practically every household . . . No section of the country seems free from infestations."**

DURAPROOF not only kills moths and carpet beetles . . . it makes materials non-eatable to both. To our knowledge, **DURAPROOF** is the only mothproof service backed by an international MONEY BACK, 4 YEAR WARRANTY!

Easy To Learn • No Overhead Expense

Start Full or Part Time

No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office . . . others operate from their own homes. Service may be rendered in homes, offices, hotels, theaters or institutions. Auto dealers buy their **DURACLEAN** Service to revive upholstery in used cars. Almost every building in your territory houses a potential customer needing one or both services.

Repeat and Voluntary Orders

Demonstrations win new customers. Men with **DURACLEAN** Dealerships find REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders become a major source of income. Customers are not merely satisfied—many are enthused with results and tell their friends and neighbors. Furniture and department stores and interior decorators turn over cleaning and moth-proofing to **DURACLEAN** Dealers. We show you **27ways** to get *new* customers.

Double Profit on Each Job

You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor—after paying service men and salesmen. These year 'round services are nationally advertised in Life, McCalls, Better Homes and Gardens, House Beautiful, Ladies Home Journal, etc. **See the half-page ad in April House and Garden.** You have the cooperation of a **23 YEAR OLD** organization interested in your success. The rapidly growing need for these services makes TODAY the ideal time to become the owner of a **DURACLEAN** Service business.

EASY TERMS!

A moderate payment establishes **your own** business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales book, demonstrators and **enough material to return your TOTAL investment.** You can have your business operating in a very few days. **Mail coupon today! No obligation.**

What Dealers Say

W. Lookiebill: We've had 20 years of pleasant dealings. I'm 65 but am setting my sights for 20 more years.

Gerald Merriman: This made me $700 cleaning with only 13 working days.

P. Friedinger: 70% of our business is repeat . . . also get business from reference of satisfied customers.

A. Ullman: It is encouraging that every demonstration has been a sale.

L. Ellsworth: Your advertising program certainly paid dividends for me.

M. Lassanske: My original investment was returned in about two months. I am not sorry in any way that I started my business "on a shoe string."

R. E. Ferrel: A 1050 sq. ft. carpeting job grossed $73.00 and took me 7½ hours, working alone. It was the carpeting for a large Supply Club and it turned out beautifully.

R. Kimbrough: Finished First White House of Confederacy and I am to Duraclean the Governor's Mansion.

C. Lombardo: I have been in some of the finest homes. Have 100% satisfaction.

Margarette Turner: Took in $106 that week and worked about 15 or 18 hours.

L. Johnson: Every customer passes out "orchids" as we finish the job and gives us names of friends to see. That is the way this business develops—each customer leads to 3 or 4 more.

H. Satterfield: Duracleaned chair for largest department store and got order for 60 to 75 chairs, couches & davenports.

Q. Corbett (Canada): Several hundred dollars in jobs lined up from canvassing.

P. Sheptak: I believe this (national advertising) will improve our business as we are getting 4 and 5 calls daily.

R. E. Schenk: The customers I had on House & Garden ads were very pleased. Their furnishings came out beautiful.

P. D. Friedinger: Had a big mothproof business last year; one job was $322.23.

C. L. Smith: Again 1 day's work, 8 hours, totaling over $100.00 for my helper and I which isn't bad for a country boy like me. I myself do not have any unusual abilities, only this. I'm equipped with the best cleaning service in the field and get well paid for my work.

"OWN a Business" Coupon

DURACLEAN CO., 3-704 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

Without obligation, tell me how I may enjoy a steady increasing life income in my **OWN** business. Enclose **FREE** booklet and full details.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

FREE Booklet

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything — these modern urgently needed services, waiting market, how business grows, your large profits, easy terms and PROTECTED territory. Send Coupon TODAY while territory is open.

Duraclean Co., 3-704 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois

This *FREE SAMPLE LESSON*

will prove that you can become an expert

BOOKKEEPER...ACCOUNTANT OR C.P.A.

This well-paid LaSalle-trained Accountant's success could be yours.

HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY
By the LaSalle Problem Method
• Practical Accounting
Assignment 1
THE BALANCE SHEET
QUOTING from the "Journal of Accountancy," the authoritative organ of the professional accountants of the United States:
"...the accounting profession is probably the best paid in the world. If there be a profession in which the average compensation is higher, it is not known to us.
"There is need for accountants. There is ample compensation for accountants. There is no prospect that the supply will overtake the demand within the lifetime of even the youngest of us."
lle Extension University
Correspondence Institution
CHICAGO

THIS SAME LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as C.P.A.'s. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This sample lesson will show you why.

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

We offer you this free sample lesson so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accountancy—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works . . . how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—*learning by doing* and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of C.P.A. instructors.

Nearly 10% of all C.P.A.'s in the U. S. have been trained by the LaSalle Problem Method

GOOD-PAY JOBS IN 5 BIG FIELDS

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself among the highest-paid of all professional men and women. Surveys show that accountants earn more than those in other major professions.

There are five big fields of opportunity open to Accountancy-trained men and women . . . opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment . . . or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays"... plus free sample lesson. The coupon at right will bring both to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

IF you have been envying the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women Accountants today . . . incomes ranging from $4,000 to $10,000 and more per year . . . why not launch such a career for yourself?

Do you doubt that you can?

Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the same Lesson Number One with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successful accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated by LaSalle, makes Accountancy simple, interesting, practical, and certain . . . how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the coveted degree of Certified Public Accountant if you so aspire.

It doesn't matter whether you've had previous bookkeeping experience, or whether you don't know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert bookkeeper, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant . . . you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today . . . if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in this highest-paying of all professions . . . send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send the free sample lesson—plus our 48-page book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

Clip Coupon . . . Mail TODAY!

LaSalle Extension University . . . *A Correspondence Institution*

Dept.H-304, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois

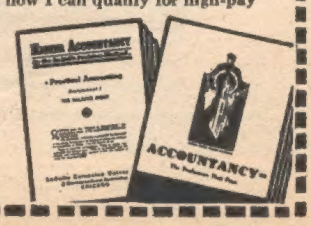
YES, I want to see how LaSalle's "Problem Method" works . . . how I can qualify for high-pay Accountancy positions. Send free sample lesson—also your 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays"... all without cost or obligation.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street Address.....

City, Zone & State.....

Present Position.....



ADVENTURE

The Man's Magazine of Exciting Fact and Fiction

APRIL, 1953 VOLUME 126 NUMBER 6

HENRY STEEGER, Publisher JERRY MASON, Editor

SHORT STORIES

JETS OVER KOTO-RI.....Robert Ferguson 8

"GO TO CLOSE QUARTERS".....R. W. Daly 20

THE SINNER OF THE SAINTS.....John D. MacDonald 28

THE UNGLOVED HAND.....Floyd Mahannah 36

NOVEL

LOW SMOKE.....Steve Frazee 16

PICTURE FEATURES

UNDERWATER COMMANDOS..... 12

MILE-A-MINUTE CATTLE RUSTLERS.....Walt Wiggins and Sid Latham 24

"THE SHOT I HAD TO MAKE"..... 32

TRUE ADVENTURE

LOTTERY OF DEATH.....Robert B. Pitkin 11

"I SURVIVED THE KOREAN DEATH MARCH"..... 40
(Lt. Alexander Makarounis as told to Merle Miller)

AMERICA.....Herbert Asbury 63

DEPARTMENTS

CAMPFIRE..... 4

ASK ADVENTURE..... 6

ASK ADVENTURE EXPERTS..... 74

COVER PAINTING BY PHILIP RONFOR

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

Associate Publisher: THOMAS F. HARRAGAN Production Manager: JACK McKENNA Newsstand Sales Manager: LUTHER BUGBEE, JR.

Advertising Manager: HERBERT J. DONOHOE Research Manager: MARK CLEMENTS Subscription Manager: JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO

Published bi-monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., at 2256 Grove St., Chicago, Ill. Editorial and Executive Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President, John J. McVarish, Treasurer. Application for re-entry as second-class matter pending at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill.

Copyright, 1953, by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Title registered in U. S. and Canadian Patent Offices.

Single copy, 25 cents. All correspondence relating to this publication should be addressed to 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unavailable. The publishers will exercise care in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Picture yourself going places

You've done it often. Call it day-dreaming if you like, but you've seen yourself in a bigger job — giving orders and making decisions — driving off in a smart new car — buying your family a fine home.

There's nothing wrong with dreams. But how about making them come true? *You can do it,* if you're willing to try!

Look around you. The men who are going places are the *trained* men. They've learned special skills that bring them better jobs and higher pay. It's the men *without* training whose dreams never come true.

What are you going to do about it? Just wait and wish? If you really *want to succeed,* you can get the training you need by studying at home in your spare time. International Correspondence Schools offer you a course in just about any field you choose, giving you the practical plus the bedrock facts and theory. No skimming or skimping! And you'll be earning while you learn. Students report better jobs and more pay within a few months.

Look over the list of subjects in the coupon below. Pick out the one that interests you most — the one that holds the greatest future for you. Then mark the coupon, and mail it today. *Find out* what I. C. S. can do for you. It costs only a stamp or postcard, but it's the first step if you want to go places!

SMARTEST THING HE EVER DID

"I noticed that the trained men held the better jobs. That's when I decided to take an I. C. S. course. Enrolling with I. C. S. was one of the smartest things I ever did. The position as Plant Engineer I hold today is largely due to the 'know-how' derived from my I. C. S. texts. I. C. S. can help any man who will study."

L. P. S., Elkhart, Ind.

DON'T let these poor excuses make you **FAIL**

1. I never got started.
2. I want a good time.
3. I don't want any responsibility.
4. I can't stick to it.
5. I haven't enough education.
6. I don't know where to get training.

GOING INTO THE ARMY OR NAVY? Earn more pay, win a higher rating, quicker promotion by having this specialized knowledge and credit. I. C. S. courses have helped thousands advance in the services.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 2407 SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine and Book Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Fashion Illustrating

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobile, Mechanic
- ☐ Auto-Elec. Technician
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Diesel—Gas Engines

AVIATION
- ☐ Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
- ☐ Aircraft Engine Mechanic
- ☐ Airplane Drafting

BUILDING
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drafting
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Estimating
- ☐ Carpenter and Mill Work
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Reading Blueprints
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Steam Fitting
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Electrician

BUSINESS
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Certified Public Accountant
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Federal Tax
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Personnel and Labor Relations
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Retail Business Management
- ☐ Managing Small Business
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMISTRY
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Petroleum—Nat'l Gas
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making
- ☐ Plastics

CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Structural Drafting
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Reading Blueprints
- ☐ Concrete Construction
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Mine Surveying and Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electrician
- ☐ Electrical Maintenance
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Electric Power and Light
- ☐ Lineman

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ College Preparatory
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ Commercial
- ☐ Good English

MECHANICAL AND SHOP
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Machine Design-Drafting
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Shop Inspection
- ☐ Reading Blueprints
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Gas—Electric Welding
- ☐ Heat Treatment—Metallurgy
- ☐ Sheet Metal Work
- ☐ Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
- ☐ Refrigeration

POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Diesel—Electric
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Stationary Steam Engineering
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

RADIO, TELEVISION, COMMUNICATIONS
- ☐ General Radio
- ☐ Radio Operation
- ☐ Radio Servicing—FM
- ☐ Television
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Telephone Work

RAILROAD
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Air Brakes ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Railroad Administration

TEXTILE
- ☐ Textile Engineering
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Rayon Manufacture
- ☐ Woolen Manufacture
- ☐ Loom Fixing
- ☐ Finishing and Dyeing
- ☐ Textile Designing

HOME ARTS
- ☐ Dressmaking and Designing
- ☐ Cookery
- ☐ Tea Room Management

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to_____ P.M.

Occupation_____

Special tuition rates to members of the Armed Forces. Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

campfire

WELCOME to the first issue of ADVENTURE—a new magazine with a famous old title.

ADVENTURE is going to have one purpose in life: to entertain. We want this to be a magazine that's fun to read, fun to look at—whether you're sitting in a living room, in a boat, lying in bed, or hiding out on a tropical island.

We are not here to educate anybody. We have no aim to solve the problems of the world. The only thing we offer any reader is the pleasant diversion of a very good story or an exciting picture sequence. We'll strive to keep it that way.

The stories that we publish will not play on the usual emotional strings of smart modern fiction and radio soap operas. We will concern ourselves little with tortured souls, psychoanalysts, naked women, or private detectives who like to go around pistol-whipping people. There is enough of that already.

We think there's a real place for a magazine which knows how to find and publish the best stories being written today. Add to that the best photographic story-tellers and an occasional legend-making true adventure story and you have ADVENTURE.

We believe this first issue is good. We believe it because all of us like everything in it.

To get this first issue off to a galloping start, we have included a bonus item. "I Survived the Korean Death March," is, we feel, the greatest piece of non-fiction about the Korean War ever to appear in a magazine. When it was originally printed in *Argosy*, our brother magazine, it broke all records for reader enthusiasm and interest. We include it now in ADVENTURE for all those who missed it and for those who asked to see again this classic of modern adventure.

But before we tell you more about our bonus feature, we thought you'd like to know about the writers who are celebrating the debut of ADVENTURE with us.

R. W. DALY (the R is for Robert) began to consider writing seriously when he was still a Boy Scout. He discovered at that time that there was a certain satisfaction in stringing big words together. He began writing fiction while he was working for the Chicago *Tribune* to finance his studies in night school.

His latest story is "Go to Close Quarters," which appears on page 20.

Daly had already got his Master of Arts degree from Loyola and was working on his Ph.D when things started warming up in 1941. He dropped his studies to enter the Coast Guard, going in as an ensign and coming out as a lieutenant commander. He has two Ph.D's now and is teaching naval history at Annapolis.

ROBERT FERGUSON, author of "Jets Over Koto-Ri" (*page 8*), describes himself as second from the end in an unbroken line of Robert Fergusons reaching back through Scottish history to old Fergus himself, the man responsible for the Stone of Scone.

Born 48 years ago in Illinois, the current Mr. Ferguson spent his early days on his father's cattle ranch, the R-Lazy-F, in the western Canadian foothills. He was "hired on" at 12 to handle the remudas of a rancher nearby and was a top cutting hand at 16. During off seasons, he says, his father dragged him all over northern Canada and most of Alaska to look for gold, oil, land and elbow room. Then he went off to college where he learned electrical engineering and badly dislocated his shoulder playing football.

All sorts of things happened after that. He eloped with a Calgary girl to Detroit, where he sold hardware, magazines and vacuum cleaners, worked in real estate and a newspaper office, and tried vainly to get into the Polar Bear Club by diving through a hole in the January ice over the Detroit River.

Drifting west to Spokane, he worked as a chopper in a match-block factory, cut right-of-way over the Cascades for a power company, was a millwright in a meat-packing plant, and ended up as steam engineer for an oil company. This career was cut short by his "uncontrolled temper." The same thing happened when he became an electrician on the eight-mile Cascade Tunnel project of the Great Northern Railroad. A fight underground led to automatic dismissal.

That was 25 years ago. He tried writing, but it didn't work out, so he turned again to engineering and whatever was offered after the depression. His next efforts at writing were better, but then he went to sea as a sailor of windjammers. He worked up to a skipper's rank, chartering jobs over most of the Pacific. Then, just for the money, he went into the wholesale distribution of oil.

Ferguson missed out on World War II when the Army and Navy made X-rays of him, looked at the badly messed-up shoulder, found the scars of broken ribs, frost-nipped lungs and an unsuspected childhood case of tuberculosis. He was classified as 592: "To be used only in case of extreme emergency." He found war work with the Walt Disney studios as a special process and camera technician until his arm failed him completely. Now he seems to have settled down contentedly as a writer.

MERLE MILLER (left) got Makarounis' exciting story with notes and tape.

He lives now in Laguna Beach, California, with his third wife. He has a daughter and a son. The latter is a Navy flyer. His name, of course, is Robert.

LAST, before you read it, you should know why "I Survived the Korean Death March" (*page 40*) carries a double byline. One, of course, is Makarounis. The other is that of Merle Miller, the writer to whom Makarounis talked the story. When the lieutenant was sent back to the North Korean Reds, Miller was sent to get the story from him. Makarounis talked to Miller and a microphone, and every word was taken by a tape-recording machine. Miller reports that that part of the collaboration was easy; he was amazed at Makarounis' memory for details and his natural ability to describe them. The lieutenant, he says, would have made a terrific reporter.

Miller had the recordings transcribed and went to work alone on them, cutting and editing the huge transcript and pulling it into readable shape.

Well, that's enough curtain-raising. Start turning the pages. When you get through, we sure would like to know what you think of this first issue of ADVENTURE. Write—will you?

—J. M.

Get into . . .

PLASTIC LAMINATING AT HOME!

Sensational New "ONE MAN BUSINESS" . . pays $10 to $20 profit for each dollar of cost.

Make $20 to $30 a day by our MAGIC MAIL PLAN . . . get orders and cash from your mailman!

Here's the newest and most fascinating of all home-operated businesses. For the first time, a simplified machine brings the fabulous profits of Plastic Sealing and Plastic Laminating within the reach of the small operator. Can be operated in a corner of the kitchen, basement, or garage. And any man or woman, regardless of age, education, or experience—can learn this interesting work *in a few minutes of reading*—can turn out professional jobs *after one hour's practice.*

TWO EXCITING FIELDS FOR BIG PROFITS!

No house-to-house canvassing. No face-to-face selling. We not only supply the equipment you need for the work, but also show you exactly how to cash in big daily profits from two big demand fields.

A FORTUNE IN PLASTIC SEALING

Millions of people want to protect valuable cards, photographs, documents and papers against wear, soil, and damage. By our MAGIC MAIL Plan you get this business through the mails. Open envelopes and take out money and orders. Details of this plan will amaze you. It will be sent free. Just mail coupon.

ENORMOUS PROFITS IN LAMINATING

A creative, artistic business. Gift shops sell your entire output. Just a few of thousands of giftwares illustrated on this page. Beautiful colors. Endless designs. Exclusive "one of a kind" appeal brings sales at ten to twenty times the cost of materials. Beautiful illustrations and instructions for making these artistic novelties sent free.

The opportunities in Plastic Laminating are so big that space here does not permit even skimming the surface. To get any idea **FREE** at all of the size of these markets and your place in this sensational business you must read the details. See for yourself how easy it is to do the work—how you can put plastic sheets into your machine and take out a fortune—how money and orders come to you in the mail—how gift shops clamor to get more and more of your creations—how you can start with one machine and build up a big production plant with others doing the work—how you can get money and business from every State in the Union—how you can achieve independence without study or experience.

RUSH COUPON

Never before has such an opportunity been offered the small, home-operator—an opportunity to gain complete personal independence in a big money business of your own. Don't lose a minute. Get the facts at once. All information, fully illustrated with pictures, is free. Send the coupon—or send your name on a penny postcard. There is no charge now, or at any other time. We may be limited in the number of Warner Laminators that can be made up, so don't put this off. Send for the information on this exciting opportunity today.

WARNER ELECTRIC CO.,
1512 Jarvis, Dept. L-474, Chicago 26, Illinois

$5-$10-and $20 BILLS COME TO YOU IN THE MAIL

By our MAGIC MAIL Plan you sit at home, send out mail, and get back money and orders. Additional profits in supplying local people with lifetime protection for

SNAPSHOTS—IDENTIFICATION CARDS—DISCHARGE PAPERS—DRIVERS' LICENSES—SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS—VOTERS REG. CARDS—MENUS—BIRTH CERTIFICATES—CREDIT CARDS—BIRTH AND WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS—RAILROAD PASSES—IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Lifetime protection. See how laminating protects against wear, soiling, and moisture damage with its smooth, flexible, plastic covering on each side. LIFE-TIME PROTECTION needed for valuable or sentimental objects of all kinds—even a priceless whisp of hair can be laminated. Think of the countless thousands of profit items for your Laminating Press.

Thousands of Beautiful Art Creations

No one yet has been able to list the thousands of gorgeous articles that can be made by Laminating as explained in our Free Information. Just a few are

COSTUME JEWELRY—CIGARETTE BOXES—JEWEL CASES—GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF BOXES—CUFF LINKS—NOVELTY BUTTONS—TRAY—CANDLESTICKS—COASTERS—CLOCK CASES—LAMP BASES PICTURE FRAMES—BOOK ENDS—PAPER KNIVES—KEY CHAIN CHARMS—CHECKERS—CHESSMEN—ADVERTISING SIGNS—NAMEPLATES—BOOKMARKS—BELT BUCKLES—TIE RACKS—KEEPSAKES OF ALL KINDS.

WARNER ELECTRIC CO. Dept. L-474
1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois

Rush complete information with illustrations showing the things I can make and the money possibilities in Plastic Laminating. All this is free. I do not pay a penny now or at any other time. No salesman is to call. Send all facts by prepaid mail. Be sure to tell me how I get orders and money from my Postman by your MAGIC MAIL Plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ask ADVENTURE

Your questions answered by our experts, listed on page 74

UNDERWATER PROSPECTING

A friend of mine has a claim along the Klamath River, with a deep hole and pretty fast-moving water. Would a suction pump and possibly a diver handling the suction nozzle on the river bottom be a feasible method of working such a place? Are there any laws prohibiting such an operation, and do you know of anyone having done so successfully?

JULIAN C. DONLEY

Inglewood, California

There's no law whatever against use of a suction or bucket dredge to recover gold from auriferous stream gravels, if your claim covers the pool you plan to dredge. Your project is sound and perfectly feasible for waters up to about 40 feet in depth.

The first suction dredge was so used in a pool of the Feather River—I believe it was back in the middle 1920s. The waters were 40-feet deep in places, and required the use of a diver. While a lot of gold was recovered, it probably was not all taken, for the nozzle of that first model wasn't too efficient, and the horsepower was quite low. The practicability of the method, however, was established, and it has since been proved entirely successful with modern apparatus, which really cleans rough bedrock, and gets the gold from all cracks, crevices and seams.

You don't state your pool's depth, but I doubt if any in the Klamath run deeper than 40 feet. At any rate, you need no diver, since there now are hose attachments that operate from a scow, to be run by two men. The scow can be built on the ground, and held in place in swift water with wire cables attached to trees or dead men on both river banks. A flat-bottomed craft, the scow has an ordinary wooden sluice with regulation riffles to take the discharged gravels from the hose. The sluice is placed so that all tailings flush off into the river from the rear end.

In 1936, C. B. Thompson of Seattle drove me to see the S. B. Gjerde dredge operate on the upper Similkamee, a short distance west of Oroville, Washington. At the time, this type of dredge was operating successfully in the Pacific Coast area, in many parts of Canada, and even in Alaska. The Gjerde used a three-inch nozzle, which is a good average size. You might write to W. E. Bixby, Richfield, Idaho, who took over the Gjerde outfit and now makes the Bixby dredge.

There are many other types of suction dredges now made by most of the large mining supply firms, several in California. The Essick, for example, is a portable dredge with a two-inch nozzle and three-and-a-half-horsepower pump, used chiefly for testing gravels ahead of a regular dredge, or in small creeks. The PM & MS Company use a three-and-a-half-inch nozzle with both their smaller and larger models.

There are lots of yet-unworked underwater auriferous gravels, simply because early-day miners had no method of working them, while many present-day miners never heard of a suction dredge. If you haven't already done so, however, I would suggest that you make some sort of tests of the gravels you plan to work, before you begin full-scale operations—just in case.

VICTOR SHAW

FOREIGN LEGION

Please send me information regarding the French Foreign Legion, including enlistment terms, pay and general requirements.

W. B. TERRELL

Terrell, Texas

Enlistment in the French Foreign Legion is for a period of five years, with a pay scale averaging six dollars a month. The general requirements for enlistment are an iron physique and no permanent identifying marks or scars.

Applicants for enlistment must be on French soil, or in the French sector of Occupied Germany where mobile recruiting vans are operating.

GEORGE C. APPELL

MAX BAER

I have heard it said that Max Baer was frightened to death before his fight with Joe Louis, and very difficult to handle. I understand that you represented Baer in this fight. In your opinion, did Max put up a fight, or was he beaten before it began?

W. P. REESE

Portland, Colorado

I would describe Max Baer as a highly imaginative, volatile and inconsistent performer. With different psychology, he could have been one of the world's greatest heavyweight champions. He was handicapped by temperament comparable to an opera star's or a ballet dancer's, but it was real and not faked.

Max Baer lost his fight with Joe Louis during his training. Because of his imagination, he worried about how he would look and fare against Louis. He was so worried that he was in a bad mental state at fight time—although I do not agree that Baer was actually afraid. One can almost say, however, that Max was beaten before the fight began.

To be absolutely fair to him, another factor should be considered: his advisors, including Dempsey and myself, gave him probably the wrong advice. We told him to go out and throw punches at Louis. An analysis of Louis' fights today shows that he was the world's greatest counter-puncher, but that he was completely lost when an opponent made him lead—as did Farr and Schmeling.

JOHN V. GROMBACH

ARCHERY BEGINNER

I have become greatly interested in archery and have joined the local bowmen's association. I am using a five-foot, ten-inch bow with a 50-pound pull, and 28-inch arrows. Please answer the following questions for me:

1. What is the proper equipment for the beginning archer?
2. Can I satisfactorily make my own arrows, and if so, where can I get the stock?
3. Do you advise a tight or a loose grip for the bow hand?
4. Is there any objection to holding the bowstring in the first crease of the fingers, instead of at the ends of the finger pads?
5. How can I get a smooth release in shooting?

ARTHUR S. GIBBS

Brockton, Massachusetts

1. The beginning bowman should use a bow of his own height. Until you learn more about archery, I suggest you get a good lemon-wood of about 40 pounds, some good plain arrows, arm guard and quiver. Later on, you can get more expensive equipment.

As Louis walks to corner, Baer looks bad. Was he beaten before fight began?

2. You can make your own arrows. Write to L. E. Stemmler Company, Queens Village, Long Island, N.Y., for supplies.

3. By all means, a loose grip for the bow hand. When too tight, a grip varies, causing arrows to fly more or less to the left, and hindering consistent shooting.

4. I hold the bowstring in the first crease of the fingers myself.

5. By not trying to get a smooth release—rather, by not concentrating on it. Merely let your fingers relax and allow the arrow to "get away" from you.

EARL B. POWELL

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN

LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.

$10 TO $15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

SWITCHED TO TV SERVICING
"I recenty switched over from studio work and am now holding a position as service technician. I am still with RCA, enjoying my work more and more every day."—N. Ward, Ridgefield, N. J.

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

This Is Just Some of the Equipment My Students Build. All Parts Yours to Keep.

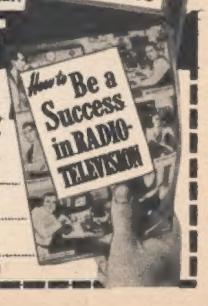
Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3-DR-4, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!



Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. Smith, President, Dept. 3-DR-4
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Approved under G.I. Bill

ADVENTURE • APRIL, 1953

JETS OVER KOTO-RI

They were great fighter pilots, but they needed a leader in the air. And Cooper wasn't a leader. He was a killer.

THEY were my kids. Navy Squadron VF ——, aboard the aircraft carrier————, operating over that bleak and ugly land the map called Korea, in the closing months of 1950. True, Mo Kane commanded them; but in that peculiar, and supposedly impersonal, way of a doctor, I had adopted them. And because of that, whatever happened to them happened to me. They were mostly jg's and ensigns, on their first combat duty. I knew their troubles and their hopes; I had prescribed for their hangovers and their unrequited loves. Mo Kane, to whom the corps spirit was everything, had welded them into a smooth

by ROBERT FERGUSON

fighting unit, with an intensity of respect, a oneness of purpose and a single-minded, determination to follow him that was beautiful to see. When I mentioned this, Mo grinned, in that lazy way of his, and swelled with the pride of a father.

"Sure, Hack," he said. "Because they want me to lead them. They're savvy kids. They're terrific!"

That afternoon, Mo Kane was shot down, up over Koto-ri. The pilots saw his Panther explode as it hit the ground.

When they came back you got the feeling that they were like a suddenly decapitated body, flopping, aimless. The delicate, intangible, binding force that had been Mo Kane's brand of leadership was gone.

Baker, the executive officer, took over.

BAKER'S style was radically different his was the swashbuckling way of a pirate—but he was a man who died with each pilot he lost. The kids found this out, and they found in him the germ of Kane; so they turned to him, as a man. It wasn't long before the squadron would have followed him into hell and out again, eagerly. They knew, of course, that he'd spend them if he found it necessary; but they knew he'd save them if he found it possible.

But Baker was a youngster, too, a very junior lieutenant commander. Maybe the brass thought he wasn't ready for command. I don't know. I've never sat in that huge, five-sided building and moved pins on a map, or operated from a plush office in Alameda and said send this one here and that one there. But, brother, if a man was ever sick over a bad decision, I was when word came that Cooper would take command of this squadron. I remembered him, sure; I was the only man aboard who'd known him back there in that other war. Cooper. Now Commander David Lowell Cooper, the "Bring 'Em Back Dead Cooper" of the old Lex and the days down over the Coral Sea. A man whom a terrible turn of fate—a thing so shocking that I still wonder how he lived through it and kept any sanity—had turned into a cold, heartless fighting machine. An officer whose fitness report carried the condemnation of a graying captain, the head of a Board of Inquiry that set Cooper back one hundred places in seniority. I knew Cooper. I had been a kid with him, back in those bloody days when he was the best of a crack group of young pilots fresh out of Pensacola, who cut a terrible swathe in the ranks of the Emperor's airmen.

I brought him the radiogram that night, the slip of paper that told him with awful finality that his beautiful wife of one year had been raped and murdered, on the train from the east, on her way to be with him.

He had taken it with hardly a quiver—outwardly. But sometime in the chaos of that night, between taps and reveille, a watertight door slammed shut on some compartment of his mind. For afterwards, the warmly human boy was gone, replaced by an icy, flawless officer, a flyer of mechanical perfection. And I think now that his mind, unseated, transferred guilt for his wife's murder from one man to all men. He walked alone. Always the relentless fighter, the machines bringing records to himself and his group, but doing it as if he were the only man on earth, utterly alone. He seemed like a man seeking death, and bent on taking as many men with him as he could.

The inevitable climax came when he disobeyed a vector to intercept a flight of Jap bombers and led his pilots into an ambush of two squadrons of Zeros. He came back with a riddled ship, and only his wingman, to face the Board of Inquiry. He was set back, and told by the captain that he was unfit for leadership, that he had forfeited his right to command.

The next day was a replenishment day. I dropped into Ready Room Two, and was there when Baker brought Cooper in and introduced him to the squadron. He hadn't changed much—still the slim, dark officer, quiet and self-contained, with just a brush of silver in the dark hair and a few more lines at the eye corners to remind me of the years since our last meeting.

Baker said, as they came to me, "Commander Hackett, Commander Cooper," and then I was shaking the outstretched hand and wondering if the years had changed him. Cooper said, "Glad to see you again, Doctor." Then the two men moved on; but I'd had enough of an impression to know that the kids were up against something pretty deadly.

The squadron was posted for early launch next morning. At 0545 hours, the squawk box barked "Pilots, man your planes!" and I stepped over the coaming and leaned flat into the wind coming down the flight deck to take up my customary post. It was the usual scene of patterned confusion. Tractors had swept the flight deck free of snow. The eerie howl of the jets shattered your eardrums, the fox flag was at the dip, pilots ran for waiting aircraft and scrambled up to lean out for last-minute dope from plane captains, the squawk box growled mechanical-throated orders, then two-block the fox flag, the white flag up on the bridge, and the jets roared off!

For a short time you could hear the radio chatter as they climbed into a soggy, gray overcast for rendezvous. After that, there was silence.

I sweated that one out, with a pipe gone tasteless, wishing to hell I was six thousand miles east of there with nothing but a bottle of Scotch to worry about while I watched a stripper work down in the International Settlement in San Francisco, and reminding myself that I was a doctor and supposed to be tough and have no feelings and trying not to think that some of them might not get back, and then, suddenly, the mission was over and they were back, clattering into the ready room for debriefing, and bitching, the way Navy pilots always do.

AT THE end of that week they lost Munger. I got it from Baker. "What's with this Cooper, Hack?" he said, coming into my quarters. "He brought the flight back over an area we knew was heavy with AA, and when I mentioned it to him he just snapped off his intercom like a man who didn't give a damn. With half of North Korea to fly over, and nothing to bother us, he had to come through that and we lost Munger. You know him, Hack. Don't he like life?"

What could I say? I'm not a line officer, I just patch up men when they get hurt. I shook my head. "Your guess is as good as mine, Baker." But I made up my mind to brace Cooper.

I found him in the wardroom a couple days later, having a solitary cup of coffee. I took my coffee over and sat down. "Still throwing them away, Cooper?" I said. "Still trying to prove something to yourself?"

He looked at me for seconds that seemed to run into minutes, his gray eyes staring at me expressionlessly. I realized then that the years had made me as purely Navy as issue skivvies, and I couldn't find any sympathy for him. I was hearing the words of the captain when he spoke of Cooper's wife during the inquiry into the disobeyed vector that had cost ten pilots: "Every man in the Navy feels your loss deeply, Mr. Cooper. . . . But personal reasons, however urgent, cannot be accepted as contributing causes to dereliction of duty. To risk men's lives in war is one thing, to throw them away wilfully is another matter."

Cooper pulled his glance from mine. "Case of Munger, Doctor?" he asked coldly.

"Right now it's Munger, yes."

He drained his coffee and stood up, lighting a cigarette. "You stick on the band-aids and hold their hands for them, *Doctor* Hackett. I'll fly them in combat." He walked out on that.

RUSTY Jensen and Fred Tinker were the inseparables of the group. Two jg's, they had been Nav Cads together at Pensacola and Corpus Christi. They were a pair of hot-rock pilots who rode each other incessantly, and fought together like twins: true hellions but fine fighter pilots. They had even been in love with the same girl—a glamorpuss entertainer from Squires Manor outside Mainside main gate at Pensacola. Tinker married her. But that hadn't made any difference between the two. Once they cornered me, and that time the talk wasn't about flying; I found them deeply thoughtful youngsters, with completely adult opinions on life and what made them tick. Perhaps that was why I noticed their bewilderment before I did the others'.

After ten days under Cooper, the group began to come apart at the seams. They didn't understand it. With Mo Kane and Baker they had been human beings first, finely conditioned fighting machines second. Cooper's disregard of them as people was cracking their morale. They began flying as individuals, the smoohtly oiled teamwork gone. They had held the record for enemy destruction over (*Continued on page* 70)

LOTTERY OF DEATH

ONE afternoon in the year 1835 a party of 47 trappers sat down on a black Montana prairie and waited for death.

Nearly a week earlier Indians had driven off their horses in the night and fired the plains. The white men survived the fire but were lost in a sea of ashes. Now, after wandering on foot without food or water for six days, their strength was gone.

Sitting in the soot, awaiting death, the guide made a suggestion. With a little food or liquid, he hinted meaningfully, perhaps some could survive.

"Blood," someone said. "Human flesh and blood is all we have."

"It's up to you men," muttered the guide. He took charred straws from the sod and held them up. "Forty-six short ones and one long one."

"Who'll do the killing?" asked a trapper named Josiah Mooso.

After a long silence a huge man known as Big Nels had a suggestion. "Let the loser walk off twenty paces, counting," he proposed soberly. "At the count of twenty every man fire at him."

One by one the men agreed and straws were laid out evenly on the stock of the guide's rifle—46 short and one long—then they were dumped into a hat and then staggered into a cluster to draw.

The closest friendship among the 47 men was that between Josiah Mooso and Big Nels, who had been boyhood friends.

It was Mooso's lot to write down the doing of this black day.

It was Big Nels' lot to draw the long straw.

Years later Mooso wrote that his heart turned sick. The others grimly set their faces to the task, and Big Nels' gaunt features showed no emotion.

Then began the ritual of death. As the trappers stood in a resolute row with their rifles to their shoulders Big Nels stumbled away on weak legs.

"One, two, three, four—" he counted.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—" As Mooso looked down his rifle, the broad back of Nels blurred in the sights.

"*Twenty!*" Big Nels shouted the number, turning about. "Comrades, shoot me here," he said, placing his hand over his heart.

Mooso could not pull the trigger, but closed his eyes and nearly fainted as he waited for the 45 other rifles to riddle Big Nels. . . .

A peaceful Crow Indian appeared before the camp that night and guided the party to his camp where the travelers were nursed.

What, one may ask, of Mooso's conscience, secretly leaving the blood of Big Nels on others' souls? What of the others?

The answer is known.

Josiah Mooso has written that at the count of 20 not one man fired a shot. Big Nels' life was spared by the decent instincts of 46 men, acting independently at the split second of execution.

Copyright 1951, Popular Publications, Inc.

by Robert B. Pitkin

Underwater Commandos

They're the Armed Forces, toughest—the boys who clear the way

AMONG THE TOUGHEST fighting units in the world are the small groups of silent, black-suited men who swim into enemy beaches and clear the way for invading troops—the U.S. Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams. Armed only with knives and compasses, these underwater fighters scout enemy positions, blow up harbor defenses and even demolish natural barriers like coral reefs, almost always in the face of heavy enemy fire.

Started during World War II, the UDT cleared the way in every Pacific island landing from Saipan until the end of the war. At Omaha Beach in Normandy, 60 per cent of the UDT men were wounded, but not before they had blasted gaping holes in German invasion defenses.

Frogmen are recruited from the Navy's best swimmers and then put through what is probably the most

AQUALUNG allows UDT men to breathe underwater as they swim into enemy beaches on scouting mission.

PHOTOS BY TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

for beachhead landings

rugged combat training in the world. By the second week, 40 per cent of them flunk out.

But the training pays off. At Guam, U.S. Marines stormed ashore under heavy fire. There they found a sign left by the UDT men: "WELCOME TO GUAM, U.S. MARINES. U. S. O. TWO BLOCKS TO THE RIGHT." ■ ■

FROGMAN plants explosive to blow up landing obstacle.

Underwater Commandos

The Navy's newest photographic equipment makes possible a dramatic enactment of the struggle of an American and Japanese frogman in the mine-filled waters off an enemy island.

PHOTOS BY U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

1 SUBMARINE PEN is target of frogmen who are dropped from rubber rafts, towing bomb behind them.

4 AS CABLES PART, wire is frayed. Enemy, alerted by flash, sends out divers to check.

5 ENEMY DIVERS, dropped from speedboat, attack frogmen as they are setting bomb to blow up pen.

8 SNEAK ATTACK is made by second diver, who comes from behind and knifes frogman.

9 OUTNUMBERED, UDT leader tries to fight back but is slowly forced down by the knife-wielding enemy divers.

2 TORPEDO NET protects channel. Attached to cable are electrified wires which sound an alarm when cut.

3 ALARM WIRE is lifted carefully by frogman, while the other cuts steel cable with shears.

6 CLOSING IN, enemy diver draws knife and engages UDT leader in hand-to-hand combat near the bomb.

7 UNDERWATER FIGHT is filmed by Aquaflex, Navy's new camera, which carries own lights.

10 LEAVING WOUNDED MAN, enemy divers prepare to fight off other frogmen rushing to the rescue.

11 BREAKING SURFACE, UDT men tow wounded leader away as bomb blows up submarine pen.

The others hanged the two men on a yellow pine tree. Purfield and Hyslip stood by and did nothing.

LOW SMOKE

The fabulous General Sidney didn't care where they came from or what they had done. Here beyond the big burn, he was their law—their protector or executioner, as he saw fit

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLIOTT MEANS

by Steve Frazee

THE vastness of the country below them was only something they could sense through the fog drifting in the trees. Every time they forced their weary horses a few yards on through the wet undergrowth, the gloom crept up where they had been, and it was always there in front to strain their vision and make them wonder what lay beyond its edges.

Starr Purfield got down to lead his horse over a fallen tree. The blue roan stood trembling, blowing vapor that mingled quickly with the mist.

"Where are we?" Webb Hyslip asked.

"Somewhere across the Turrets. Even Coplon won't follow us this far." Purfield spoke softly, as if in deference to the unknown all around them.

"Any towns over here?" Hyslip asked.

"I don't know any more about the country than you do,"

Low Smoke CONTINUED

Purfield said. He was a man of whip-thong strength and easy carriage. His eyes were deep blue with a sort of boyish wonder in them.

He went on, leading his horse.

Hyslip swung down to put Guppy over the fallen tree. The sorrel sawed away from the obstruction, holding back. When it finally jumped, both hind feet caught and it nearly fell. Hyslip was forced to one side, into wet bushes that soaked him with icy water in an instant.

Up ahead, Purfield began to curse as his horse threshed in a worse tangle. "It's a jackstraw mess of all the dead timber in the world! How'd we ever get into this?"

"Keep going," Hyslip said. They had played one hand too many, that was all. They had tackled an express office in Arborville, Fred Coplon's own town; Coplon was a United States Marshal whose presence in a territory gave courage to the citizens he protected. The express agent and a clerk did not turn into scared rabbits at the sight of pistols.

Now maybe both of them were dead. Purfield and Hyslip had not got one cent from the deal.

And anywhere ahead, or close behind them in the cursed mist, might be a slash-mouthed, silent man on a steel-dust horse.

They came against a jumble of rocks and fallen trees and there seemed to be no way out.

"If I ever see the plains again . . ." Purfield shook his head. "Let's build a fire and let the horses rest."

"No fire," Hyslip said. "The smoke would drift along the ground for a mile. If Coplon—"

"Damn Coplon!" Purfield said, but his eyes kept prying at the encircling fog. "It's supposed to be summer up here, and I'm half frozen."

"No fire, Starr." When they were in the open and the sun was bright, it was Purfield who gave the orders. It was Purfield who figured out how to pull a job to get quick money and not hurt anyone. But when they were all tired out and the future was bleak, Webb Hyslip took command.

They unsaddled. Hyslip took a shirt out of his bedroll and rubbed Guppy down.

A fine, drizzling rain set in a few minutes later.

Purfield slumped down under a white spruce tree, rolled up in his blanket. "We'll figure something out tomorrow."

Hyslip sat under another tree with his blanket around his shoulders. "Have you got any money at all? Or are you flat broke?"

"After that poker game in Chillcott?" Purfield said drowsily. "We'll get some more, don't worry."

They would get it and then it would go like the rest. They owned the clothes on their bodies and two good horses with expensive gear. There were twenty-a-month riders who owned that much, Hyslip thought; and when they had to spend a forlorn night like this, they knew, at least, where it was they would ride the next day.

Hyslip wondered if he could ever be a hand again on someone's ranch. He doubted that Purfield could last two weeks taking orders.

In the cold wetness of the night Hyslip looked back on yesterdays without false regret. They had lived high on the hog. They had never hurt an honest man until three days ago. Perhaps if they had got away with the ten thousand supposed to have been handy in the express office, Hyslip would not now be remembering so vividly the two men they had shot. He was not sure about that, but for the first time in his life he was trying to come to terms with himself.

Several times Hyslip stumbled up to quiet the horses when they tried to change their positions and grew frantic. Starr Purfield slept quietly.

In the morning there was a ghostly sun that did not cut all the way through the murk. The fog was still there.

Purfield wakened cheerfully, yawning, running his slender fingers through his thick black hair. "Things look better after a good night's sleep, Webb. Today we make our fortunes," he said, and laughed.

Hyslip began to saddle up. The blanket was damp, lathered yesterday, without a chance to dry last night.

"No breakfast?" Purfield asked.

"We got a fry pan with nothing to fry. We got a coffee pot with enough coffee for about two cups. We'll boil it when we're somewhere out of this mess."

Purfield laughed. "Suits me. A week from now we'll be rolling in the fat again, and we can laugh about this. You look sad this morning, Webb. Mosquitoes chew on you all night, or something?"

Hyslip put the damp saddle on Guppy. He did not cinch it. "I'm not rolling in fat any more, Starr. Not the way you mean it. I'm through."

"Oh hell! We had a little hard luck and . . ." Purfield looked around at the fog. "How could Coplon, or anyone else, ever find us in all this smoke?"

"I'm not worried about him," Hyslip said.

"I am—a little." The smile left Purfield's face. "Those two guys shouldn't (*Continued on page* 80)

Purfield sidestepped Hyslip and tripped him, and Hyslip fell over the watering trough.

Already the fort's big guns had found the ship and were pounding it hard. But from his safety out at sea, the Commodore signaled: "GO TO

LIEUTENANT Commander Steve Rowan turned on his sweat-rumpled bunk and glared at the slim and impeccably uniformed officer standing deferentially in the doorway of the *Quahog's* tiny cabin. "Well?" More than a year spent blockading the Confederate coast had left him impatient with ceremony.

"The Commodore has left the flagship, sir," Lieutenant Edward Potter said, his smooth-shaven face barely beading from the steam loose in the monitor's hull. "We're ready for inspection."

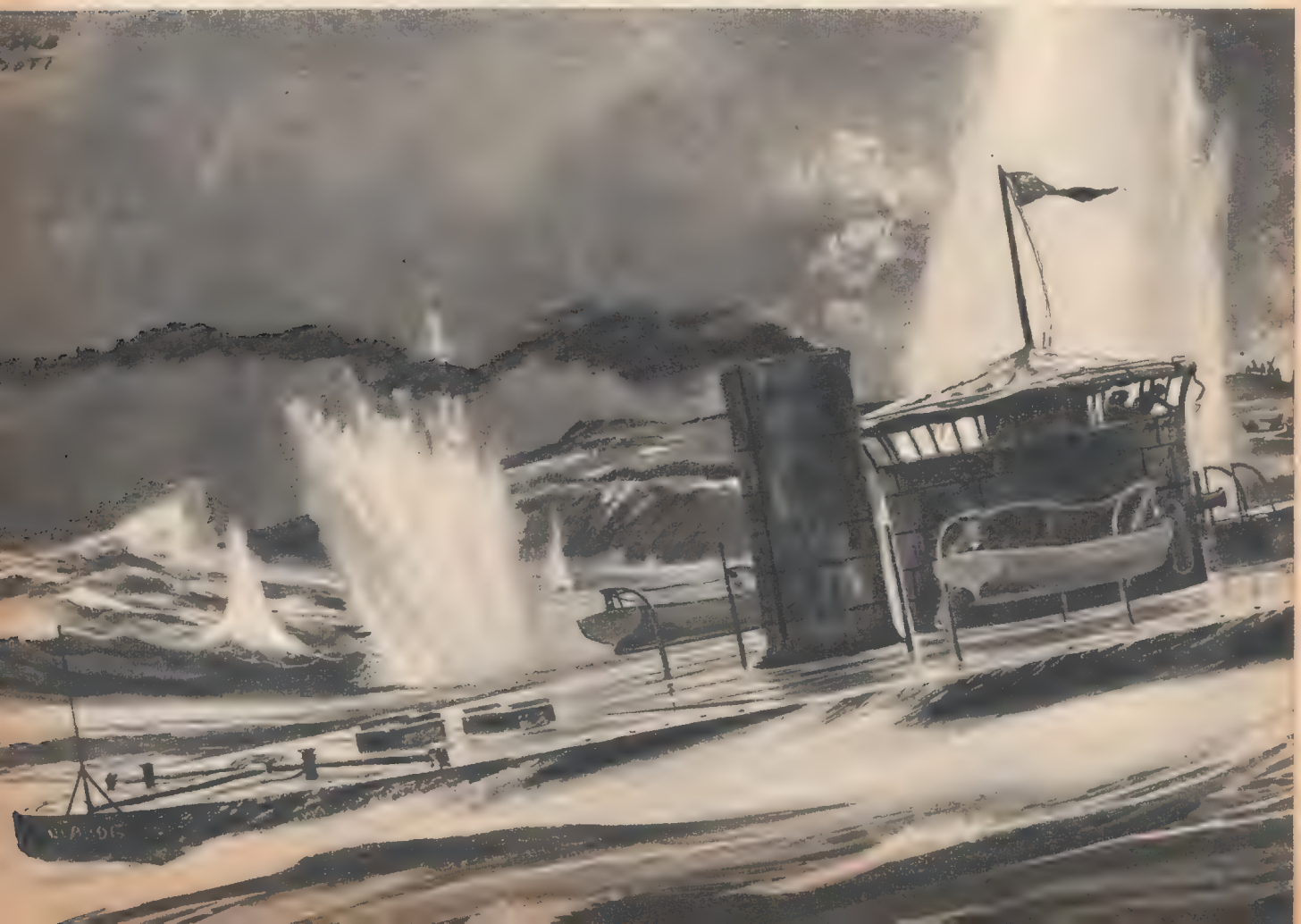
"Are we?" Rowan said with mild sarcasm, and started to get up.

"Don't worry about the Commodore," Potter said comfortingly. "I'll handle him."

Potter disappeared before Rowan could stoke up his sarcasm. Rowan didn't hate Potter. Rowan merely despised Potter for being a bootlicker strictly interested in Potter. He was Exec only because there were politicians in Washington. One was Potter's father.

He got up and felt the gentle rocking of the *Quahog* through his feet. They were in shallows a mile from the guns of the powerful Reb battery guarding the main channel into Charleston. Rowan studied his sloppy reflection in a misty mirror. He had left a lot of the Navy behind him since coming to his steam and iron monster. Somehow he had to find more time to look pretty. Potter always did. But then, Potter didn't do anything that would muss him up; he only looked like an officer.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT



CLOSE QUARTERS"

by R. W. DALY

Rowan buckled on the pistol that took the place of a sword in a monitor. Before he went to meet the new Commodore, he made a last check of the working parts that made the *Quahog* a man-of-war. Considering that his sixty men had stood heel-and-toe watches for more than a year, the ship was in excellent condition. Not by his old standards; endless nights patroling in mine fields near the fort had made him easily satisfied. If his men were healthy and their twin, fifteen-inch Dahlgren rifles fired, Rowan felt he pulled his weight in winning the war.

He boiled over Potter's patronizing assurance that he'd handle the Commodore. The inference was that the Commodore would find much adrift in the *Quahog*. Rowan set his jaw. For a man who wanted to command his own ship so he'd get a bigger share of prize money, Potter was mighty ignorant. Rowan knew that Potter had a covetous eye on the only monitor in the squadron, which naturally made the most captures. Potter's politicking was aimed at ousting Rowan. So far, Commodores had merely been deferential toward an influential young man. They stopped short of the insanity of trusting him.

But there was always the possibility some Commodore might be fooled. Even one like the new commander, who was practically a shipmate of John Paul Jones. Standing with sideboys on the *Quahog's* rusty deck, watching the Commodore's boat come over from the nearby flagship, Rowan

The monitor was caught in broadside fire by the mighty guns.

"GO TO CLOSE QUARTERS"

CONTINUED

hoped that Potter would get his comeuppance in good Old Navy style when he tried to turn on the charm.

An hour later, Rowan was disillusioned. The Commodore pointedly shook hands with Potter, made a point of chatting about seeing the lad's father before leaving Washington, and only then proceeded to stamp around the *Quahog* until his white gloves were black. In the fresh air at last, the Old Man gave Rowan a succinct opinion. "A clean ship is a taut ship. Your ship is a disgrace."

Rowan stared respectfully at his superior. It took a while for the blockade to wear the shine off a deskbound sailor's pants.

"If you're too slack to command this ship, I'll find someone who can."

Rowan avoided looking at Potter. "Yes, sir," he murmured.

"I'll give you forty-eight hours. You know what I expect."

Fatigue goaded Rowan. "I'd like to explain—that you've been on this station seven months past your expected relief?" the Commodore interrupted. "This is war, Mr. Rowan."

Rowan shut up. He knew only too well that it was war. That was why the Commodore was actually unrealistic. The Old Man had never served aboard a ship run exclusively on steam. Rowan bitterly wondered if the Old Man was going to ask him to produce the masts and sails originally included in the monitor's design.

"I've been here a week, Mr. Rowan. You've had enough time." In dismissal, the Commodore turned to Potter, and his manner changed from curt executive to kindly friend. "Your father is worried about you. I'll have to inform him you're quite fit."

"This duty keeps a man on his toes, sir," Potter said.

Rowan couldn't stomach it. "Excuse me for a moment, sir?"

The Commodore didn't even turn. "Certainly." His eyes flickered towards the *Quahog's* boat which by custom was standing by to return him to the flagship in order to demonstrate boat seamanship. "Send for my barge."

It was a final humiliation. The *Quahog's* soot-stained boat was too filthy for the Commodore to ride in. Rowan shriveled like a flower in a boiler. Nodding to the stunned quartermaster to signal the flagship, Rowan went below. He didn't feel human until he sighted the strong, honest face of Chief Boatswain's Mate Smithwick at the foot of the turret ladder.

Smithwick was Old Navy and knew storm signals. Puffing on a stinking clay pipe, he remarked, "Funny how it takes a man time to find his sea legs again."

Rowan paused in flight. "The ship does look terrible."

"Sure does," Smithwick cheerfully agreed. "Do you want her painted, Cap'n?"

Rowan had to grin. "Quickest way to clean ship, eh? Later maybe. Let me know when the Commodore is ready to leave."

Leaning against the huge mechanism that revolved the gun turret, Smithwick said, "Cap'n?"

Rowan was frowning at the steam line to the anchor windlass. "Yes?"

Smithwick couldn't say. "Nothin'."

The sympathy nonetheless was understood. "Thanks," Rowan said. "Why is this windlass line secured?"

"It leaks, sir. Mr. Potter ordered it closed tight."

Rowan steadied his gun hand, aiming at a conical canister which bobbed lazily a few yards ahead.

Rowan's teeth set hard, then relaxed. There had to be steam on the anchor windlass. The monitor had to be ready to get underway at a moment's notice. "Crack it."

Suddenly, to Rowan's elation, a gunner shouted through the ammunition hatch that a steamer was running in. Rowan bounded up the ladder. The Commodore was going to get a first-hand view of what the sloppy *Quahog* was capable of doing in the business for which she lived.

Snatching glasses held out by the quartermaster, Rowan focused on a black pinpoint, hulldown to seaward. Auxiliary engines ate up rare fuel while the rebel skipper stuffed turpentine rags lavishly into his furnaces without regard for the thick plume of smoke marking him. Tall, white-winged blockaders vainly struggled with a light wind to move athwart her path.

"Wind died down right sudden, sir," said Hoskins, the quartermaster. Hoskins was a Maine man and knew the weather better than a bird. "We're due for a shift and maybe a blow."

Rowan nodded, eyes on the Reb. Obviously the runner had been lying low, waiting for the usual night run, until razor alertness caught the rise in weather which offered a daytime chance to evade the clumsy ships. The Rebs well knew the trouble Yankees had keeping decrepit engines supplied with enough coal for night work. Fires were out or banked during the day, except in the *Quahog*.

It was up to the monitor and that suited Rowan fine. He bent over the voice tube to the windlass station. "Mr. Potter!" There was no answer. Then Smithwick reported that he had just been able to crack the valve.

Rowan fumed (*Continued on page 75*)

RUSTLERS LOAD CATTLE onto trailer. Later they'll drive to market, posing as ranchers.

MILE-A-MINUTE CATTLE RUSTLERS

With calves at $100 a head, cattle stealing has come back to the range. Although today's rustlers use fast trucks and streamlined methods, the finish is still the same: a grueling chase and a showdown with gun-toting officers of the law

THE pictures on these pages tell the story of modern cattle rustling — a slick, streamlined operation that is costing Southwestern cattlemen thousands of dollars each week. Instead of swooping down on a herd with blazing guns, today's rustlers use a much more selective — and efficient — system. They drive along lonely roads adjoining ranch property in a fast pickup truck, often with a saddled horse in the back of the truck. Then, one of them mounts the horse in a secluded canyon and rides through a herd to rope the best beef. Meanwhile, his partners drive the truck along the highway, looking for stray calves, which they rope and tie to a fence near the road for safekeeping. When they have assembled the animals they want, they load them up and drive off to market.

With calves selling for $100 apiece, this kind of cattle rustling is proving costly to ranch owners, who are offering large rewards for capture of rustlers. Law-enforcement agencies, as the pictures on these pages show, are taking strong measures to meet the threat. ■ ■

PICTURES AND TEXT BY WALT WIGGINS AND SID LATHAM

STRAY CALF is tied to a fence post to be picked up when the rustlers have completed their haul.

TO AVOID SPOTTING of stolen brands, gang sometimes slaughters animals and buries hides on range.

MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGES

ACTING ON TIP, police set up a road block to check the trucks taking cattle to market.

TRUCK TURNS TAIL as rustlers spot the road block. Police pile into car to give chase.

OVERTAKING TRUCK, officers check the cattle and discover stolen brands. Rustlers are frisked for weapons.

RESISTING ARREST, member of gang is quickly subdued by officer. To discourage rustling, cattlemen are pushing for laws to stiffen penalties.

GUNS DRAWN, police prepare to take cattle thieves to local jail, where they will await trial for rustling.

THE SINNER OF THE SAINTS

When he played with them, the Saints weren't a team. They were eight men and a catcher, looking for miracles to happen

THE boy was out beside the house, and he gave Paul a startled look and then came whooping across the lawn to be swung high. The yells brought Myrna out onto the front steps and she stood, smiling in that attractive way of hers, strangely shy, the way she always was when Paul came home from one of the road trips.

He held her close and a lot of the loneliness went out of him. Whatever happened, she was here. She had been here, right up through the farm clubs, right up to the top where now he was unable to fulfill the earlier promise.

He sat Sandy, the girl, on his shoulder and took Kip's hand and followed Myrna into the house.

"You're hungry," Myrna said.

"Ate on the train, honey."

"You kids run along," she said. "You can climb all over your daddy later."

They left obediently, with wistful backward looks.

Myrna regarded him with her quiet blue eyes. "I heard three of the games, saw one on TV, and read about the rest."

He stood up quickly, restless. "I don't know. I just don't know. I'm the best catcher we've got. You know that. Muzzol, the backstop. Hitting .283. Not good, not bad. Powdered one four hundred and forty feet and broke up that twelve-inning deadlock. But it doesn't do any good."

"Don't nibble on yourself, darling."

"With Crambough they come alive. They work. They laugh and they've got pepper and they've got to win. When I work behind the plate it turns into a trade, not a game. They miss chances. Belton and Sharker were shaking off my signals all the time. Now Stiss has started shaking them off. Tuesday Stiss shakes off a slow curve

by John D. MacDonald

ILLUSTRATED BY BRENDAN LYNCH

It was in Boston that he had misinterpreted a signal and got nailed trying to steal second.

The curve ball was mushing, not breaking. Lines of weariness etched Sharker's face.

and dishes up a fast ball. A gopher. Good-bye ball game."

Myrna frowned. "Why doesn't Mr. Rogan tell them they can't shake off your calls, Paul?"

"Baseball doesn't work that way. A catcher takes control or he don't. What the hell can I do? Go bang those guys in the mouth? Five years I've been trying to get up here, just to play with them. I work my heart out. These guys . . . I just seem to amuse them or something. One ball in a hundred gets by me and the fans boo and the infield looks disgusted. That Crambough! He loses a pop foul and what happens? 'Nice try, Johnny!' Batting .254, and Rogan uses him on the tight ones instead of me!"

He was standing with his back to her. She came to him. "You'll work it out, Paul."

He smiled bitterly. "Oh, sure. How much time is left? We stay ahead of the Sox and we got four more home games and then the series. He uses Crambough behind the plate in the series, and next year I'm back in triple A."

"Or maybe with another major-league club, darling."

His face twisted. "I don't want to be with another major-league club. You know that. Ever since I was a little kid. The big dream. Muzzol catching for the Saints. So now I'm with 'em, Myrna, but I'm not one of them. Damn it, I feel like I ought to go show them my clippings. I want to say, look! I'm Muzzol. I hit .343 last year. I carried the Robins on my back. Know what that would mean to them? Just exactly nothing."

She looked at him steadily, her hands on his shoulders. "Listen to me, Paul. You've got a two-day layoff. We won't talk about it any more. Just rest, dear. Whatever happens, we'll make out. You know that."

"But I . . ."

She stopped him by putting her fingertips against his lips. "Now kiss me."

He went out and oiled the lawn mower and went to work on the grass. It wasn't really high enough to cut, but he wanted the monotony of the job, wanted his muscles used. There were things you couldn't tell Myrna. Like that foul tip in Cleveland. He knew the ball had been deflected, and the batter knew it, too. And the umpire called it a ball. He had thrown down mask and hat and glove and ball in rage. Nobody swarmed out of the dugout to support him. Nobody trotted in from the infield. And so his rage had quickly faded away when he looked out and saw them standing there, waiting patiently. Detached, unamused.

And then, in Philadelphia, being run over in a play at the plate, after a late throw from Raneri at short. Paul had been bounced back so hard he rolled almost to the screen, getting up sick-dizzy. If that had happened on the Robins, they'd have come in howling for blood. But the Saints just stood around, patient, waiting. And, when nobody backs you,

The Sinner of the Saints

CONTINUED

you brush yourself off, watch that big run tallied out on the board, and squat behind the next batter, calling a pitch that will be used only if the pitcher happens to like it.

Over near the hedge, Mr. Crane, his neighbor, smiled and said, "Hi there, Muzzol!"

"Hello, Mr. Crane."

"I guess you guys are pretty worried, huh?"

Paul wiped his forehead with the back of his wrist. "How do you mean?"

"Well, the way the Saints have lost their snap. Hell, you were five and a half games up in July. Looked like a walkaway. Now those Sox are just a game back and they're coming strong."

"We'll make out," Paul said.

"That's the trouble with you guys—taking it easy. The Saints been in too many series, you ask me. It's going to be one hell of a surprise to you guys when the Sox nose you out for the pennant."

"They won't."

"I been following the Saints now for fifteen years. You know the trouble? No spark plugs. None of the old pepper gang. Sure, you got top ball players, but none of them play over their head the way they used to."

Paul felt anger constricting his throat. "We play to win."

Suddenly Crane smiled. "I'm not trying to take it out on you, Muzzol. I just miss the old fire out there." He lowered his voice. "Look, Muzzol. Don't get sore, but I got something to tell you and I don't want you taking it wrong."

"I won't. What is it?"

"There's this guy at the office. He likes it out here. We get along swell, and so do our old ladies. You want to unload this house any time, you just let me know."

Paul stared at him, anger gone, a dull sickness replacing it.

"No point in paying a real estate agent his bite if you don't have to."

"Sure," Paul said.

MYRNA put the kids to bed early and a neighbor girl came over to sit. Paul and Myrna walked down to a neighborhood movie. Paul kept up the pretense of being relaxed and happy. But late into the night, with Myrna asleep beside him, he looked at the ceiling and replayed bits and pieces of the games all season.

It was in Boston that he had misinterpreted a signal from the bench and got nailed trying to steal second. After the game, a game they had won, Paul had taken his time in the dressing room, waiting for a tongue-lashing from Rogan. But it had never come. It left him with an empty feeling. Do something stupid and you want to hear about it.

Well, there were three regular games to go, plus a reschedule of one that had been rained out. Three against the Bombers and then that extra one with the cellar Dons. He wondered which ones he'd catch, if any. He knew, bleakly, that he wouldn't be catching any if it wasn't for the fact that Johnny Crambough had been in the majors too long to go a full season without relief. And Rogan wanted Crambough saved for the World Series, to give the team that little jump he alone seemed able to provide.

He knew it wasn't because it was his first year in the majors. It was the first year in the big time for Sildon and Leroy, too. But they had fitted right in, right from the beginning. Something had made them Saints, and that same something had skipped right over Paul Muzzol. Like being admitted to an exclusive club or something, and then they find out something about you that makes you not fit to be a member, so they stay nice and courteous until they get the right chance to ease you out. Nice try, old man.

Maybe it was because both Sildon and Leroy had come in right out of college. Whereas he had married Myrna when he was nineteen and she only seventeen, right that first month after getting out of the Army, and then two years of playing ball for Heaslip's Foundry until the scout happened to come along. Five years in the bushes, but worth it, you thought, to get to the top. Only then you learn that somehow you don't fit. . . .

When he woke up it was after ten. Myrna had let him sleep. He felt stale and old, and not much better after breakfast. In the afternoon Rogan phoned him and told him he was catching the first Bomber game of the three-game series, starting tomorrow afternoon at two in the big home park, and be out there by twelve-forty, please. There was no warmth in the voice.

The next day he ate lightly at eleven-thirty and took a bus out to the park. Al Sharker was pitching, and Paul caught him as he warmed up. With Sharker you had to use the little disc of foam rubber, because he used his truly blazing speed to pull out of jams when the hook wouldn't break off right and those flat, lazy sliders slid a bit too far. And that speed had just a threat of wildness that kept them from hogging their way into unnecessary walks by crowding the plate.

After "The Star-Spangled Banner," the game started. Forty thousand fans. Hot day. Bleachers ablaze with white shirts. Dust off the base paths. The heat settled down on the voices that yelled across the infield, muffling them. The Bombers had a lot of snap and ginger. They couldn't, by any chance, sneak into the series, but they would take a lot of lusty pleasure out of knocking the Saints out of there. A young team, with the past season smoothing a lot of the rough edges, making them a real threat next year.

It was in the third inning that (*Continued on page* 64)

PHOTOS FROM "TEMBO" (RKO)

PYTHON KILLS by crushing victim's bones with constriction of powerful muscles.

"THE SHOT I HAD TO MAKE"

A remarkable series of pictures shows Howard Hill, the world's greatest archer, in a crucial test, as a python wraps its coils around a helpless hunter

HILL'S ARROWS have killed biggest game.

HOWARD HILL is generally recognized as the world's greatest archer. After winning every archery tournament that he entered in 15 years, he retired from competition in 1941. Since then, he has spent most of his time hunting with a bow and arrow. He has killed every species of game in the United States. In Africa, Hill has brought down leopards, lions, elephants and crocodiles. The archer's most crucial test came during the shooting of his African movie, "Tembo" (RKO), when a python wrapped itself around a fellow hunter and began to squeeze the helpless man to death. These pictures, taken by a nearby camera crew, tell the story. ■ ■

MORE PICTURES ON PAGES 34 AND 35

1

Near the Mara River, a member of Hill's party is suddenly attacked by a huge python hiding in the marshy ground by the riverbank . . .

2

In an attempt to fight off the flailing python, the hunter slips in the mud . . .

3

Grappling with the snake, he shouts for help to Howard Hill, who has been spearing fish with his bow and arrow some 40 yards away . . .

4

Three twists around a man's body are enough to squeeze him to death. The python begins to coil itself around the victim . . .

5

Desperately, he tries to fight off the tremendous power of the huge snake . . .

6

His strength failing, the hunter shouts again for help. The whip-like coils continue their deadly work . . .

7

On the dead run, Hill approaches his friend and draws an arrow for the most important shot he has ever attempted . . .

8

Holding the snake at arm's length, the victim tries to maneuver himself out of the line of fire and yells, "Shoot!" . . .

9

Hill's arrow pierces the python's head and kills him instantly. The climax of more than 25 years of masterful archery, Hill called this "the shot I *had* to make."

ADVENTURE • APRIL, 1953

THE UNGLOVED HAND

by Floyd Mahannah

With their roadblocks and their dragnets, they had me cornered. Now, for once in my life, I was the hunted and not the hunter

I WAS a couple of miles out of Sacramento, headed for San Francisco, on the levee road that follows the river on the Yolo County side, and the fog was so thick I was down to fifteen miles an hour and still overrunning my headlights. Then these red flares came out of the fog like a fist in the eye, and I had to hit the brakes hard.

I stopped in time, but what I saw sent my heart down into my socks.

I looked at the four cars lined up ahead of me, the two police cars that had stopped them, and there was no question what the setup meant. Road block.

Your mind acts fast at a time like that.

I didn't plan a thing or decide a thing—a guy on the run acts two-thirds by instinct. I was out of my car, down the levee bank, shucking my coat as I ran, and I was into the river as quick as that.

I cleared the tangle of cottonwood and willow roots in the shallows, hit the step-off, went in over my head, and the current took hold like a big hand.

I was a long time coming up, but I finally did. Keeping the current on my left, I started swimming for the far bank. Swimming quietly was impossible because of my left leg. There's nothing wrong with that leg. It cost Uncle Sam a lot of money. It's made of metal and leather, with tricky hinges and catches and releases. After they

teach you how, you can walk around as good as anybody. What they don't teach you is how to swim with it. Me, I'm not too hot a swimmer anyway, and with my shoes and clothes and that contraption dragging me down, the only way I could stay on top was to thrash like a steamboat. So that's what I did whether they heard me or not.

And I got tired in a hurry.

The Sacramento is only a couple of hundred feet or so wide, running muddy between two levees like an outsize irrigation ditch; but in that black night with the fog hiding the far bank, it seemed wide as the Mississippi, and by the time I flailed into the tangle of roots at the far edge, there wasn't much left in me. I hung onto the roots, the current angling my body downstream, and if a cop had walked out of the bushes that instant, I couldn't have moved a muscle.

I looked over my shoulder, and I could see no lights, but I could hear the yell of a siren winding up on the other bank.

God, what a mess!

I knew it was two miles upstream to the first bridge, but the Yolo cops would radio the cops on the Sacramento side, and get mighty prompt action. I had to get going.

I crawled up the bank, crossed the road, was in more bushes. Then I tripped and fell on my face, and got up cussing the damned leg. I hadn't drifted as far downstream as I figured. In the fog I could see a street light and the beginning of a row of houses, so I was still in or near the Sacramento city limits.

A hell of a getaway I'd made—two miles from downtown, and here I was, stranded, on foot, wet, broke; my wallet had gone with the coat. I was starting to shiver.

I slid along an alley, tried a gate that was locked, then another that wasn't. I slipped into that backyard, heard the low growl of a dog some place, and went out of there in a hurry. I was still too close to the river anyway.

Now I could hear the sirens howling out from town.

Five blocks away I stopped in another alley, blowing hard. I tried another gate, and it was open. The house was dark, so I drifted along the inside of the back fence until I came to some shrubbery. I crawled as far under it as I could, and I just lay there, wet, shivering, scared as any animal with the hunters on his heels.

I lay there trying to plan out something, anything, but my mind kept going back to this afternoon and the thing that had triggered the whole crazy sequence. . . .

I SPOTTED the gray Plymouth following us because a detective's mind works that way—you make a business of tailing other people, and you get so you automatically watch to see who's tailing you.

Selma, sitting on the seat beside me, had reached into my coat pocket for my cigarettes, and now she said, "Where are we going, Joe?"

"Huh?"

"You're driving in circles."

"So is the gray Plymouth behind us."

She didn't get it at first. "So what?"

"What do you think?"

She sat there holding the cigarettes, looking at me, and I guess my face told her so what, because she suddenly sucked in her breath, looked back, and after a while said in a different voice, "My husband?"

"Or his detective."

I could feel her looking at me. I watched the gray Plymouth. "Well, it had to happen sometime."

"Did it?"

"I'm glad. Now we can stop arguing about when to tell him."

"What"—her voice was bitter—"happens now?"

"You know what that guy's like. It's going to be a mess."

"Couldn't I just go to Reno?"

"Not a chance. Not if he sues here. He's got us cold, and you know what the screwball's like. It'll be for infidelity. It'll be a mess."

I looked at her and her face was bitter like her voice. It wasn't a face made for bitterness. It was a soft kind of a face, some way defenseless—and if it was made for anything it was for smiling. When she smiled, her face sort of shone and it was young to the point of innocence. Not like now.

"Why are you stopping the car?"

"To make sure."

The gray Plymouth was too close to me, so he couldn't stop behind us, he had to go on by. He passed us, eyes front, a blond, good-looking guy in his early thirties, and I recognized him. I knew him well enough to nod to, but not today. He went on by.

"Well?"

"Bob Voukes."

"A private detective?"

"Yes."

"Dear God."

I looked at Selma, and she shivered. I wondered if she was thinking the same as me—that this was the end of her being Mrs. Harvey Macsinger, with the rich husband, the Cadillac, the dough, the jewelry. She was trading all that in for Joe Corgan, private detective, who had a beat-up Dodge, a detective agency, an upstairs apartment, and damned little else. And the divorce—it would be a mess. Harvey Macsinger would see to that all right.

"Maybe I could talk to him—about going to Reno," Selma said.

"It wouldn't work. The guy's half crazy and you know it."

"I could try."

I looked at her and she was ready to cry, it seemed.

"I—I couldn't show my face around this town after a mess like that. I couldn't face it, Joe. I—I just couldn't."

I put my arms around her, and she did cry a little. I knew it wouldn't work, but in the end I said, "We'll do it any way you want, kid."

She was supposed to phone me at my apartment after she talked to him. I walked up and down the place until almost seven o'clock, and the phone hadn't rung, and I was getting plenty worried. I smoked out a pack of cigarettes, opened my desk drawer for another, and stopped, frozen.

My gun was gone.

I knew it had been there this morning, but I looked around the place anyway, and I saw what I'd been too worried to notice sooner—the apartment had been searched, and not very carefully, either. And the gun was gone.

I went downstairs and the redheaded wife of the auto salesman gave me the answer in a hurry.

"Sure, I noticed a guy this afternoon. He had a Cadillac, and he banged on your door a long time."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, past middle age. Tall and thin and had a gray mustache. Wore a gray suit, I think. Oh, yes, and he smoked a cigarette in a long holder. . . . Hey, what's the matter, Joe?"

I didn't wait to tell her.

I poured the gas into my old Dodge, and cussed. Harvey Macsinger had banged on my door, and that defective spring lock had opened like it always did if you banged long enough, and Harvey had gone in for a look around. I thought about that screwball Macsinger, and I thought about my .38 automatic with seven fat slugs in it, and I could feel the sweat breaking out all over me, as I did.

Lights were turned on throughout the Macsinger house.

I rang the bell, then I banged on the door, and the feeling of something wrong was so strong it choked me. I was getting ready to tackle a window, when the door finally opened.

It was Selma. Her face was dead-white, and she clung to the door like she'd fall down without it.

"Joe"—I could barely hear the whisper —"he's dead."

I caught her as she toppled forward, but she didn't faint. She started to cry. I carried her inside and put her on the sofa. When I asked her where he was, she just pointed toward the library.

He was dead, all right.

He was on his back on the floor, and there was blood all over his shirt front, over the shower of typewritten sheets around him, on the pigskin gloves he wore, on the rug, on the desk—you wouldn't believe one man could hold that much blood. I went back to the living room. Selma had stopped crying and was sitting on the sofa, her face in her hands.

"He attacked you, and you shot him."

"I didn't kill him, Joe." Her voice came dully through her hands.

"It was self-defense. I'll call the police."

"I didn't kill him."

"Who did?" (*Continued on page 66*)

"Joe—he's dead." She started to cry. I picked her up and carried her inside.

● A BOOK-LENGTH TRUE ADVENTURE

"I SURVIVED THE KOREAN DEATH MARCH"

This is a story of courage, the courage of an American lieutenant who fought his way through an ordeal that killed seven out of every eight men who were with him. But it's more than that. In the direct words of this one fighting man, you'll find the secret of our national strength—a stubborn will to resist, fight back and win out against the most brutal odds

By LT. ALEXANDER MAKAROUNIS as told to MERLE MILLER

Copyright 1951, Popular Publications, Inc.

YES, I got back. I'm fine now. I had fried chicken last night, and tonight I'll probably have steak, or maybe fried chicken again. My weight is practically back to normal, and the Hudson drives as smooth as ever, and I am invited to a dance one night and a movie the next, and my mother's in the living room, and my father's in the kitchen. My kid brother Nick has just passed his physical to go into the Air Forces; three of the sisters are around the house here some place, and the two married ones will drop over sometime during the day. I've been written up in the home-town paper, the Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*. I've talked on the radio a couple of times. You might say I'm quite the hero.

Except that isn't the story, and what comes later isn't really about me. Because all I did was survive, and when I first got back, I used to wonder why. Why me? Of all of them, I mean. Well, I know the answer now. It took me a little while to figure it, but I finally did.

The answer is simply that it just turned out that way. And it was luck a hundred ways, a thousand maybe, and nothing else. You might say that's why I'm telling it and using the word "I" a lot. I do that because it's the only way I can explain. But understand this: What I'm saying is about the ones who can't tell what happened, not ever.

As you will see, there are some things here

MAKAROUNIS rejoins Americans in Pyongyang. He says escape was due to "luck, and nothing else."

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

"I SURVIVED THE KOREAN DEATH MARCH"

CONTINUED

which nobody else knows about. For quite a while there were just three of us, Wilson and Shaffron and I, and Wilson and Shaffron won't be back. I may be wrong about some items, too. Here and there my memory may have gone back on me, and the few others who were there and also returned will say, "That wasn't the way it was at all." Well, all I'm doing is stating what comes in my mind at this time, as straight as I can—beginning, I guess, July 22, 1950, on Okinawa.

As it comes back to me, now, it was a little after midnight when they finally got the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the 29th Infantry loaded on the *Tagasaka Maru*. At the time, I'd been on Okinawa since March. It wasn't the worst duty in the world, and it wasn't the best. I'll just state here that they gave you three years of credit for being there 15 months. That gives some idea of what it was like.

But I didn't have much to complain about. I'd had a pretty easy war last time. I enlisted, and I got through OCS without any trouble and had 11 months or so in Persia and six more in and about Naples. They weren't doing any shooting to speak of in either place when I was around.

I got my discharge on July 4, 1946, and I recall thinking I'd picked a pretty fair way of declaring my independence that year. I had these big ideas. I desired to get into the entertainment business. I was going to run this dance hall or this roller-skating rink in Lowell or some place nearby. Except dance halls and roller-skating rinks seemed to be what everybody around Lowell had too many of already; and, anyway, I wasn't exactly loaded down with the kind of cash to launch much of a business venture. So I went back into the Army and began my tour of duty as an infantry officer at a place called Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Next step, Okinawa.

Now if all this sounds like I'm not so fond of Army life, that's a wrong impression. In the Lowell high school, they have what they call a drill brigade, which is Army training, but not official. My senior year I was the regimental sergeant major. That doesn't mean a thing, except that was what I seemed to have the most aptitude for in high school. Otherwise, I was what you might call an average student.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The drawings that accompany this article were done by John Groth, who has been called "the Ernie Pyle of artist correspondents." The official Department of Defense photographs on these pages do not depict the actual persons and scenes of the story; they are intended to reflect the spirit and character of all of the rugged men who are fighting our war in Korea.

To get back to the main order of business: I don't think any of us on Okinawa had paid too much attention to what was going on in Korea. *The Stars and Stripes* kept saying it was a "police action." Whatever that meant. We weren't much worried. To tell you the honest truth, until this business started, all I knew about Korea was that when the Army was occupying it, the saying went around that if you fouled up in any way, you'd end up there. I guess I knew it was a peninsula, too, but I'm glad nobody ever asked me to find it on the map. Now, of course, I could draw it blindfolded, up and down and sideways.

During the first part of duty, the 29th went on emergency footing, and we started all this field training. I was commander of I Company.

As they say when they cut your orders, on or about July 15th we heard we were going to Japan for occupation duty. Then, maybe two days later, the battalion commander called a meeting of the company commanders and said that there had been this slight change in plans.

He told us we were headed straight for Korea. When he said that, there was just this silence; nobody said anything. Mostly what we were thinking, I guess, was that the whole battalion was way under strength. We didn't realize how easy it would be to get filled up once we had to, which we did.

By the time we got on this Japanese tub, I Company was full strength: 205 enlisted men, six officers, one warrant. The new men were mostly just kids, 18 or so, and they'd landed on Okinawa from a stateside troop transport in the morning, got a new issue of clothes in the afternoon, and by evening were on the *Tagasaka Maru*. That night they laid there on the deck, looking out at the ocean and smoking and wondering what gave. Anyway, that's what I did.

That boat had just got through bringing home a bunch of these Japanese soldiers that had been in Siberia, and if it had been cleaned, it didn't show.

We spent one night in a harbor right off Japan. Some of the GI's said it wasn't far from Nagasaki.

A morning later, making it July 24th, we pulled into Pusan harbor, just after dawn. It was beautiful; I will say that. The city itself seemed to be in sort of a valley, and on three sides you saw all these hills—mountains, really—kind of blue in color at that time of morning, almost unnatural, like too much technicolor in the movies.

Our advance party, two officers and a master sergeant from S-2, were on the docks waiting, and as we got off the *Tagasaka* there were all these natives, clapping their hands, waving, cheering. I was feeling great about this enthusiasm shown, but at the same time, in my own mind, I didn't have much information

UNITED NATIONS TROOPS move in on Communist-led North Korean forces, in abandoned building in Seoul.

about why I was in Korea. I kept hoping somebody would say something about that, but no one ever got around to it. I know now why we went, and I'm aware that we had to go. I'm putting this down so maybe they will tell the men who're there now and the ones who may go later, to Korea and elsewhere. Tell them the reason, I mean.

WELL, we marched through the streets there in Pusan, and the sidewalks all along were jammed with these natives cheering us. I noticed what seemed to me a lot of young Koreans who looked like they were of military age but weren't in uniform, but mostly we were too busy to worry about that. We went on for maybe an hour and a half, sweating all the way. The sun was hot, and we were wearing fatigues and carrying full field packs.

We stopped off in a school building, as happened many times later. I guess maybe I've been in more Korean schools than any Korean anywhere, a college man or not. There wasn't much sleep that night, and I must say I got my first taste of being a company commander. It seemed like every time I was ready to get on my back for a half hour's sleep, there'd be a company commanders' meeting. All night, company commanders' meetings. That night, too, we loaded our equipment on a train right in the middle of the city.

The next morning, bright and early, we piled on to a regular civilian train that was going to take us to a city called Masan, and from there on to a place known as Chinju. By this time each company commander had been issued a map, so we knew more or less where we were headed.

We stopped off in Masan for probably half an hour and ate up some C rations, and around two in the afternoon we were at the town of Chinju. We marched in formation, route step, in columns of two's, and got into the yard of another schoolhouse. It was a nice building, light and cool and clean, and there were

"The jeep was off the road and rolling down the embankment."

some soft, overstuffed chairs around. I grabbed one and took off my shoes, and said to myself maybe tonight some sleep, maybe not. I was right the second time.

Just after dark, we had another company commanders' meeting, and we were told that we'd move out that same night and into combat. We would make a blackout drive and proceed into the area of a town called Hadong, which we located on our maps. We were told that somewhere around this village or city (nobody seemed to know how large it was) we'd come across around 200 guerrillas that were stirring up trouble in the vicinity, and if we could, we'd engage them in battle. These were the orders. As you'll see, it didn't exactly turn out that way. I suppose combat never actually does.

We got out of the meeting around maybe ten, and for the next three hours unpacked and uncrated our equipment, using the lights of jeeps to help us see what we were doing. We got our mortars ready, our field ranges, everything except the individual arms the men carried, and at 0100, which was zero hour, were set to go.

We got into jeeps and 2½-ton trucks, and off we went. I was in the company headquarters' jeep, along with my driver, a Private Robert Emerson, from near Phoenix, Arizona; two messengers—one a Pfc. Harding, a Lowell boy who's still missing, the other a Private James Gardner—and Private Kline, the radio operator. Emerson was asleep when I got in the jeep. I knew how tired he was, how tired all the men were; there'd been no sleep the night before. So I said I'd drive, and Emerson went back to sleep.

WELL, these roads were quite terrific. They were more like trails, you might say; and we kept climbing, steady, without stopping, always going up. You could look down in the moonlight and see the valleys below, and while you felt the scenery might have its advantages in the daytime, driving by blackout lights wasn't any too comforting. It was dusty, and I hadn't any glasses, and even though there was a moon, it was very dark. Most of the men were packed tight on the trucks, 30 or more to each.

I must have been driving for a couple of hours at least when Emerson woke up and said he'd take the wheel. I moved over and immediately dropped off to sleep. All of a sudden, I've no idea how much later, I woke up with a start and realized the jeep was off the road and rolling down the embankment, ninety to the minute. Emerson had fallen asleep.

I guess we were lucky; the embankment had a gradual slope, and the trailer attached to the jeep kept it from turning over with a terrific crash. I got pinned underneath by my leg; and Gardner, who was also underneath, complained that his chest hurt. The others came out without a scratch.

All of us started yelling for help, and finally the jeeps that were behind us (maybe 12 or 18 vehicles) seemed to stop and some men came running down and lifted off the jeep. A medic stooped down and cut my fatigue trousers and looked at my leg. It was only a minor wound. Or, anyway, it wasn't bleeding much. Gardner didn't seem to be bad off either, according to the medic.

We waited on the road there until we got the word from headquarters over the radio, and just as dawn was breaking we caught up with the rest of the column. They had stopped outside this village everybody thought was Hadong, but we soon found out it wasn't.

By this time, L Company had gone out on a reconnaissance, presumably to contact the enemy, and the rest of our outfit was drawn up alongside the road. I was hobbling along on one foot by this time, and the doctor couldn't help me. He said his equipment was all locked up somewhere: the trouble was he didn't know where.

Around noon that day, the 26th, we received orders that we were moving out, just as far as we could. Word had come back from L that some enemy resistance had been encountered a little way ahead. I didn't know how far. At that time I Company was in reserve. I might add that it stayed that way, too.

While we waited to start moving, there was some talk among the other officers about what kind of enemy this could be. None of us knew much about guerrillas, but we weren't much worried. I mean here we were 900 plus officers and men, and only 200 or so guerrillas. We felt damned confident.

AT 1300, we started forward, and possibly an hour and a half later, no more, we detrucked. I might add here that as we went along we saw very few natives, but in the valleys on both sides of the road were these rice-paddy fields filled with water.

As we stopped, I found that L and K Companies were already in defensive positions. This information came piecemeal; for some reason, the communications system seemed to be fouled up. In a valley just ahead, around a curve in the road, we kept hearing some machine-gun fire coming from our own troops. It seems they had met up with some natives, men and women, and there was some confusion as to whether or not they might be guerrillas. It turned out they weren't, and, fortunately, nobody was wounded.

A little later, most of our vehicles were ordered back to Chinju, leaving I Company with four jeeps and one truck loaded down with ammunition. About that time, too, at say 1600, we were ordered forward, this time on foot. We marched (I hobbled; marching isn't the word) for, say, six hours. By that time the water in most of our canteens was gone, although a few men were able to fill theirs from the mountain streams we passed.

When we stopped for the night, I'd estimate we'd gone about 15 miles. Our instructions were to dig in on this high, flat land above a tiny village that none of us knew the name of, then or later. Along with L and K, I Company was to set up a perimeter of defense, which we did.

The ground was cold and wet, and the mosquitoes sounded like jets. Also my leg was so stiff I couldn't bend it; but I did get a couple of hours' sleep. Maybe we should have worried, but you know what they say about ignorance—and not a man in my company, except for two non-coms, had had any combat experience at all. And the same thing was true of most of the battalion, including the officers.

It was a quiet night, what there was left of it, and the next morning, at about 6:30 or so, we started off again on foot. We were now on the day of July 27th.

Toward about 12 noon, about five miles outside of Hadong, we contacted the enemy. I mean the battalion did. At this time Company L was in the lead, next K, then M, the heavy weapons company, battalion headquarters, and, last, I Company.

It was to the right, and maybe 200 yards above the road we heard this gun-

fire. To the left (and later you'll see why I mention this) was a cluster of trees and grass, and beyond that a rice-paddy field and a creek.

Anyway, when the firing started, the column was halted, and we waited on the road there. No information came back, none whatsoever, but a few minutes later we also started hearing heavy mortar fire. And the thing was, none of us knew if it was ours or theirs—or even for sure who "they" were.

About now, a lieutenant I won't name and two enlisted men from M Company ran up, and it took only one look to see they'd gone through a terrific ordeal already. The lieutenant said all hell had broken loose up ahead, and he said it in this voice that didn't sound like him. He said the machine-gun crew had had no rifle protection to cover them, and their position was overrun by North Koreans. Wearing uniforms, the lieutenant said. The thing I wondered was how this crew could take off and abandon the machine gun to the enemy but still not get hurt. I have no blame for the men. I didn't exactly know what the lieutenant was dong there, either.

Well, we still had good radio communications, and I got through to battalion and asked for a mission. This voice said, "Wait." Five minutes later I called again. "Wait."

Maybe ten minutes after my second call, the assistant S-3 of the battalion, a Captain Hacker, ran up and told us to move forward a little. He didn't say how far or for what purpose, but we did it, possibly going 100 yards. Lieutenant Chamberlain's platoon was in the lead, and, as we got closer to the cluster of trees, Chamberlain's men were pinned down by mortar and machine-gun fire, from the right. The fire continued coming in, fast and heavy from all along the line, and two men in the platoon were wounded right away. It would have been suicide to stay there or advance; so I pulled the unit back to where we were originally.

I got through to battalion again and asked for instructions by radio. Again this voice, that of the communications officer, a Lieutenant Wright, repeated, "Wait." No more than five minutes after my call, a messenger ran up and said Captain Flynn, the S-3, wanted to see me just behind this knoll near the tree cluster I reported to Flynn, and he said to take the company up the road (near the position I'd just vacated) to join up with Company L and give it some support. L had been heavy hit.

I asked the captain what he thought about advancing through the rice-paddy field instead of on the road itself. I said that seemed to make more sense, considering what had just happened when we tried going up the road. Flynn said O.K.; he said he didn't care how we got up to L, just to do it.

Then Flynn took off, and I assembled my platoon leaders there at the knoll. Just as I was about to give the order, a mortar shell hit—according to Private Gardner, about 15 feet ahead of us. Most of the outfit hit the ground, but one officer, a platoon officer (he was very young), just simply disappeared and it took us a minute or so to find him.

But we did, and I gave the order, and off we went. We had just started when Captain Hacker came up and changed the order. Again no reason, but he gave each of my platoons a special position immediately to the right of the road and told them that instead of advancing they should set up defensive positions there. As you see, there was some confusion.

After each platoon was in place, I started to make a reconnaissance to find out what the situation was generally; but, before I could, the mortar fire got worse, and we all had to hit the ground again. I got hit high up in the center of my back, but it was just a scratch; and when there was a slight lull I stepped up on the road.

Just as I did, the first sergeant of the headquarters company—I don't remember his name—came up and stated that the battalion commander had ordered us to make an orderly withdrawal. That's exactly what he said. He said, "Sir, the battalion commander wants you to withdraw."

I looked down the road behind us, and I could see the few battalion vehicles left being turned around, several of them already hit and burning, and more stuff coming in. I looked to the right of the road, and I could see other bursts there, and I already knew what was going on up ahead.

I asked the sergeant one question. I said, "Which way?"

He sort of smiled and said, "I don't know, sir, I wasn't told."

RIGHT then and there I decided, since we had to retreat, to start off at the tree cluster and then move through the rice-paddy field. I might add that this field was divided up into squares, and around each square was packed earth, to hold the water in. I figured that, as we withdrew, we could move from one mound of earth to another until we got to the creek.

I immediately shouted to Lieutenant Chamberlain and told him to bring his personnel back to the tree cluster, an area about the size of half a city block.

Just about now a Corporal Wilson, who was assigned to my heavy weapons platoon, reported to me, stating that the platoon had been practically wiped out. And, at the same time, a messenger from the second platoon came down to know if there were any orders. I said yes; I told him to pass along the same order I'd given to Lieutenant Chamberlain, and I told Wilson to go back and give the same message to what was left of his platoon.

I then stepped off the road and into the tree cluster and ordered Lieutenant Wampler, my company exec., to lead the company headquarters' personnel across the rice paddies and then down the creek to the rear.

Wampler took off, and, while I was waiting for my rifle platoons to get back, I saw that the enemy had started to pin-point machine-gun fire right on the creek. Immediately, there was this one man who got panicky and started to run off through the open field by himself. He reached this first mound of earth, and as he started to step over it, a machine gun opened up on him. The firing seemed to last for minutes but probably didn't, and, finally, he just slumped over on top of the mound, and that was it.

Nobody else tried running through the field.

BY THIS time men from all outfits started to come to this cluster of trees—dozens of them, from M and L and K. About this point, too, Corporal Wilson came back and said he couldn't find anybody from the weapons platoon. He thought maybe everybody was wiped out except him.

What was left of my other two platoons did get back, though. They started down the creek, and almost everybody seemed to make it. More did than didn't, anyway. Lots were wounded, of course, and there were dead men in the creek and men almost dead, and there were shouts for medics. But it seemed like the medics got it worse than anybody else. That mortar fire just didn't pay any attention to those red crosses on their arms. Not a bit of attention.

I joined up with the column going down the creek, toward the end, with a Sergeant First Class Applegate, who'd been a Ranger captain in the war and was a good man, too. There were maybe a dozen men behind us. Where they came from, I don't know. I'd never seen most of them before.

We went along single file, walking as fast as we could through this waisthigh water, with the machine-gun fire continuing to come in from three sides.

Then, all of a sudden, it got so bad we knew we couldn't go on, and I looked at Applegate, and he looked at me, and then we both looked over at those rice paddies. We seemed to know what was in each other's minds.

We stopped there and talked about it, a few sentences, and we told the men, most of whom were flat on their bellies. The idea was we'd put up what fight we could. One bunch, under Applegate, would fire in the general direction of the enemy—straight to the right, where they seemed to have most of their strength. They'd do it from behind one of these mounds of earth; then a second bunch, under me and in the rice paddy behind, would start firing, and Applegate's group would jump to the rice paddy ahead, and so on. Like that.

Applegate took off with about 30 men, and I stayed behind with probably 40 more. Applegate's group tried to fire the way we'd planned it, but it was like nothing. There were only a few M-1's that worked, and no machine guns, no

MARINES BLAST an enemy position somewhere on Central Front in Korea.

BAR's, no automatic weapons at all; most of the ones we had were waterlogged.

After no more than a minute or so, Applegate and his group got back to the creek and most of them got away, but the other 40 of us were really pinned in, and all we could do was just get into those rice paddies and wait, crouched down behind the mounds of earth.

While we waited, I got to thinking how different this fighting had been from the way I'd pictured it. I'd always wondered how I'd function in combat. I guess everybody does, but for some reason or other my head was quite clear. I knew what I was doing, and I wasn't nervous. I was scared, but that's different. The whole thing just seemed like something that couldn't happen.

In the rice paddy I was in, there were maybe ten or so men, including Private Harding and this man Frasher. He was a big man, over 200 pounds, and he'd been hit three times and was bleeding bad. I passed him along what was left in my canteen, and he drank it.

I glanced at my GI wrist watch, and my heart just sank. It was only four o'clock, and the thought that had occurred to me was that if it got dark soon, maybe we'd have a chance. But four o'clock meant we'd have at least two hours before dark, maybe more.

THERE was machine-gun fire and the mortar shells and some men screaming and others moaning. It was what I'd call real bedlam.

And then all of a sudden it stopped, all the shooting, everything. It was eerie, you know. It was something out of this world. The quiet, I mean, coming all at once like that. And then I heard this voice—I didn't know whose it was—this scared voice, that sounded almost like a whisper.

"Lieutenant." And then again, "Lieutenant."

I didn't want to talk too much, so I just said, "Yes." And then some more quiet.

Finally I got inquisitive, and I said, "What do you want?"

And that same voice said, "Nothing, sir. I just wanted to know if you were there." Well, that happened about four times, different voices from different rice paddies, and it made me feel pretty good, and I think it made the men feel pretty good, too.

YOU want to know what I was thinking about? I was thinking how could this have happened to us, to a whole battalion of 922 men. We were only supposed to be moving against a few guerrillas—and here we were, only a handful of us, and God knows where the rest were and what caused it all. And I was thinking how only a couple of days before, I'd been back in Okinawa eating fried chicken. And how I'd read that this business in Korea was just a police action, you know. I couldn't figure it. I just couldn't figure it at all.

I was thinking that, and other things too, when all of a sudden the whole countryside just seemed to explode with these North Koreans. I saw what looked like dozens—maybe hundreds. I couldn't tell—of these brown-clad little figures. First on the high ground to my left; that would be on the east. And then there were more of them—God knows how many, yelling and waving red flags—to my left and to my front, which was south. And more of them kept coming all the time. All of them were wearing these brown uniforms, and maybe one in every ten or so—something like that—carrying a flag about a foot square. And they were shouting, every damn one of them. I couldn't make out any words. To tell you the honest truth, it sounded like a bunch of pigs grunting; that's what it mostly reminded me of—something like a barnyard.

"I SURVIVED

We stayed quiet, but at one point I did raise my head, slow and easy, just peeping at them. Maybe five seconds. Maybe five minutes. Who knows? And then I lowered my head again, right down into the water.

I don't know how long later they started this machine gun fire again. From the right, from the front and from the left, but not from the back, for some reason or other. Why, I don't know. I sweated it out there, and the first thing I knew was I had this terrific sensation. Like somebody hitting me in the back with a fist—once, twice, three times, four times. Like that. And I said, right out loud I said, "Oh, God." And I thought, it's just like in the movies: I've been hit, and now I'm going to start spitting blood. That was the thought that went through my mind.

So I spit. I mean I spit hard, but no blood. Again. Still none, and immediately I felt like a million dollars. I thought, I didn't spit blood, and maybe the bullet didn't come out through my stomach. And it could be it's not so bad. The other thing that went through my mind was this: I said a little prayer to myself. I said, "Oh, God, don't let them shoot me in the face." I think I might have repeated that a couple of times. I kept thinking if my body was going to be shipped back to the States, I didn't want to have my mother see my face like it could be. That's why, you understand.

After that I just lay there, trying not to breathe, even, and my back was getting very, very warm, and I knew that was blood. I was already wet, wet all over from being in the water. I may have passed out for a minute or so; I don't know.

Then I could hear some talking, and I lifted my head again, and there to my right were all these GI's, standing with their hands in the air, and they were surrounded by these Koreans. Pfc. Harding said to me, "They're taking prisoners, Lieutenant." I could see he was wounded, too—I believe it was mortar fire in his back, rather serious—but he helped me get up, and the two of us gave a hand to Frasher. The same thing was happening all around us, too. There were the men who'd been wounded before and the ones who'd just got it, and the ones who could stand up by themselves were helping the ones that couldn't. It was really terrific. I'd never seen much of anything like it before, to speak of, but I saw a lot of it later, and it always made me feel good.

I had my arms around Harding's shoulders. Somebody else was helping Frasher then. We went toward these Koreans. They were grunting and groaning, like I said, and pointing, mostly with these Russian-type sub-machine guns they all carried. I can call it a Russian-type sub-machine gun, because when I was on duty in Persia most of the Russian GI's there carried this same type gun, with a drum.

Except for their uniforms, these troops looked just about the same as the men we'd seen in Pusan, and this surprised

me. For some reason or other I thought that these North Koreans would be different somehow.

They grabbed our watches. As we raised our hands, they grabbed those. They just pointed with their guns. You didn't have to understand the language to know what they were getting at. And then, with all this hand-waving and motioning, they indicated that we were supposed to throw out everything we had on us. I dropped my wallet out, and that was about the extent of my belongings. I didn't carry a cigarette lighter, but those that did said the lighters went right in those Koreans' pockets, just after the watches. Everything else in the rice paddies. Pen and pencil sets, right in the rice paddies. All papers, our cartridge belts with first-aid packs, all in the paddies. Then they made us take off our fatigue jackets.

When I took mine off, I noticed these two holes, one very large and the other not quite so big; but blood, brother, there was blood all over.

Well, they waved for us to march along these mounds surrounding the rice paddies, and we started off. To tell you the honest truth, there was only one picture running through my mind. While we were on Okinawa waiting to take off, *The Stars and Stripes* had a picture showing I think it was four GI's with their hands tied behind them, lying on the ground. They'd been shot through the head and in the back. That's what I kept remembering, that picture. I was sure—I guess most of us were—that they wouldn't be taking prisoners. That's why I prayed about their not shooting me in the face.

We hobbled along, those of us that could, and some had to be kind of carried, and the Koreans were on all sides of us. I saw something in this one rice paddy that I might just mention here. It was this one particular boy—I don't know who he was, but he was an American GI—and he was there in the water, dead, lying on his back. His face was turned skyward, and his eyes were open wide, and his mouth was open, and I saw he couldn't be more than 19, and a bullet had evidently gone through his left eye.

He was the first one I'd seen dead that way. There were other bodies to the right and left and all over, but he was the first I noticed. I can't remember all that went through my mind, except it was a kind of terrific pitying feeling.

THERE was Gardner, too; he was four or five men behind me, and I could see that he'd been hit bad, in his cheek, back and left arm. That arm was just about shattered with sub-machine fire. As we started off, he shouted, "Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Help me!"

That just about took everything I had out of me. You know how close you keep a messenger to you, and he was right by my side all the time, and he was only a kid. He had turned 18 on the boat. I remember once he showed me a picture of his sister, who looked identically like him.

I looked back at him once, and the Koreans kept urging us on with their guns, and Harding said, "Come on, Lieutenant."

I did: there was nothing else that I could do. I went on, and that's the last I ever saw of Gardner. I think they did shoot some right in the rice paddy, the worst wounded, that is.

We started up a trail, just south of the area where I Company was held in reserve that morning, and maybe 100 yards above the rice-paddy field, and there was a little open space there—it was maybe 35 feet long and half as wide, probably—and they made us all sit down. It seemed like Americans were coming in from everywhere, and two things surprised me. I was amazed at still being on my feet after being hit those three or four times; at least, it felt like three or four times. Also, they let us carry our wounded back to this area. Most of them, anyway; there were exceptions, however.

II

I GUESS, all told, there must have been 75 of us, but I was the only officer. And there weren't many non-coms. Sergeant Rowlette was one. He was the non-com in charge of the weapons platoon—from Kentucky, I believe. And this one Korean officer spoke broken English, and he asked Rowlette if he could drive, and Rowlette said yes. So they took him off, and maybe one or two others. But none of the wounded; and more than half, quite a bit more than half, were wounded. Some bad.

We just sat there. Nobody said anything; nobody even moved, and we heard a few shots far back in the rice paddies, not many, and at the time we didn't know what they were. At one point, a man named Allen, who could speak some Japanese, came up out of nowhere with a pile of GI bandages and distributed them to us. I don't know whether he'd picked them up out of the water or whether he got them off dead men. Harding helped me take off my T-shirt and dressed my wound. When we got off my T-shirt, I put my hand behind my back, and I felt something funny. I immediately shook my hand because it was covered with stuff, with flesh and blood. Harding applied sulfanilamide powder and then the dressings. He said I had two holes in my back, one about the size of a silver dollar and the other smaller. To this day, I'm not sure those holes were from sub-machine fire; they may have come from mortars. I've never been able to figure it.

I've mentioned this man Frasher before, and for this reason. As I was sitting there and Harding was fixing my wounds, somebody on my left handed me something and said, "Lieutenant, here's your wallet. Frasher found it in the rice paddy."

Frasher apparently was at the end of the group of GI's, and he had picked up my wallet and sent it up with his compliments. It hit me funny. I had a terrifically good feeling. Here was a man wounded three times, and he got my wallet and sent it up the line and said, "Here, give it to Lieutenant Makarounis." I won't say I cried exactly, but my eyes watered, and I turned my face away from Harding.

Around this time, from somewhere or other, a couple of civilian men appeared with bowls of water. There wasn't enough to go around, but there was a little for each of us, and we used a squash shell to dip it out, and it tasted like something out of this world. . . .

I don't know how long we sat there—a few minutes, probably—when they started moving us up on the road, the same road we'd advanced on that morning. We walked slow, most of us hobbling, and I think it was then, or maybe later, that I heard about the South Koreans. A few South Koreans had been attached to the battalion; how many, I don't know. There'd been three with I Company, for instance—and they were supposed to be interpreters, I believe, but they spoke no English and none of us spoke Korean, so they didn't do much interpreting—but it was around this time that somebody said (I forget who) that they'd all been bayoneted there in the rice paddies. Not a one was let live.

As we got further up the road, we saw more and more GI's, most of them from other companies, and they were sitting or standing right near a juncture in the road, and all of them were quiet, like us, nobody talking. It was peculiar.

At this road juncture, they separated us—the ones that could walk a little but were still wounded, like Harding and me; and the ones who weren't wounded at all; and a third group, maybe half a dozen, who couldn't walk at all, who had to be carried.

All of a sudden five jeeps drove up, coming from the direction of Hadong. They were all 29th Regiment vehicles, and they just drove up and were turned around. It seemed like the North Koreans had captured every jeep that wasn't burning on the road, which most of them were.

They indicated for us to pile into the jeeps, and I might say here that I'd thrown away my T-shirt; it was no more than a mess of blood anyway, and I didn't have anything on above my waist; it wasn't any too warm, either.

In my jeep was Harding and a man named Volturo, a Pfc. He had a stomach wound. Volturo had been the I Company baker, and his name was Sylvester, but I always called him Frank. Somehow or other the name Sylvester just didn't fit him, and Frank did. There were three or four others in the jeep, plus a Korean guard who didn't seem to be armed (he may have had a pistol; I didn't see it), and a GI driver by the name of Capehart. That is the name I remember for him. Capehart.

Well, we took off in the jeeps, going

TWO MARINES DASH for cover during close fighting with North Koreans.

toward Hadong. I later found out that the men who had no wounds walked all the way, and the men who were so wounded that they couldn't walk were just left there by the side of the road. We never saw those men again. I believe they were disposed of; I will put it that way. Disposed of.

As we proceeded up this road, I got my first taste of the North Korean Army. By that I mean there were hundreds of them; it seemed like an endless line marching away from Hadong, on both sides of the road, and many of them would take their rifles and, as our jeeps passed, swing at us, intending to hit us. We'd yell and duck, and they didn't succeed in touching most of us, but they tried. You can certainly say that they did their best.

The whole thing hit me hard. I mean we saw all of our vehicles; some already burned, some still in flames; our own .30-caliber machine-guns being manipulated by these men, and they seemed to know what they were doing. Also they were well camouflaged. Most of them wore helmets that had a wire mesh over them, and if they didn't have the mesh, they had green leaves nicely placed on their headgear and other leaves stuck all over their bodies. It gave me a funny feeling; our guys hadn't had any camouflage whatsoever.

We rode along maybe four or five miles, and when we got into this Hadong I could see that it never had been much of a place, no more than a village, and it wasn't anything now. It had gone through a terrific bombardment, and there were hardly any buildings still standing, and electric wires and telephone wires were all over the streets, and things were burning. Fires everywhere, and rubble falling and landing right near the jeeps.

We wound through the streets, in and out and up and down, and finally we stopped in front of this one building which was still standing. Almost the only one. It was big and made out of stone, and I later found out it was a school of some kind.

As we started to get out of the jeeps, I began to get weak, and I leaned on ours. I wouldn't know, myself, but the men later told me that I was yellow in color, and I had what they thought was a death pallor on me, and I just fell down to the ground on my back. They thought I had died right then and there; so they left me and were herded into the building.

When I came to—it seemed like only a minute later—there were two Koreans standing over me, one a civilian and the other a soldier. One picked me up under the armpits and the other by the feet, and they took me down a side street and threw me on the ground, hard. Maybe they thought I was dead, too, but I think my eyes were open. The soldier, he started to take my high-school ring off my finger, and I just looked at him. I had no feeling whatsoever. He finally got it off, but it wasn't too easy because I'd outgrown that ring. I just liked to wear it. It reminded me of things. This soldier put the ring in his pocket, and I must have moved, tried to rise or something; anyway, they picked me up again and carried me back to this same building and threw me on top of a desk. I wouldn't say they were gentle.

I might say here that it was a huge room they put me in, and it must have been used for chemistry, because it was the kind of room I remembered from highschool chemistry. These bottles were all over. There were about 30 of us in this room, all wounded.

I want to say a word more about Volturo, too. He stayed right beside me all night, and he gave me comfort. I mean, every time I needed water, he got it for me—I don't know where from—and he was beside me all the time. A little while later—I don't know when; I'd lost all

track of time—a medic came around, a Korean medic, and he put one bandage on the large wound there on my back and painted both wounds with iodine or something. Some kind of a North Korean officer came in, too, maybe later, maybe earlier, during that night. He asked for the *hancho;* I'm not sure how to spell that, but it's Japanese and means "head one." Some of the men pointed to me, and he came up and talked a little. (I think he was a captain.) He said he was sorry to see us in this condition, and he said we'd move out of Hadong the next morning. He said it will become most dangerous here in Hadong tomorrow, and he said American forces will bomb the city. His English was quite good—surprising. But then he left, and I never saw him again, and either he was lying, or he didn't know. It got dangerous in Hadong, all right, but there weren't any trucks to move us. There weren't ever any trucks.

THAT was a night I'll remember, more than some and less than others. For one thing, it was the first. Mostly it was quiet, guys lying there and no conversation, no questions, nothing. Later, of course, some of us moaned, and there was crying, real crying. I can't remember that I ever heard a man cry before that day. Toward morning, I was out of my head for awhile; Volturo says I was. I was on my back, and maybe if I could have rolled over on my stomach, it wouldn't have hurt so bad, but I just couldn't do it.

However, it got to be morning some way, and around nine—I know it was around nine because I can picture this clock on the wall—around nine, the planes started coming over; all kinds of planes, it seemed like. Jet planes, F-51's, everything.

As soon as this air strike started, we all got on the floor. We had to because they used rockets, and they used .50-caliber machine-guns, and there were pieces of glass flying all over. In fact, about six feet from myself and where Volturo was lying right beside me, this entire window just flew across the room, pane and all. But this building we were in was not hit, not direct. Everything else in town was, but not this. Maybe they knew we were there; that's what I think, but I'm not positive.

Shall I say how I felt? Well, I can put it that if I never get terrified in my life again, I know what it's like to be scared beyond all reason. We all just froze, and this was my own first experience with rockets, and I cannot tell you how they sound. It was terrific, this sound.

Around two in the afternoon—and there'd already been six hours of it—the guards came in. There was a slight lull just then. The guards motioned for us to go out and start to climb this hill immediately behind the building. It was quite a high hill, and there were steps going up it, I remember.

So we took off, us and the guards. Not

all of us. A few stayed behind because they couldn't leave. There was the man who'd been hit in the creek; both legs had been broken, and he had had to be carried, and why he hadn't been left behind at the road juncture, I don't know. And there was a man who had a hole about four inches long and three inches wide right at the base of his spine. I remember that boy well, though I cannot bring back his name. He was 17, and he was from California, and he was of Italian extraction; that I do recall. And there was a Corporal Holloway who had wounds in both feet; he stayed, and some others. It must have been hell for them. Yes, that's the word here. Pure hell.

Anyway, we made it up the hill during a break in the bombardment. I later discovered that the men who'd marched all the way from the road juncture (it seemed quite a distance then) were in this church near the school building, and it was hit by a bomb or maybe a couple of rockets. The men were huddled on the floor, but the force of the explosion threw a couple clear out of the window. They died, I believe. Two others were killed right in the church, perhaps from falling glass.

LATER the men who hadn't got hurt in the church were brought up to the hill, too, and you know, it was a funny thing. I don't mean funny. Peculiar, more. This hill was the same one that the 29th had been supposed to secure the day before.

There were maybe two or three caves in the side of the hill, and some of us went in them. I got in a cave where there was a family — three men, I recall; a couple of women, and maybe four or five children. It was dark in there, and there wasn't any furniture, just a few comforters and clothes and some food. Also in the cave I saw Capehart again, the boy who had driven the jeep into Hadong; and a medic, a Sergeant Callendar, who had joined the outfit just before we took off from Okinawa. Altogether, there were about 130 or so of us on the hill, including about 16 in the cave.

And something else, and this is important. Somebody found a pear orchard up there and a group of the GI's started distributing the pears among us. They were small, but they were juicy, and I had three, one right after the other. We hadn't any of us had any food since the morning before, since just before the battle.

Around five, around dusk, the bombardment ended. I figured some of the planes had to get back to wherever it was they came from before dark.

A little while after that they took those of us who were wounded but could walk up the road a bit, four or five miles maybe, and we stopped off in a village which hadn't been hit at all. We stayed there maybe an hour, and some of the men got their wounds bandaged by a Korean medic. I remember that because I was next in line and he was just about to dress my wound, but he had to take off after he finished the man ahead of me. I put that in because we never again saw a North Korean Army medic.

After he left, they put some of us in a regular little Korean house with a wooden floor and a couple of small rooms, and I guess I was about to go to sleep on the floor when some of the guards came in and said for us to rise.

Outside there was this truck which was small, and maybe 25 of us were loaded on. It was crowded, but I didn't mind. My heart lifted, and I guess most of the others thought it, too. The truck was headed north, and I figured we were going off maybe to Seoul or some place like that, and I thought that was good.

But we didn't. The driver turned the truck around, and we headed back to Hadong, and as we got inside they dismounted us, and we marched back through the rubble again and the fires, which were worse than the night before, back into the same schoolhouse. The men who weren't wounded were taken back to the church, I believe; but here in this school, in this room, were the rest of us, 50 or so by now—the ones who'd been hurt in the bombardment plus the others, the half dozen or so we'd left behind.

I got back on the same desk I'd used the night before, and I closed my eyes, hard, trying to shut out everything, including the smell, but I couldn't. There were all the sounds and the smells. This one man that got wounded in the church didn't have any clothes on, not a stitch —maybe they'd been blown off, I don't know—but all night he kept screaming without letting up.

"Help me up, somebody," he'd scream. "For God's sake, somebody help me sit up." Over and over, not stopping once. Nobody could help him, of course, and he was out of his head, but it was odd because he didn't seem to have any wounds at all, outside anyway.

THERE were other things too, that night. I mentioned the smell. I don't hardly know how to put this except to say that some of the men who couldn't get outside to relieve themselves just did it right where they were lying. There was a lot of that later. It's the kind of smell that stays with you.

Sergeant Callendar (the medic) and Capehart helped all they could, but they didn't have any equipment. There was one other officer, a Lieutenant Reed from some place in New Jersey, and he had a bad leg wound. It was Callendar told me gangrene had set in. And I ought to get this in here, about the maggots. Most of us had never seen or known just what maggots are in a wound. They seem to be a white worm that you get in your wound. I'd seen them before, in the States, mostly around swill barrels and places like that, and they draw flies, and there were flies in this room, hundreds of them.

I think you can imagine how it was when the men first started seeing maggots in their wounds. Some of us tried to cheer them up. We started to talk, and there was some conversation that doctors back home used them to clean out wounds. I don't know whether it's a fact or not, but you've heard it, and I've heard it, and there may be some truth in it, and, besides, it helped, and it was the only bit of good news we could think of for the men that had maggots, and they sort of picked up.

That night there wasn't much sleep among any of us. This man out of his mind and shouting and others crying out. Sergeant Callendar and Capehart bringing water to this one and that one. And then, toward morning, one of the men passed away. I don't remember his name. He'd been quiet all the time, just lying there, and all at once somebody said he was dead.

Nobody said anything for awhile after that; even the man who'd been screaming seemed to stop.

After it got light, Callendar and Capehart and, I believe, Allen, who'd given us the bandages the day before, dug a hole in the schoolhouse yard and buried him. I don't believe anybody said anything over his grave.

After that, I myself started to get a dread feeling because I knew this was the start of the men passing away, and I knew there would be others, but if anybody had said then how many men would die before we were liberated on October 20th, I don't believe I would have paid much attention. I would have thought it couldn't happen.

III

LATER that morning, this was July 29th, the Air Force came back, and we ran up the hill and hid in the caves and elsewhere. It happened again on the third, fourth, and fifth days. All day every day. The bombardment would begin around nine, and it seemed like they'd always finish around five or thereabouts. Sometimes, if there was a lull, the guards would run us back into the buildings, and then, when the bombardment started again, back up the hill. That took a lot of strength, and none of us had much.

About food, there wasn't a great deal. On the third evening, at least I think it was the third evening, they brought us this water pail filled with rice, and there were flies all over it. Some of the men ate it, flies and all, and I tried putting some on a piece of paper and maybe took one or two bites, but that was it. By the time we'd finished, three-fourths of the pail was still full of the stuff, and that was all the food they ever gave us, just that pail of rice.

Of course, we did keep eating these pears continuously, and the guards didn't seem to mind. And in the cave they'd give us some water, the civilians would. They didn't seem to mind our being there. One day I took this silver dollar that my mother had given me; I'd kept

"I kept on. I don't know how I did it, but I did."

it in my wallet all these years as a lucky piece. Anyhow, one morning, I believe it was the 30th, I gave the dollar to this Korean child who was always carried on his mother's back. I don't know why. Some of the men said I was crazy. I suppose I wanted to.

Now on the evening of July 29th, I was on a desk right beside Corporal Wilson, who, you remember, had been in my weapons platoon. We started talking, the way you will, about most anything that occurred to us, and suddenly (I didn't know I was going to say it), it just came to me. I said, "How would you feel about taking off?"

Wilson was quiet there for a moment or so, and then he said, "Lieutenant, I'll take a chance on anything."

NOW let me say that Wilson was a good man, a very good man. He was from Detroit, and he was about 21 or so, and he'd been in the Marine Corps during the last war, in the Pacific, and all through what came later he was a damned fine soldier. I say that with great sincerity.

Anyhow, on the night of the 29th I told Wilson I thought if I stayed around Hadong I'd be a dead man in no time. But I said I wanted to remain for maybe four or five days and get back a little strength. I said then we'd try our escape. He said fine; he said that sounded good to him.

We had a crazy plan. We figured we'd try to get away if we could and head for the west coast. Neither of us had any idea how far that was, and from the map I know now we should have headed south, but right then all we knew was we had to get away.

I had $210 in military scrip, and Wilson and I thought maybe if we could reach the coast we'd find a fisherman who'd take us to Pusan or possibly even Japan. Now I know we couldn't have crossed that stretch of ocean in a small fishing boat, but that night we didn't think very clear. If we had, maybe we wouldn't have gone. . . .

Well, the next day, the 30th, nothing happened. There were the air raids again, and in the room the smell was getting worse, and between the filth and the maggots and the yelling and screaming and seeing all the wounds getting more infected, it took quite a lot of will power for a man just to hold himself together. A lot of men didn't, and you couldn't blame them. Also, I might say here that every morning, regular like, a man was buried in the school yard.

ON THE 31st we were up in the hills again, and the planes were coming over, and you might put it that there wasn't much discipline left among us by then. Our cave, for instance, was overcrowded that day, for no reason, and I remember I suggested to some of the men that they go to their regular places. They just laughed at me.

So I said, O.K., and I took off from the cave, and I started higher up the hill, and on the way I met Callendar and asked him where Wilson was. Callendar said he'd take me to him and we proceeded to this cluster of trees where there was Wilson and a lot of other men standing around.

I stood there for a minute, trying to decide, and then I said, "Wilson," and he said, "Yes, Lieutenant. O.K." I could tell he knew what was going on in my mind.

Then he came out from among the trees, limping a little. He had a bullet in his right knee, but he could walk, at least as well as I could. I started ahead, going further up the hill, and Wilson followed. There weren't any guards around. When the bombardments started, the guards always took off twice as fast as we did.

Anyway, the two of us continued up the hill, and the planes were coming amazingly close, maybe just a couple of hundred feet above the top of the hill. We could even see the pilots in the cockpits.

Wilson and I stopped in an open space which was concealed by some trees. There were a couple of men already there. Sergeant Callendar was right behind us, and Capehart had come up from the cave, and there were others—maybe ten, all told. It seemed like they knew something was up, although we hadn't said anything. They followed us anyway. One was a Private Shaffron; I'll explain in a minute why I mention him.

I told the men what Wilson and I had in mind, and one man said we'd endanger the rest of the group if we escaped. I said I didn't think so. I said anyway if we stayed there, most of us would die and I thought eventually we'd all have to try to get back to the American lines the best way we could; and, besides, if we made it we might be able to send some help or something. I don't remember all I said. I just knew I'd made up my mind.

At least four of the other men wanted to come along, but I refused, except for Shaffron. Paul Shaffron, his name was. He came from a small town right outside of Pittsburgh. Shaffron was no more than nineteen, I guess, and he had a wound on his leg, but he would get along, while the rest of them just couldn't. Besides, I knew we had to be a small group. So I said, Shaffron O.K. but no for the others. It hurt me to do it, but I knew it had to be like that.

It was a sorry thing, seeing the rest of them drift back down the hill, leaving Shaffron and Wilson and me, but we went back in among the trees, and we kept listening, thinking the guards would find out we were going any minute there, but they didn't seem to. About five or so, all of the others were herded down into the school building, and there wasn't a sound up on the hill. All three of us were hoping for the best but we were not expecting it. . . .

Just after dark, we headed down the hill, single file, being careful not to make the branches creak or anything like that. We wanted to head for this small river on the other side of town, figuring that if we got across that we'd be fairly safe. But first we had to go right through a part of Hadong. Well, as we walked through the town, we saw a lot of people walking around, and we'd just say, "*Americanos*." For some reason or other, none of them gave any cry of alarm whatsoever. They went on about their business, mainly heading back for what was left of their homes after the bombings.

We knew where we had to cross the river. We'd seen men and women and even some children do it on what was apparently a sandbar and where the water was only waist-high. Anyway, we worked our way down the river bank in the darkness, feeling it out until we got to the place we thought was the sandbar. And, by God, we hit it. Right on the nose the first try.

BY THEN it was so dark that we had to take off our belts and grab onto them by our hands as we waded through the water. Wilson went ahead first; I was in the center, Shaffron brought up the rear.

Just above us, to our left, was a bridge, and when we were halfway across we heard tanks start over the bridge and also what seemed like a lot of troops. We could hear them talking and shouting at each other, but we said the hell with it, and made it. Just like that.

And then we started our trek up into the mountains. We got lost at least a dozen times, and we kept meeting up with civilians, and there was no telling

which one might shout or run back for a North Korean soldier or something, but they didn't. Not at first, anyway.

We walked all that first night, weaving in and out of the hills, sometimes in the forest, sometimes not—generally trying to head west, but we might easily have been going in any other direction. We didn't have any way of knowing. None of us could read the stars. I might say that it got cold that night—later it was always cold after the sun went down, but that was my first experience—and I was glad I had a fatigue jacket. It was given me by a Private Webster. Where he got it, I don't know, but it fit, and it was warm.

After it got daylight, we were afraid to walk along the mountain trails any more; so we hid in the forest, and we had ourselves a long drink of water from one of the mountain streams. Also, we each had two pears with us, and we ate one of those. We did try to sleep, but the ground was wet, and there were all kinds of bugs, big bugs, and the mosquitoes. There were always mosquitoes.

INSTEAD of sleeping, we sat among the trees, and we talked, mostly about what we'd do when we got back home. Naturally, we didn't let it be in our minds that we wouldn't make it, although we knew that we had only one chance in a hundred, or even in a thousand, maybe. Two or three times we saw airplanes striking Hadong, but, although they were our planes, we weren't happy. We kept thinking of all of our guys on the hill back there.

We took off again in the afternoon, following the mountain trails. We'd decided that we weren't going to use the roads, even if we came across any, for fear of exposing ourselves. We tried to sleep again that night but couldn't, and we were hungry. Each of us had finished our second pear a long time back and we were empty.

Towards evening of our second day we came across a farm house; we stopped outside and shouted, and in a while a man and a woman came out, plus three children. By opening our mouths and sort of bringing our hands up to our faces we made it known that we were hungry, and the family immediately asked us into this little house. The mother gave us some food, some soup and some rice and some bread. We ate it all and could have stood some more, but we could tell this was a poor family, and we didn't want to take anything else from them.

We said thank you as best we could and started off again in the darkness, the three of us. I remember once Shaffron said, "Do you think we'll make it, Lieutenant?"

And I said, "Sure." I said, "Don't worry; we'll make out." But I was lying; I knew we'd be caught, and this time I was certain we'd be shot, no questions asked, but right then I didn't care. I can't explain why, but I didn't.

IV

WE CONTINUED down along this narrow road, and, toward morning, we came across some telephone wires, which made us glad. We thought telephones would mean civilization. I might mention here that I also had developed an eye infection. Maybe from the dirt, maybe a bug. It was my left eye, and it gave me considerable pain. Within a few hours, it was swollen almost completely shut.

The next morning, August 3rd, I think, we passed some bombed-out native buildings which seemed to be out in the middle of nowhere. Then, perhaps 40 minutes later, we arrived at a small native village.

We stopped at what looked like a men's club of some kind; it reminded me in some ways of the coffee house my father hangs around in Lowell. The men were of middle age and over, and they were all well-dressed, by Korean standards anyway. They seemed glad but not too surprised to see us, as if nothing would get them very excited, including us three beat-up escaped American PW's.

Using those same gestures again—hands up to mouth, opening mouth and, this time, much lip-smacking—we begged for some food. I believe they gave us a little rice (my mind was not too clear) and also a little *sake* in a glass for each of us. We couldn't have had more than a thimbleful apiece and I don't believe *sake* is supposed to be very potent at that, but it affected us plenty, and these Korean men could see it. They took us out on a little side porch there, and that's the last thing I remember until the next morning.

By then, my eye was swollen completely shut, and it burned like somebody was holding a match to it. Also, we saw the first maggots in Wilson's leg wound, and I imagine that scared me as much as it did him. I couldn't see my own wounds, of course, so I could never be sure I didn't have any.

BEFORE we left what I've called this men's club, we may have had a little something to eat. Some more rice, perhaps. One of these old Koreans did say there was a doctor in the next village. He called in a young native, no more than a boy, to guide us, but I don't think we'd gone more than half a mile when this youngster started running, for what reason I don't know, and he indicated we should join up with a group of six men that was a little ways ahead. They were all dressed up in their Sunday best, white linen suits and black hats, and we fell in with them. First thing we knew, they also began to run, or double-time, whatever it is that Koreans do when they go walking, and we lost them, too.

By that time, with the hot sun beating down on my head, I was half delirious, and so were Shaffron and Wilson. We needed rest, and we needed a doctor, and we needed food.

When we finally reached the next village, there weren't many people on the streets, but there was this one small boy, twelve or thirteen, somewhere in there, and he seemed to sense we needed a doctor. He motioned for us to follow him. After a block or so, a couple of other native men fell in beside us, and they took us around the corner and into a long one-story building, the door of which opened to what anybody would know was a doctor's office. No doctor, but there was his office, unlocked.

One of the natives seemed to take off, then, though I don't remember it, and the boy and the other native and the three of us started looking for bandages. Finally, we found some, in the bottom of some drawer. I don't believe this man could have been much of a doctor from the look of things.

While we were helping each other dress our wounds, two husky young Korean civilians came in, carrying carbines and pointing the business ends toward us, making their meaning very, very clear. They half-pushed, half-pulled us out the door, and on the street we were loaded into an ox cart and taken on down the road.

I don't know as any of the three of us did much thinking just then, or felt much. It was like we were just beyond all that. I know I went to sleep, or passed out; you couldn't have told the difference then.

WHEN we woke up, we were in a half-destroyed town that we later learned was called Kwangyang. The two young Koreans unloaded us, still groggy from sleep and pain and what-have-you, and led us into a regular jail, with small cells, dark and damp and what I'd describe as dismal. There was a bad air raid that night, and while it was going on the prison guards moved us into the courtyard and then back into that dismal cell again.

There were some native prisoners in other cells along the corridor, but that night they paid no attention to us, and vice versa. We went to sleep right on the floor, paying no mind to the dampness. When we woke up the following morning, we felt somewhat better. We were given some rice balls by the guards, all of whom wore North Korean Army uniforms, and then we settled down to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, which was just as well, considering how long we were in Kwangyang.

I might say a word here about our shoes, at least Shaffron's shoes, and Wilson's. The very first day these North Korean soldiers came in and looked at our shoes and said something to each other. We didn't know for sure what they were saying, but we could make a good guess. The second day they came in again, and one of them took his rifle, with the bayonet attached, and pointed it at Shaffron's stomach. Then another of them reached down and took off Shaffron's shoes. There was nothing any-

U. S. INFANTRYMEN reach hilltop in United Nations battle against Communists.

body could do. The same way with Wilson, maybe a day or so later; one of the soldiers hit him a couple of times across his legs, especially the wounded leg, with a rifle butt, and Wilson had to take off his shoes and give them up. Maybe that same afternoon, Shaffron was given a pair of sneakers that were too small for his feet and always pained him, and Wilson was given a pair of cheap moccasins.

It was funny, but the guards never seemed to search the Koreans who were in this jail. They were all kinds of people, school teachers and business men and so on, and they all seemed to have money. They'd throw it out the window to the kids, and they'd be brought fruit and bread and everything you can think of—even, once, some *sake*. Also, they all had paper and pencils, and they spent their time writing out these confessions, saying they'd done a lot of things some of them hadn't done and how they were sorry and wouldn't do it again. I understand they do that same kind of thing in Russia.

About the fourth day we were in Kwangyang—along about August 8th, I think—a civilian came in, a young fellow, and we figured he was probably a student of medicine, something like that. He had bandages and iodine and sulfanilamide, and he also had this long thin piece of metal, about eight inches long. He was certainly very handy with it. He stuck it in one end of my wound and tried to make it come out the other end, except it wouldn't; and I thought for a minute there I'd die. Maybe he knew what he was doing, though I doubt it. He did the same thing with all three of us. Shaffron screamed, and I don't blame him, but Wilson just gritted his teeth. I told Wilson maybe it would clean the maggots out of his wound; he had a lot of them in there, but I don't believe it did any good. Anyway, this student or whatever he was came every day around dusk, but he never used that piece of metal again.

There was an air raid every day, all day, beginning in the morning. The guards would shoot for cover some place outside, but they never offered to take us out. Maybe it was just as well.

During our three weeks in Kwangyang, we had the same food every day—a rice ball late in the morning and another right after dark. Always the same time, always the same kind of rice ball—a soggy mess, but we learned to eat it down and wished for more. After about 14 days in the prison, probably somewhere around the 17th of August (the time is a little hazy in my mind), the three of us were moved to a little house-like affair in the courtyard of the prison. It was fairly clean, and there were a couple of mats on the floor, and we were alone. There were some Korean prisoners in the next room, but they didn't bother us much. Except for their chanting; I guess maybe they called it singing, but there wasn't any melody, and at times I thought we'd go crazy from it.

Every once in a while, we'd be told by one of the guards that soon, any day now, they'd be transferring us to a town called Kwangju, and, the guards always said, there were women in Kwangju, American women, and that there was lots of food and many, many medics, very many medics, the guards said. We didn't pay much attention. We had visitors, too, school girls who came in and looked at us and poked at us and then ran away giggling. We were quite a sight, I imagine. Once we were brought a pail of water, and I did get most of the blood and stuff out of my field jacket. Some days we sat in the doorway of this house, and one day we had another visitor. He was just a kid, and he had been wounded in the neck and right shoulder. He's one Korean character I'll never forget, and there are others.

For some reason or other, he seemed to dislike Wilson even more than Shaffron and me. Maybe because Wilson was blond. Anyway, he'd take the rifle from a guard, and he'd kick Wilson first, in the leg and the back, especially the wounded leg. Then he'd go on and kick Shaffron and me, and then he'd point the rifle at each of us in turn, one right after the other. He seemed to make sure it wasn't loaded, but we weren't ever certain of that. He kept indicating he'd been wounded by the Air Force, and then he'd go through this kicking routine again. Every day, late in the afternoon, just as regular as clockwork, this would happen, and this character would laugh like crazy. Big joke. . . .

All of a sudden one day—about August 22nd, I think—we woke up to find they'd shoved a truck right next door to us, a typical civilian Korean truck. I remember we looked at the tires on our way to the latrine, and they were practically threadbare. We asked the guards if that was the truck that was going to take us to Kwangju. They laughed fit to kill (I never did get to understand the Korean sense of humor), and they said yes. After that, for the next three or four days at least, there always seemed to be two mechanics working on this truck. I never saw that they made much headway, but they worked anyway. Then one day—late in the afternoon, I think—we heard the motor turn over several times, then die; the mechanics tried it again, and, by God, it ran.

We shouted; all three of us. We didn't know where we were going. Kwangju or not, but we thought we'd be going some place, and we thought anything would be better than what we had. We were wrong, but that's the way our minds worked at the time.

About five o'clock this same day, which must have been during the last week of August, around the 25th, let's say, they took us out and put us on the truck. I forgot to say that they had it camouflaged with leaves and the boughs of trees and all like that.

WE SAT there in the truck for awhile, and after maybe half an hour, they started bringing Koreans out from the prison. I'd say they put maybe 25 on this truck with us, and it was a small truck, similar to our ton-and-a-half Army truck. We started to move out just about dusk, and as we drove through the city it was amazing the number of people—women and children, everybody—who tried to give food to the prisoners on the truck with us. I could see that these prisoners were from right there in Kwangyang and that their immediate families were the ones giving them the food and trying to climb on the trucks with them, yelling and crying. I wouldn't say there were any tears. Koreans don't seem to cry like us. They wail, and I think that's worse.

The trucks kept on moving, and the North Korean guards shoved the women and children aside, and you knew if they didn't get out of the way the trucks would run right over them and no questions asked.

After we got out of Kwangyang, we started up mountain roads—narrow mountain roads, like those pictures you see of the Rockies, only worse—and

the Korean driver went around curves at what seemed like 90 miles per. Once I remember I started laughing and I couldn't stop. What's more, I couldn't tell Shaffron and Wilson what was wrong with me. I kept thinking: what if, after all that had happened to us, this truck went off the road and we got killed that way? It's not much of a joke, I'll admit, but it struck me funny then.

I know now we were headed southwest, but that night I had no idea. All I knew was we kept going all night, except for once when we had a flat tire, which was no surprise. It took at least a couple of hours to fix it, and then we went on.

Our next stop was in a city I don't know the name of, and we spent the night there, in a jail which was like all the rest, except that in the morning they brought us some soup that had rice and meat in it and was good. It was almost as good as American soup, and it was brought to us by a nice-looking woman. A motherly type, I mean; and, later, she also brought us some pears. Six apiece. We ate two of them and stuck the rest in our pockets.

That's the reason I remember this town, and wish I knew the name. I think maybe from looking at the map now it was Sunchon, but that's only a guess.

Around dusk that same day, after we'd eaten the pears and all and slept a little, they took us out of this jail cell and put us on the truck again. We hadn't gone more than a couple of blocks when a plane came over. We dived right off the truck, and Shaffron fell on his right side, which must have hurt him, though he wouldn't admit it.

Somehow the Koreans didn't seem to get off the truck; whether because the guards wouldn't let them or they weren't quick enough, I don't know. Anyway, after the plane disappeared, we got back on and started off into the night.

It was still dark when we reached Kwangju and were put into a jail cell again. We couldn't tell much about the city at that time of night (maybe it was one or two in the morning), except that it was large and, like all the rest, beat up, bombed out, gutted.

When we got into the prison, *we* were at the end of a long line of Koreans, and they started to pile them into cells that were already full. I believe there were at least ten cells down this one long corridor. Sometimes there would be as many as 75 men in each cell, and it was so crowded that everybody had to sit with his knees up to his chest continuously. They started to shove us into one such cell, and then, for no reason that we could see, changed their minds. And that was a lucky break for us.

Instead, they took us down another corridor and then made us take off our shoes and belts (they almost always made us do that) and put us into a dark cell that appeared to be deserted.

I was half asleep at the time, but I wasn't too surprised when I heard this American voice say, "Don't worry about it, Mac. We'll talk it over in the morning. You just get some sleep tonight."

We did, and I myself can say I felt very good, hearing that American voice, which sounded kind and sort of homelike. You might put down that I had dreams instead of nightmares that night. I might add this right here, too: Even though whoever belonged to the voice couldn't see me, he shared his blanket with me, and others in the cell did the same for Wilson and Shaffron.

V

THE next morning it was wonderful; I turned over and opened my eyes, and there looking at me and kind of smiling were these three Roman Catholic priests. I'll put their names here, though I didn't find them out until later. One was an American, Monsignor Brennan, and there was a Father Kusak and a Father O'Brien, both from Ireland and with these terrific Irish brogues. Father Brennan had one, too, though to a lesser extent.

Father Kusak had spent 15 years in Korea, and he could read and write and speak the language. Father Brennan and Father O'Brien could say a few words each, not many. All three of them were missionaries, and they'd been arrested about a week after the war started. They all three expected to be shot, but it didn't seem to bother them. If it did, they didn't let on.

I mean by that Father Brennan was always cheering us up. Once we heard a bird chirping outside the window, and he said, "That's a good sign, lad. That's an omen of hope." He said exactly that; I remember the words. Or Father O'Brien would sing songs, mostly Irish songs, and once he danced a jig, and one other time I will not likely forget he sang, "Faraway Places," and we cried, like babies, all six of us.

The food was quite good at Kwangju; we had half a bowl of cooked barley three times a day, and it tasted better than the rice, and, also, we were given pickled turnips, which were delicious, something like our dill pickles. We were in this cell two days and two nights, and once a doctor came in, and with him was a nurse. By this time my right side was practically just the bone with some of the skin rubbed off even, and my right hip was almost all bone, too; every time I moved, my bones creaked something awful. I couldn't sleep on my stomach or, for some reason, my left side either; so I had Father Kusak ask the doctor if I could sleep on my back, and he took a long look at my wounds and then said yes. And that night, our second in Kwangju, I slept better than I ever had before.

THE second afternoon in Kwangju they took Wilson, Shaffron and me through a courtyard, then about 500 yards down the street and into a church which was pretty much like an American church, only poor, very poor. Inside this church were desks lined up against the wall, maybe 20 of them, and behind each desk was a Korean, an interviewer. They put me on a chair beside one desk with this captain. They took Wilson and Shaffron back out into the courtyard and shoved them inside a little house there.

This captain was a young man, as much as you can tell the age of a Korean, maybe in his twenties or thirties, but he had a hard face, and he was mad clear through, because it took at least an hour to find an interpreter. They finally dug up this one character who said he was a photographer, and he spoke pretty fair English.

All through the questioning the captain kept getting mad every once in a while. He'd say things against MacArthur and against Truman, and he'd say (and the translator would translate) that it was all Wall Street's fault that there was this war. And he wanted to know about my family, too. He kept saying what did my old man do, and I said he was retired but that he'd been a worker in the woolen mills in Lowell, and that seemed to please the captain. He also got quite a charge out of the fact that my mother was half Russian and was born over there. And he grinned from ear to ear when he asked did I own any property and I answered no.

AFTER he was through with me, he brought in Shaffron and Wilson, separately, and they said he gave them the same business.

By the time all this questioning was over, it was dark outside. All of a sudden, a Korean major appeared at the little house we were in there in the yard, and he took us back into the church.

By this time, there were blackout curtains on the windows, and the captain had disappeared. In one corner of the room were five scared-looking South Korean prisoners, all of them handcuffed. The major said something sharp to them; then he took the handcuffs off of two of them and manacled Shaffron and me together and put Wilson together with one of the South Koreans. Incidentlly, this Korean soldier later turned out to be a parachutist in what you might call the South Korean Air Force, and he had been dropped some place there and then captured.

When we were all set, the major said, in a broken kind of English, "We will go to Seoul tonight." Just like that. Then he herded us onto what was probably the same truck we'd come on; it was standing there outside the church.

First off, they drove us up in front of the jail, and in a few minutes all three of our faces broke into grins, because out of the door came the three priests, one after the other. And behind them, to our surprise, were two GI's we'd never seen before.

I think it was Father Brennan that had said there were these two GI's that had been in the prison, but he thought

"My chest started to heave, and the first thing I knew I was practically out."

they'd gone. One was named Miller, and I never did get the other boy's name. They had started to march to Seoul from Hadong and got sick on the way; got the GI's I believe. In case anybody's forgotten, the GI's is just an Army name for dysentery. I might add that Miller was barefoot, and the other boy had some kind of stockings on but no shoes.

GENERALLY, at this time, we were happy; we really were. It was crowded on this truck; maybe 32 of us altogether—us three, Miller and the other boy, the three priests, the five Koreans from the church, and lots of other South Korean prisoners that had been brought from the prison. Also, what with the branches of the trees to camouflage the truck, you sometimes had a little trouble getting your breath.

But, like I said, we were quite happy. I mean by that, we had been told there were lots of American prisoners in Seoul and also that there was good food and the Red Cross, and we figured we could write letters and get letters and that our folks would find out we were all right. So generally we were encouraged. I hope nobody will take offense if I say here that most of these Koreans I met reminded me of lawyers. You know, you ask a lawyer a question, and he'll give you all the points for and all the points against, but you'll never get anything definite out of him. The North Koreans were just like that, except when you did get a definite answer, it was almost always a lie. I don't mean that's necessarily true of lawyers, of course. I mention that because there wasn't any Red Cross in Seoul or anything like it.

Anyway, we started off, and I remember two things especially. First, these handcuffs were the kind that get tighter as you struggle. Well, with the fast driving and going over these bad mountain roads, we jerked all the time—you couldn't help it—and the cuffs would tighten. It was very painful. Also, about the guards on the truck. We judged them to be front-line troops who were maybe being given a break, and they hated us. You could tell that right away. As we rode along, they would point their guns at the hills and shoot—and then laugh and sing, and if we moved an inch (not that we could move much more than that) they'd jab their guns in our ribs and start to click the bolts, and then laugh again. I figured this was just more of the good old Korean sense of humor.

We were on the truck for three nights, three nights straight. We'd drive all night, and every morning we'd be thrown into a jail cell and given a rice ball. Then at dusk off we'd go again. It was cold, too. Even though our bodies were huddled close together, we always seemed to be shivering and our teeth chattered.

EARLY in the morning of the third night, before dawn, the truck broke down. I never will know what was wrong with it; I think it just gave up.

At that time, Father Kusak said, we were about seven miles outside the town of Taejon. And quite a loud argument developed among the guards—as to whether we should be marched into Taejon or let stay in a group of buildings just off the road from there.

The ones in favor of our walking won; they always did. So off we went, Miller with his bare feet starting to bleed almost at once. The other boy's stockings wore away after only half a mile or so, and the Korean prisoners who were ahead of us started to walk double-time—or faster.

We had to keep up; a rifle butt jabbed in our ribs convinced us of that. I hobbled along as best I could for a while, and then my chest started to heave, and the first thing I knew I was practically out. Father Brennan, who was beside me, was having an even worse time. The Father was in his forties, I'd say, not young; and also he was a stout man. He said he'd lost 50 pounds or so since his capture, but he still weighed a good 150.

He was puffing away, but he was thinking more about me than himself. He kept saying, "Fall down, lad. They won't shoot you."

But Father Kusak, who was right behind us, said, "For God's sake, don't do that. These guards say they'll shoot anybody that falls out."

So I kept on. I don't know how I did it, but I did. Then we came close to this long bridge, maybe a mile outside the city—we could see the buildings from where we were—and the pace got even faster. I didn't know why, but I found out almost immediately. A bunch of airplanes—light bombers, I think—started roaring overhead, and we all ducked under the bridge. I just fell to the ground, and for a minute there I blacked out. Maybe Father Brennan did, too, because he slipped on the rocks leading down to the water. He had slipped as much as eight or ten feet when Father O'Brien reached over, grabbed his hand and pulled him back.

THE planes didn't bother the bridge, and a few minutes later the guards made us get up again, and we started off at an even faster pace. This time I knew I wouldn't be able to make it, and I was sure I'd be shot; and I just gave up when a guard came up to Father Brennan and me and hit us on the arm with his submachine gun and motioned us to fall out of the column. I could see Father Brennan's lips moving, and I knew he was praying, and I guess I did, too, and I looked back at Wilson and Shaffron and Father O'Brien and Father Kusak.

I think I said, "Goodbye." Something like that. I knew it was the end, but it wasn't. This guard indicated to us that we could walk slow. Well, I never thought anything like that could happen to us, and I guess maybe I cried a little. The rest of the column went ahead, and Father Brennan and I continued at a nice slow pace.

When finally we got into Taejon, our guard, who seemed to feel sorry for us some way, took us into a big stone building, and there were the rest of the prisoners.

I went to sleep right on the floor, and about an hour later a civilian came in and woke up us five GI's.

We didn't say good-bye to the priests—there were never any goodbyes—and we never saw them again, either. I think about them sometimes even now, and I hope they weren't shot. I hope maybe Father Brennan was right.

He kept saying, "Everything will come out all right in the end if you trust in God." Maybe that sounds kind of corny, you know, but it sounded fine at the time. And I kept remembering those words all the time later.

VI

THIS civilian I mentioned led us across the town and into what looked like a beat-up office building. It was dirty outside, and inside it was even dirtier, as you'll see. He took us up some stairs, and there we were searched by what

seemed to be a civilian policeman. He grabbed my wallet, opened it, and took out the $210 in military scrip that I had. This he tore up before my eyes. Don't ask me why.

After that, he led us down the hall to a large room, and he pushed us inside. Well, I was shocked, because as we walked into the room we saw it was crowded with GI's—GI's that were sick, GI's that were wounded, GI's that were well. They were all over the room; sitting down, lying down, a few (a very few) standing up.

As soon as the door closed, a bunch of them came up to me, and their very first sentence was, "Better cut your clothes, Lieutenant. If they see you with good clothes, they'll take them away from you." They knew I was a lieutenant because I still had my bar on. Some guard some place had taken away the insiginia, but I still had the bar. I kept it all through. That's not important, probably, but I mention it.

These GI's also said, "Better cut your shoes a little, too, or they'll have those away from you." And one of them handed me a razor blade. I didn't ask any questions; I just sat down on the floor, and with that blade I cut my fatigue jacket in a couple of places, and I cut my trousers across the knees, and I cut the big toe off my left shoe and cut the side of my right shoe, and these GI's looked me over, then they said, "O.K., Lieutenant. I guess you're safe now."

THESE GI's, I might add, were master sergeants. One was named Raffardo and another Perry. The other names I forgot, but they were from the 34th Infantry, and they'd been in this room for two weeks, maybe more. Taejon seemed to be kind of a collecting point for American and South Korean PW's, and also apparently, for internees like the priests. As soon as a bunch of prisoners got together, they'd be started off for Seoul on foot. I also found out that the men Wilson, Shaffron and I had left back in Hadong had been here a few days before and that they'd been moved out toward Seoul, too.

In the room I was in—a big room, about 40 by 60, I'd guess—there were maybe 60 GI's. In one just like it, next door, were 30 or so more Americans plus a lot of South Koreans. In my room were two young lads who had each had a limb amputated by a Korean doctor. One had lost his arm almost up to his shoulder, and the other had his foot removed right above the angle. They were supposed to be recuperating in this room. That is what they had been told. The stench in the room could not be described and the floor was covered with filth where GI's had relieved themselves; some of them could not make it to the latrine, they were in such wretched shape.

One other thing happened that afternoon that surprised me. I hadn't been there more than 15 minutes or so when this guard came in and handed me my AGO and inoculation cards that had been in my wallet. I never saw the wallet again.

Also, there was a Pfc. Hartlieb there, and he told me that after the battle of Hadong—if that's what you call what happened—the 19th Infantry and the second battalion of the 29th went into a terrific battle at Chinju. Just about the same thing appeared to occur there. Our troops were outnumbered, and the fire superiority was on the Korean side, and a lot of men lost their lives. Lieutenant Hawkes, who had been in my company, had escaped capture at Hadong, Hartlieb said; but he was killed in the battle of Chinju. He told me what had happened to a lot of the men. He also said that, out of Company I, only about 15 had survived. It was almost impossible to believe that then, and it still is, but that's what happened all right.

I don't like to say this, but I guess I must. I mean you must understand that among these men there were some who made you ashamed. There was this boy, and he was very young—in his teens, I believe—and whose name I will not mention. He spoke a little Japanese, and he acted as a sort of interpreter, and he would come into the room, and he would curse at the others of us. He would call us all the names he could think of, some I'd never heard before and some I don't want to hear again. At first, I didn't know why, and then I was told that he got extra food and that he was trying to get in good with the North Koreans. I think there was something wrong with him; I think he was mentally warped. That's the only way I could ever hope to explain it.

Also, he always had cigarettes, but the rest of the men didn't, and all the time you would hear this expression, "Give me that dying drag." That meant the last puff before you threw the cigarette away; and, anyway, men smoked them down to the last quarter of an inch, and then they'd put the leavings into another piece of paper and smoke that until there was nothing left at all.

Now on the evening of the second day in Taejon, the guards said for all those that could walk at all to fall out in front of the building. Then they marched up and down past us, counting how many there were. It was 91.

One of them said, in broken English, how many of us could walk 22 miles? He said we were going on to Seoul and that after we'd gone 22 miles there'd be a train and we'd go on to Seoul in that. Seoul was about 50 or so miles beyond that point.

Eighty men said O.K., sure they could make the 22 miles. Eleven stayed behind, and we never saw any of them again.

THIS trip was quite a march in itself. It is true that we didn't lose a single man, but many had to be helped along. Of the 80, I'd say that more than half had been wounded in one way or another. A few of their wounds had healed. Not many.

But we started off, and that first night alone we must have gone the 22 miles, maybe more. In addition to us GI's there were a lot of South Koreans, how many I don't know, but all of us were in columns of four and we had to keep abreast all the time. Maybe once every two or three hours they'd give us a break—ten minutes, no more—and if you couldn't keep pace, you got a rifle butt in your back.

IN THE morning, near dawn, it started to rain, but we didn't stop. We went on, until maybe around nine or ten, when we got to a small village. In there they put us into what looked like a flour mill. There was a lot of machinery around, and on the floor was some flour, which some of the men scooped up in their hands and ate. I tried to tell them that they might get sick from it, but nobody paid any attention, and I couldn't blame them.

In this mill they gave us a large barley ball, and we had some water, and we were there until evening. Mostly we had dried out by then, and we were close together—keeping warm by each other's bodies, and a few men were asleep, when the guards came in and said we were going to start off again.

I spoke up to this one guard that understood English. I said—speaking slow and loud so he would get it—I said we had already marched more than 22 miles, and I said how much farther before we got on the train. This guard smiled, not a happy smile, and he said: *"Skochi, Skochi,"* which I had already learned meant, "A little distance more."

And off we went. I had kind of attached myself to a group. I mean we more or less started to talk to each other, and the man I remembered best was a Sergeant Brown, who also had brown hair and was 24 years old. He was a good man, and we talked about this terrific pace we were walking; and about those guards shouting, *"Habe, habe!"* (Faster, faster!) Those two words we heard all the time. *"Habe, habe."*

That was when Brown did a fine thing. He and three of his buddies volunteered to head the column and try to set a slower pace, which they did. And after that when the guards shouted, nobody paid much attention. It worked out quite well. Almost all of the men wore sneakers which were too small for them, and those with bare feet (about a dozen or more) really suffered. The road had rocks on it, and they were jagged and cut into the men's feet.

I don't know how long we marched, but it was still night when Brown and the rest of us toward the head of the column (I was then in the second row) decided that as soon as we got to the next village, we'd all groan together and see if that worked. We passed the word back, and as we approached this little town, we stopped dead in our tracks and groaned, all at once. I guess it must have scared hell out of the guards—it was quite a racket—and it worked. They led

"A group of oxcarts raced around the curve where Wilson had fallen."

us into this town and took us into what I'll have to say was a dungeon. I'd read about such things, but I certainly never expected to see one. It was all underground, beneath what otherwise looked like an ordinary house. We went down the stone steps single file.

At this time I was near the end of the column, and as I got down into this darkness and dampness, I saw that the men were crowded into this hole, along with the Koreans. There wasn't room to move an inch; the men had their knees drawn up tight against their bodies, and that was the way they spent the night. The guards tried to push more of us in, but they couldn't. Not one more person could have been squeezed in that dark hole. So they turned the rest of us around and marched us up the stone steps again and put us into two tiny rooms above the ground. We stayed there all that night and most of the next day. I believe we had some rice during the day; I'm not sure.

Towards evening they led us through the village and, to our surprise, to the railroad yards; and there they put us on flatcars. They weren't much for comfort, but at least we weren't walking, and, for a time we relaxed, and some of us even went to sleep.

I don't believe we had gone more than ten miles when we got to this pretty good-sized town, and there the train stopped, and off we went. We went through the railroad yard, which had been heavily bombed, and they took us into a large two-story building, and there we spent what must have been three days. The building was like so many of the others, with one exception; it had a concrete floor. Most of the windows were gone and the wind was blowing in, and there were puddles of water everywhere. Some of us slept right on top of the puddles. There was nothing else to do, so we just lay down.

On the evening of the tenth, September 10th, they gathered us up and took us back to the railroad yards, and this time we got into what were almost like American boxcars. The train started off, and how far we went, I don't know. Some slept, and some didn't. The next morning, they opened up the doors of the boxcars, and we were on the outskirts of what turned out to be Seoul.

I would take it that the railroad tracks must have been completely bombed out inside Seoul, because they got us off the train maybe eight or so miles outside town, and we went across what seemed to be an abandoned airport and, finally, to a river.

Now something happened just before that. I didn't see it myself, but I was told. A man whose name I'm sorry to say, I forgot, just fell down on the ground —in the vicinity of this airport, I believe. A couple of GI's carried him a little distance, but he was just dead weight, and they couldn't take him any further. So they put him down by the side of the road, in kind of a field, like. About then a column of North Korean wounded came along, and there was a North Korean officer in charge. One GI was standing right there beside the man—a Pfc. Foster—and he said this officer kicked him in the face several times, and Foster tried to get him up but couldn't. Then the officer left for a minute and came back with a submachine-gun. He leveled the gun and sprayed this GI, and that was the end of it. Then the officer walked on, and Foster said he seemed to be laughing.

VII

THE rest of us were put on these small, low boats, about 15 or 20 men to a boat, and, as we crossed the river, we dipped our hands into the water, which was warm, wonderfully warm, I'd say, and we washed our faces and hands; it was the first time for at least four days, and I'd never known how good it could feel to be even a little bit clean.

As we got into the city itself, it must have been eight in the morning, somewhere around then, and there was an air raid going on, B-29s, fighters, the works. And fighters started strafing some of the streets. Fortunately, however, they either didn't see us or did and recognized us as Americans, and so they left us strictly alone.

The streets were crowded, despite the raid, and there were these kids with little baskets of cookies and bread, and we'd yell at them to throw us some cookies, and some did. I got one cookie myself, a small one, which I shared with the other three guys abreast with me.

We weren't proud, not any more. There were men picking up cigarette butts off the ground and smoking them; there was a lot more of that later. Finally, after they'd marched us up one street and down the other—sort of a Cook's tour, you might say, and all the people lining the streets and looking at us—we got into a courtyard. There was a wall around it, and inside the wall were these three buildings, all fairly large; and leaning out the windows were what seemed like hundreds of men. They kept shouting at us, and some of them I knew by name. Some were from my company, from among those who'd stayed behind at Hadong.

You can imagine what our first question was. Somebody shouted, "How's the food situation?" And they told us: soup twice a day and bread twice a day. It wasn't so bad, they said; there was a chance to wash twice a day, too, and plenty of water to drink. But there was no Red Cross and no chance to write letters.

That's the kind of information they shouted down to us from the windows. We'd have probably learned much more, too, except around now I heard this voice say, "Get the hell away from those windows, you bastards. And stay away."

NOW that was my introduction to Mr. Kim, who was the man we hated most of all of them. Somebody had told me Mr. Kim is in American hands now, and I hope so. I have never wished that a man be put to death before, but for Mr. Kim I hope that. Later, you will understand why.

At that time, I was lying on the ground, and all around me were men who'd passed out, out of what you might call sheer exhaustion, but Mr. Kim herded us into the building. He put me in what he called B Group, and he opened the door, and I walked into a room where there were a lot of other men, including some officers.

I was standing there inside the door when this light-haired captain came up to me and smiled and said, "I'm Captain Locke."

He introduced me to the other officers —a Lieutenant Blalock, who is now back in the States; and a Lieutenant Boysen, as I remember his name; and a Lieutenant Smith. Lieutenant Smith was a colored officer. That makes five officers, and there were probably 45 enlisted men in the room. Captain Locke also told me, maybe then or maybe later, that a Major William McDaniel was the officer in charge. There were some other officers, too, though not in our room—three lieutenants, Thomas, Holt, and Tabor, and an engineering officer named Captain Wirt.

Now that evening (this was on Sep-

tember 11) we got a bowl of soup that had some kind of greens floating around in it and a small loaf of bread with a hard crust. This was wonderful as far as we were concerned.

At bedtime, which was right after dark —I guess you'd know there weren't any lights in the room—I squeezed in on the floor next to Lieutenant Smith, who was a graduate of Ohio State University, I believe, and who was also a terrific officer, a really terrific officer. Well, that's all I remember; I just got on the floor, sharing this comforter with Lieutenant Smith and another officer (I don't remember who), and the next thing I knew it was daylight, and we moved out into the yard to wash and drink.

THERE were two spigots, which were turned on every morning and again just before dark. I don't suppose I need to add that we couldn't shave because we didn't have anything to shave with. Captain Locke—who, incidentally, had been an F-51 pilot and was shot down—did have one of those Schick injector blades. Not the razor, just the blade. It came in very handy at one time or another.

That second morning when I got up I found I had a touch of the GI's, which seemed to get worse during the day. Now Sergeant Rowlette, whom I'd last seen back in Hadong, was in charge of the mess, and he said why didn't I go on sick call, which was twice a day, and I did. He said he'd bring my food to me, and also, he said, he had this extra comforter, and he gave it to me. I was very grateful.

I went into the sick room, and the doctor wanted to know what was wrong, and he looked at me kind of funny. I'm told I was very yellow in color; he gave me some kind of a pill, and I took my comforter and laid down on the floor. There were maybe 20 other men in this sick room, and altogether in the prison were, I'd say, 400 men. Something like that anyhow.

There were quite a few medics in the sick room—eight or so, I'd estimate—and among them was this Private Ed Halcomb, who has been liberated by now. He was a very young fellow, but he was very, very capable, and the men all liked him. There was one cot in the room, and on it was a man who couldn't have weighed more than 80 pounds. He was the thinnest boy I've ever seen. I heard it said that he'd been up in the hills around Seoul for 30 days before he was captured. He died the third day I was in the sick room, and they buried him in those same hills where he'd hidden, and Major McDaniel said a prayer over him.

I stayed in the sick room eight days, and by the end of that time I was well. Well enough to get around, anyway. Every once in a while somebody, Captain Locke or one of the men from my company, would drop in and give me the news. Not that there was much. We didn't know where our troops were, and Mr. Kim kept saying they'd be driven off the peninsula altogether.

Mr. Kim, who had been a newspaper man in Seoul before the war started, was an ardent Communist, incidentally; and the best news I had while in the sick room was that he had left this Communist book in one of the rooms one day. Just forgot it, I guess. Some of the GI's saw it and tore out all the pages and used them for toilet paper. Mr. Kim wouldn't let anybody in that room eat for (I think) two meals, but the men didn't care. They said it was worth it. They said they wished they could do it again.

On the day I left the sick room, we heard that they were going to move us out. It was only a rumor, but it spread fast, the way those things will. The rumor was that we were going to be taken to Pyongyang, which was north of the 38th Parallel and was supposed to be the main prison camp in Korea.

Nobody knew how far north it was. Some said 150 miles; others thought 200. But we knew it was a long way. We supposed, of course, we would go by train, though we should have known better than that by then. I don't believe any of us had any idea we'd be making what the newspapers have called the "Korean Death March."

I can speak only for myself, of course, but for myself I felt I had seen enough death already; I thought nothing could be worse than what I'd already experienced, but I was very, very wrong. You'll see how wrong I was.

VIII

FROM about the 15th of September or so, the air raids on Seoul seemed to be intensified, and there were lots of jets and fighters around. Also, from anywhere around the eighteenth until we took off, we heard artillery; and some of the men said it was from 16-inch guns on ships. It wasn't until later, of course, that we realized we'd been hearing the build-up for the landing at Inchon.

On the evening of the 20th, just after dark, we were all set to go to bed when a guard came in and ordered us to fall in outside the building. We lined up in this courtyard where the North Korean troops used to have bayonet practice every morning, and then the guards had us all sit on the ground. There seemed to be a full moon; I seem to remember that.

Several of the men were very weak, and besides, there were still some left in the sick room—12 or 15, along with Eddi Halcomb, the medic.

Mr. Kim stood up in front of us, and he asked this question. He said, "How many men cannot walk one mile?" I remember that one mile very clearly. Quite a few of the men fell out; I would guess between 20 and 30. Mr. Kim walked up and down in front of them, and he asked each of them in turn, "What's wrong with you?"

When they began telling him, he would start cussing, and I would say he sent almost every one of them back into line, with the exception of maybe two or three. Those few he sent back up to the sick room. I should say they were carried up, because they were men that couldn't even walk a step.

The guards kept getting us to stand up and then ordering us to sit down again. It seemed like they must have counted us a dozen times or more. They just couldn't seem to remember from one minute to the next. Finally, Corporal Wilson passed out completely, and some of the others started to pick him up to carry him back to the sick room.

And then Mr. Kim said, "Bring that bastard back"—those were his exact words—and the men did. Then Mr. Kim made us this little speech. He said that it would become very dangerous there in the city of Seoul; he said the front was getting very near. I wonder if you can know how that made us feel—that Americans might be entering the city at any time.

Mr. Kim made one final inspection of the sick room, and he sent out all the men that he thought were even halfway capable of walking. While he was gone, Corporal Wilson passed out again, and he was sneaked into the sick room.

At about nine o'clock, somewhere around there, we started. First across the main part of the city of Seoul and then out into the country. We must have gone a good five miles—straight north, it seemed—and the pace was fast, and I'll never know how some of them kept up.

Maybe an hour or so later, this character on horseback rode up, and he was mad. He shouted something to the guards, and there was a lot of jabbering and grunting, and, by God, they turned us around and marched us right straight back the way we'd come.

I can't describe it very well; I mean there's nothing to compare it to, the way we felt. I kept saying, just as loud as I could, "We're going right back where we started. We're in luck."

I said, "By tomorrow at this time the Americans will be in Seoul, and we'll be on our way back to the States in a week." That's what I said, and that's what I believed.

Instead, we got almost back to the building where they'd kept us—within a few blocks, I'd say—when all of a sudden they switched us on to another road, and we went on into a forest. I held onto myself, and I felt weak inside and discouraged—discouraged as I ever will be, I hope.

A little while later, maybe as much as half an hour after we started through this forest, Captain Locke told me that Lieutenants Holt and Thomas had escaped. He didn't know, and I didn't know, how they got away. They just hadn't told a soul. I don't think they made it, though, because they were never heard of again. That left 374 of us; we'd begun with 376.

I'd say we walked roughly 20 miles that night, and toward morning we crossed the 38th Parallel. It was just

like any place else, except there was a marker on the road, and it meant something. Until then we'd hoped we'd be liberated, but at the time we didn't know if American troops would ever cross the 38th or not, and it seemed like that could be the end. Most of us thought that, I should say. Captain Locke didn't. He kept saying, "I can't die. I've got too much to go home to." And that always cheered me up.

A little while after daylight a couple of planes came over—Captain Locke said they were Marine Corsairs—and the men started to scatter, and so did the guards. But Locke shouted to stay put, and most of us did. We waved everything we had—white rags, our jackets even—and we shouted, although they couldn't hear us. I don't think any of us even breathed for a minute there while we waited, and then those two planes circled us again, and they dipped their wings to show they recognized us, and we shouted again. This time with joy. . . .

Maybe about nine, when we'd walked a good 35 miles or more, we got to a large red building which was a schoolhouse. This brick school was the one we stayed at longest—five to six days, I'd estimate—and we hadn't lost any men by death up to that time. The men who were the worst off were the ones with the GI's.

The first three days in this red brick schoolhouse I was flat on my back. Planes came over continuously, and the guards got worried and asked Captain Locke what to do, and he said we should evacuate the building and make signs that we were there. The guards listened, and when Locke finished they did exactly the opposite. They moved us upstairs.

It was here we got our first taste of millet, a ball about the size of a fish for each man. It was brought in a pail, and one of the group leaders, a Sergeant Morris, would dish it out. There was a small hut in the yard, and for some reason it was filled up with potatoes. I don't know who found out, but the news spread like wildfire, and somebody gave me a couple of potatoes. You remember that Schick razor blade of Captain Locke's? Well, we used that to peel those potatoes, and they tasted almost like home. We used that one blade for everything—cleaning fingernails, paring toenails, everything but shaving.

The fourth day, I think it was, we heard one bomber come low over the building. Captain Locke shouted, "Everybody duck." We did, flat on the floor, and in a matter of seconds we heard these bombs, *Whee! whee!* We counted them; and there were seven, all told. I thought they all fell next to the building, but Captain Locke said they were probably 20 or 30 feet away, and when we examined the holes in the ground we discovered that he was right.

The men we'd left behind in Seoul, the ones who were so sick they couldn't take off with us, started after us the next morning after we left—practically at a run, and with them was Mr. Kim. They caught up with us in the schoolhouse, and I asked about Corporal Wilson.

Eddie Halcomb, the medic, said that all of them were in bad shape and everybody had to help everybody else. Wilson was assisting a man who was worse off than he, and suddenly Wilson just passed out. He fell there on the side of the road. A couple of men slapped him hard, trying to revive him, but they couldn't; and they were told to move on by the guards, which they did. As they went up the road—maybe 100 feet, perhaps a little more—they heard rifle fire, and just at the same time a group of ox carts, going fast, raced around the curve where Wilson had fallen. Halcomb said that if Wilson didn't get shot by the guard, which he thinks he did, he got run over by the ox-cart train. I'll never know which.

When this group of men arrived, Mr. Kim was in pretty bad shape himself. He was limping, and he seemed to forget to cuss us out for awhile. He looked bad, and I'll never forget Captain Locke.

The captain said, "The son of a bitch, I hope he can never walk again," which summed up the way we all felt.

ONE day they brought us this fish. It was about a foot long, and it had the tail and the head and the eyes on it, and it was dried. We sort of opened the belly (I guess the guards showed us how) and when we did, why you could name practically any color in the rainbow, and there were bugs of all those colors inside that fish. I immediately threw it right on the floor, and so did Captain Locke; but some of the men ate theirs, bugs and all, and it didn't seem to do them any harm. Later, we learned how to peel the skin off and scrape away the bugs, and if you were hungry enough, which we were, the bugs didn't actually taste too bad at that.

Another thing was the nurse. She and a Korean doctor joined up with us at the schoolhouse. She was a hefty woman: big legs, big arms, big everything. She was dressed in a regular Korean Army uniform, pants and all, and she carried a carbine. She never did do any nursing that I was aware of, but when we started out again she'd fire the carbine constantly onto the side of the road, just for the sake of firing, and she continuously yelled. "*Habe! Habe!* (Faster! Faster!) She did that especially along toward evening when we'd been walking all day. She could not understand English, which was lucky for her and maybe us too, because I don't need to tell you what some of the GIs said in her hearing.

This is as good a place as any to mention the three Japanese-American boys, too. I'm not sure about how to spell their names, but there was a Sergeant Kumagai, a Corporal Arikawa, and a Sergeant Schinde, and I believe they were all three from Hawaii. They acted as interpreters, and they were very popular with all of us because they were always willing to interpret, and sometimes they didn't get any sleep at all. Besides, if it wasn't for Kumagari, I wouldn't be here today. And neither would Captain Locke.

I THINK it was on the morning of the seventh day that we started off again. Until that time we had always moved at night; I believe this change was on the advice of Captain Locke and Major McDaniel, who had finally convinced the guards that it would be warmer for us (and them too; more especially for them) with the sun on us; and also that if any planes came over, we could signal them and wave the way we had the first day. Actually, the sun did shine most of the time, and you could peel off your fatigue jacket and get some sunlight on you.

Well, that first day we marched all day, and all night too, without stopping. I didn't know it at the time, but I believe the reason was American forces had crossed the 38th, and they were afraid we'd be liberated. We must have gone a good 35 miles or more, and all we had to eat was a handful of Korean crackers. There was an ox cart at the rear of the column, and the crackers came from there.

By this time, we had lost two more men; they were buried in the yard of the red brick schoolhouse. One had had something wrong with his throat—his tonsils, I believe—and the other just shriveled away from the GI's.

About mid-afternoon after leaving the schoolhouse, there were about 35 men who just couldn't go on. Even the guards could see that. Most of them had the GI's, and they had got so thin that they looked like those pictures you used to see of prisoners in German concentration camps—Dachau and Buchenwald, you remember. Hardly any of them weighed much over 100 or 110 pounds. When we got to a village, we begged the guards to let them stay behind. For once, they agreed. Even the nurse didn't raise too much of a fuss. Maybe that was because Mr. Kim stayed behind with them. She and Brother Kim hit it off quite well, you might say.

I didn't think we'd ever get through that night. It was cold, and whenever we had a break we tried to get as close to each other as possible, to share our body heat. The breaks were the worst. If I had to give a figure, I'd say the temperature was between 20 and 30 degrees above zero, but I'm not sure.

About seven in the morning — we'd been on the go for a good 22 hours, remember, and without any food except for those little crackers—we stopped in what was a fair-sized town. And where did they take us? You guessed it, the school building. As everywhere, there was an air raid; but we paid no attention to that, even those who heard it. Most of the men were asleep on the floor the minute we got inside.

Later in the day, they brought us in a batch of plain rice balls. They were dirty and small, but we ate them. With a few exceptions. Some of the men were foolish; they bargained. You'd hear,

"Here's one rice ball for a tailor-made cigarette," or, "How about swapping half a rice ball for a roll-your-own?" The men who traded food for cigarettes were the first to die later, though none of us could have guessed that at the time.

I DON'T know what the date was by that time. At first I marked off the time on a little calendar I had in my wallet, but, as time went on I lost interest. I guess it was maybe September 30th.

We had all that day and all that night in this school, and the next morning we started out again. A couple of times planes went overhead, and whenever they did the guards scattered into the field along the road. For awhile we were all to ourselves, and we could have escaped. Some men discussed it, but not for long: there was no place to go. By that time, we were deep in enemy territory, and I knew from experience we'd just get lost in those hills. So we just stopped, waving everything we had. Finally, the planes left, and the guards crawled out of wherever it was they were hiding. Those guards got smart later; they just stood in the column with us and waved their hats at the planes.

We kept on, and as we continued from small village to small village, we got fewer and fewer. We had left 35 men behind the first day after leaving the red brick schoolhouse. On maybe October 2nd or 3rd, we dropped off another 22 who couldn't continue.

AGAIN, this is something I would rather not put down, but it is true. Discipline got worse and worse. Some men began picking up every cigarette butt they saw on the road. We tried to warn them that it was dangerous to their health, but they wouldn't listen. I doubt if some of them even heard us. A few actually didn't seem to know what was going on. You'd speak to them, and they'd look blank; they'd just stare.

Others were alert enough, I guess. We'd pass these gardens along the road, and the men would run into them and steal corn and vegetables and then run back into the column. This was one thing that really irritated the guards very much. They warned us and warned us, but it didn't do any good, and after awhile the guards started to shoot. They'd shoot their rifles right into the fields where the men were.

They never hit anybody that I know of, and maybe they didn't try, but you certainly couldn't be sure. Anyway, men continued to run out into the gardens and grab a turnip or a sweet potato and run back, dodging through the gunfire.

And water. Why, a few would just stoop down in the towns and drink right out of the gutter, and one place I saw some of them drinking this gutter water, and a little ways above I saw some Korean guards washing their feet in the same water.

They say trouble brings out the best in men, and in some cases that was true. In most, I'd say. But it also brings out the worst. I remember once Major McDaniel made a little speech. He said that even though we were prisoners and had lost a lot, we should still retain our pride as Americans. Here and now, that may sound like the Fourth of July or something like that, but at the time it was just right. For a day or so it sank in; but after that, those men who were inclined that way forgot all about it. I'm not saying there were many, and I'm not saying you couldn't understand why they did it. I'm just saying this was the way it was.

IX

USUALLY, we seemed to go about 20 to 25 miles a day. We'd start early in the morning and march until just after dark, and we always seemed to stop for the night in school buildings. We were fed twice a day: a ball of rice or millet before we started out, another late in the evening when the march was finished.

At one point Major McDaniel argued the guards into giving us some ox carts for the men who couldn't keep up. At first there was one ox cart, and then two and another one and another one. Finally, we had a total of 15, and there were four or five to a cart—about 60 men, all told.

Even so, other men had to be carried. There'd be two GI's that were in fair shape on each side of a man who couldn't get along at all. Other men would give up altogether. They'd say they absolutely couldn't go on, and they'd fall by the roadside. We'd plead with them, and we'd beg; and when that didn't do any good, we'd tell them what they already knew—that if they stayed there they'd be shot. The ox-carts couldn't handle any more men; and after getting these 15 carts, the Major couldn't seem to scare up any others.

At one point, I had to do something I hope I'll never be forced into again. It became my duty to keep the men moving. There were men you'd say, "What's wrong with you?" and they'd tell you, and you'd say, "Fall back in the column and march." Sometimes the man would beg and plead, and it would actually tear your heart. It was always a terrific decision to make, because what you decided might mean a man's life.

I'll explain. Sometimes a man would minimize his wounds, and you'd tell him to fall back in line, and he would, and maybe a few hours later he'd keel over, dead. Other men would beg and cry, and you'd pull them on the ox cart, and later you'd find out they were better off than you were. That's the way it worked.

For instance, there was a man who always seemed to be complaining, and none of us liked him much. This one day he fell behind, and one of the non-coms started pleading with him and cussing him—you had to do that, too—and then a Korean guard came up, rolled the man over into a ditch, and got his gun ready to fire. The man got up on his hands and knees, and a couple of GIs carried him back into the column. I went back to look at him, and there didn't seem to be any more wrong with him than there was with the rest of us. I didn't say much, but I might have. I was about as mad as I could get. The next day, he fell behind again, and I didn't pay any attention. One of the non-coms stayed with him and a few minutes later the non-com ran up to me and said, "He's dead, Lieutenant. He just died."

I couldn't answer just then.

About the ox carts, there's this, too. One day, I don't know why, it was decided to let them go ahead.

Now what comes here I get from Captain Locke, whose right leg had given out and who was on one of the carts. On the morning of October 5th, about 7:30, the ox carts were jogging along when, out of nowhere, these four jets—F-80's, I believe they were—made a kind of halfturn over the carts. Locke said he could tell by the way they turned that they meant business. So he yelled to the men to hit the ditch, but there simply wasn't the time. None of the men got off the carts, and of the 50 on the carts then, 17 men were killed instantly or died in the next day or so of their wounds. I forget exactly how many others were wounded but survived: there were several. A Korean driver was killed too; one of the guards was wounded, and six oxen were killed.

It was one of those things that happen, and it was nobody's fault, but when the column caught up with Locke and the other survivors in a schoolhouse that night, my first thought was that it was some kind of a nightmare and I'd wake up in a minute. The Korean guards were just mad, it seemed like, particularly this one lieutenant. He spoke some English, and he kept saying wasn't it too bad those six oxen had been killed.

BY THIS time, if you could have seen the column, you'd have said we weren't Americans. You'd have called us rabble, and you'd have been right. We all had beards, except the men who were too young to have any whiskers at all. Every single man had at least a touch of GI's. As we walked along you'd see men relieving themselves every 20 yards or so, and you'd see guards forcing them up at the point of a bayonet before they were finished. All of our clothes were caked with filth, but some men's fatigues were indescribable.

By this time, we weren't going more than 12 miles a day. Sometimes less; often only five.

Now as soon as he finished saying how terrible it was about those oxen, this one lieutenant said we'd have to move out immediately. He didn't give a damn how cold it was, he said. He said from there on in we'd march at night.

Major McDaniel, who was from North Carolina and who had a real Southern drawl and never raised his voice, just

said, "Many men will die, lieutenant."

The lieutenant said, "Goddam it, I'm giving the orders here, and I say we go now." We did. We marched all that night. Not going fast, though. All the "*Habe, Habe*" in the world couldn't have made us go fast.

We spent some time in another schoolhouse the next morning, and all I remember about that is that Locke kept arguing with the lieutenant, and finally convinced him it was safe to travel by day. We got a little millet, a few grains of rice and, more important, almost a whole day and a night of sleep. Some of us were so tired we couldn't sleep at all. We just laid there, no thoughts in our minds, our minds a blank, just laying there, more dead than alive.

Right after sun-up the next morning, we started off again. There were six men that couldn't walk at all, and Major McDaniel asked the guards could we leave them behind and have them picked up by ox cart. We're getting so close to Pyongyang now, he said.

At this point, the lieutenant broke into a big grin. He said, sure, sure, leave them here. And then he paused a little. But if you do, he said—in that sing-song English of his—if you do, I'll have to shoot them. And then he started fingering his gun.

"I already," he said, "have shot 12 of your men." He seemed to be proud of that. He sort of puffed out his chest when he said it.

We made litters and out of rice bags and poles that we cut off of trees and rope. They weren't much as litters go, but they did hold together; and, with one man at each of the four corners, they worked all right. Of course, the ones that were doing the carrying had to change off every 50 or 100 yards at most. You can imagine that every single man was played out by this time.

One litter was just left by the side of the road—I'm not sure when; I heard about it later. It just seemed the men couldn't carry it any farther, and I suppose the man was shot. Maybe he made Number 13 for the lieutenant. I never found out.

It was one of these days toward the end that a lieutenant died—of pneumonia, I believe, though I know he was sick of other things, too. I remember this particular lieutenant because he'd been on the ox carts, during the strafing, but he hadn't been wounded there. And everybody said how lucky he'd been. Then, a day or so later, he died, and, as I remember it, he was just left there by the side of the road, the way so many others were, so very many.

We did bury a few men, and one incident should be mentioned. One of the non-coms, Sergeant Brown, told me this. I didn't see it for myself, and I'm glad about that. Brown said there were these two men—one dead, one almost dead—and the guard said bury them both in the same grave and get it over with.

Brown refused. He said he knew the guard could easily have killed the second man, but Brown just couldn't bring himself to bury a man who was still breathing. Anyway, they buried the dead man, and by the time they'd covered over the grave the second man had died too.

"So I guess," Brown told me, "that maybe it didn't matter much anyway."

X

AS WE got closer and closer to Pyongyang, more and more men fell behind, and we kept telling them, it was only a few miles more and to try to make one final effort.

I did, and once or twice I remembered what Father Brennan had told me about trusting in God, and I also mentioned that. And the men kept going, those that had any strength left at all in their bodies.

Pyongyang had a meaning for us. We'd been told all along that we'd find General Dean there. In Seoul, especially, they said General Dean was still alive and in Pyongyang and that he was in charge of the prison camp. Also we were informed in Seoul that Pyongyang we'd get soup and meat and bread and apples. And, again, that there was the Red Cross and that we could write letters home and get letters. And, just generally, that it was really The Place and The Thing. That's what they told us.

I think now it's just as well that we were lied to about Pyongyang. More of the men might have given up if they'd known what it really would be like. I sometimes think I even might have called it quits myself, except I guess you might call me an optimist. Locke and I used to have these arguments about when we'd be liberated. He said Thanksgiving, and I said Christmas. We'd dream about that a lot, and we'd make up menus too. We'd dream up all the dishes you can imagine. And Locke said when he got home he was going to have his wife make up some of these peculiar dishes that we dreamed up, though I doubt if many of them were very practical.

THE morning of October 10th was just about like any other. We didn't know how far we were from the city, and naturally the guards wouldn't tell us. Except for this one guard we called John. We labeled him that because that was the nearest thing to his own name that he could pronounce. He was the one guard that was good; at least that's what I thought then. He never hollered or used a rifle butt or a bayonet, and he always wanted us to help him learn English, and we did manage to teach him a few words. I remember he was very impressed that I had a Russian mother. Also, he tried to cheer us up, even singing little songs to us as we went along. I bring John in here because early in the afternoon of October 10th it was he that called our attention to the buildings in the distance. At that point, none of us had noticed them.

He pointed, and he said, "Pyongyang." And we looked up, and I remember somebody said, "I don't believe it," and somebody else added, "Another lie."

But I knew he was telling the truth, and my heart gave kind of a lift. It's over now, I thought, and I said a little prayer—to myself, I think; maybe out loud. *Thank you, God,* I said, *for letting me live.* And I went on, *I won't forget what You've done for me.*

I haven't either.

AS WE approached the outskirts of the city, there were still five GI's on the litters, and three or four men were carrying other men piggy-back, taking them possibly 50 yards, then changing off with somebody else. At one point, Sergeant Rowlette stopped short, and then he carefully lowered the man he'd been carrying off his back and onto the roadside, and he turned to me and said, "He's dead, lieutenant. He just now died."

If you put that in a story, nobody would believe it, I suppose, but it's true. It happened just the way I've said it here.

Almost the first thing we saw in Pyongyang were these two white women walking along. Young they were, and pretty. I turned to Locke, and I said, "My God, they're Americans." They weren't though; they were Russians. And I'll tell you this: it makes a point. These were the first white women any of us had seen for weeks, in some cases, months. You know how GI's are when they see a pretty girl. Well, there weren't any wolf calls; nobody said a word. I don't think most of the men even noticed them. They were too weak and exhausted.

We walked through the city, and as we approached one building, a hospital, out streamed a line of nurses and North Korean soldiers. They stood on the sidewalk, gaping at us as if we were circus freaks. At one point later some Russian officers passed us in a jeep, and they shook their fists and shouted. Naturally, we could not understand the words, but the meaning was clear enough.

Finally, after I don't know how long—minutes maybe, or hours—we pulled into a courtyard in front of still another schoolhouse, and there were men shouting at us from a second-story window. These were the 45 we'd left 50 miles or so behind; they'd been brought up by truck. Almost immediately, somebody yelled for them to close the windows and get the hell back inside, but not before they had a chance to say they were eating bread three times a day.

The guards motioned for us to sit on the ground there in the courtyard, and we did, and they brought the litters in and lowered them to the ground.

As the last litter arrived, this one soldier remarked, "Ain't it a shame? Our litter case died just as we were coming into the yard."

When we started out from Seoul, there had been 376 of us. Fifteen men had died during the first four days of the march and others later. Ten or 12 had been left

by the roadside and shot. There were the ones who had died in the ox carts and others left in this school building and maybe a few men who'd wandered away to die by themselves in the hills along the road.

There were 296 of us that made it all the way.

XI

PYONGYANG was definitely not The Place. It was not even as good as Seoul, except maybe for the food. They herded 100 or more of us into one room on the second story of the school and the rest were divided up betwen two other rooms. Most of the windows were out, and, although we tried to patch them up as best we could with boards and wads of paper, the wind whistled through at night, and the dying was by no means ended. Nor the filth.

There were two water taps in the yard, and they were turned on an hour every morning just before daybreak and for another hour just after dark. There were a few water bottles around, not many, and these we filled when we had the chance. A few tried to launder their trousers in the dirty water on the lawn in the yard, but mostly they might as well have not bothered. When men's trousers got so dirty they couldn't wear them any more, they just threw them away. Many wore nothing at all below their waists.

Major McDaniel kept asking for medics; every day he'd do that. He would beg and he would plead, and the guards usually wouldn't even bother answering him at all.

The discipline did not improve any. In fact, you might say that just the opposite occurred. There always seemed to be an argument going on, all day—and at night too, when some men tried to go to the latrine and stepped on other men. It was always accidental, of course, but that didn't seem to matter. We officers tried to assign men details—to clean up the hallways and the latrines, for instance, though there was little if any difference between the two. At times, some men paid no attention to our orders, and there was nothing you could do.

One man died just after we got to our room, and others started dying at the rate of two a day, sometimes more. Lieutenant Smith was assigned by Major McDaniel to accompany the burial detail. The graves were dug in a small Christian churchyard not too far from the schoolhouse itself.

Smith had it lucky at that. On the way to and from the cemetery he and his men would meet up with these friendly Koreans who'd give them money and, once in awhile, dribs and drabs of food that happened to be around.

Once they came back with three leaflets that had been dropped by the UN planes. They were in English on one side and Korean on the other. As I remember them, one had a map showing the Allied gains through South Korea, and we saw that Seoul had fallen and that our troops had crossed the Parallel and were driving north, which made us feel good. Another pamphlet, also signed by MacArthur (they all were), asked the North Koreans to lay down their arms, and a third specified a place and a time for turning over prisoners like us. But we knew that last wouldn't mean much to the North Koreans that had us in tow.

At that time, I don't think any of us ever even thought of being liberated, but I do remember that one day Sergeant Kumagai told Captain Locke (who told me) that the teachers had said American troops were only 75 miles away. Well, we didn't believe it; I didn't, anyway. I said, "They're lying." I said, "All North Koreans lie; we ought to know that by now." That just goes to show you what happens when you start making these broad generalizations about people in general.

ON OCTOBER 13th, a day that will always be a personal holiday on my calendar, Captain Locke and I were sitting in the school yard, soaking up what sun we could. For a minute there we were more or less to ourselves, and the captain said in a low whisper. "If you had a chance to bug off, would you?"

I think I sort of stopped breathing for a minute. Then I got myself in hand somehow, and I said to him, "Captain, I definitely would."

Locke said that Sergeant Kumagai had been contacted by a North Korean I wouldn't want to name, not now, anyway, and that Korean had told the sergeant two things: One, that the whole bunch of us were going to be moved out any day to the other side of the Manchurian border. He added that this was a long distance and few if any of the men would survive it. Two, this Korean said that he could hide three men that would take a chance on escaping. No guarantees, understand; just three men that would take a gamble, if you could call it that.

Kumagai had talked first to Major McDaniel, but the major said that as the ranking officer he felt it his duty to remain with the men. So the sergeant called in Locke, and Locke suggested that I be the third. Kumagai, whose nickname was Tack, said sure.

After Locke explained, I tried to stumble out with a few words, but I couldn't. Luck seemed to be with me that day anyway. On my way back into the school building, I passed a broken window, and right inside I saw a piece of bright red cloth, which was silk. I reached in and grabbed it and put it inside my field jacket. I knew that no matter what, it would help keep me warm.

That night, after we went to bed, I whispered to Locke. Just this one word. I said, "When?"

And he replied. "We'll be told in plenty of time. Don't worry."

The next morning—this was October 14th—we heard rumors that we were going to move out. McDaniel, Locke, myself and Kumagai went straight to the lieutenant (the one that was so happy he'd killed 12 Americans), and asked was it true.

The lieutenant laughed fit to kill.

He said, "Who told you?"

We told him we'd heard it around. We also said that we couldn't move. We said there were too many sick and that it would be impossible.

The lieutenant had himself another good ha-ha, and then he said we wouldn't move for another ten days, if then. So we knew the rumors were true.

ALL during the afternoon of the 14th, I ransacked one of the schoolrooms. A South Korean prisoner had promised to find a blanket for Major McDaniel, and I said I'd help him. He didn't find the blanket, and I didn't help much; but

LIBERATED YANKS CELEBRATE: Makarounis (l.), Locke (3rd from l.), Kumagai (r.).
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

after he left I stayed behind and went through all the desks. I found 36 yen, which I put in my pants' pocket; an old bicycle cap, and two plush seat covers. I placed them all inside my fatigue jacket, figuring they'd come in handy sometime. Anyway, the seat covers some way would help keep me warm.

Toward dusk that day, just before chow, Locke sidled up to me, and out of the corner of his mouth he said, "Right after we eat."

I guess I didn't eat much, but I saved my bread and put that inside my field jacket, too. It was getting quite crowded in there, what with the lice. I guess I'd been lousy ever since way back in Taejon. All of us were. These lice would bite and suck blood, and by the time I was liberated I had scratched myself so much there was some thought that I might have blood poisoning.

After the men bedded down for the night, Locke and I went up to Major McDaniel, and we shook his hand up and down for a long time and the same with one or two others. Shaffron was not in my room; so I didn't even get to say goodbye to him.

Then we opened our door and crept outside. Kumagai was waiting for us in the hall. The sergeant motioned for us to follow him, and the three of us made our way down the stairs, trying not to make any noise at all and pretty well succeeding. I had no idea where we were going to be hidden, and neither did Captain Locke. Kumagai was the only one in on the secret.

AT THE foot of the stairs, Kumagai opened the door to one of the classrooms and ducked in, Locke and I right behind him. I suppose we were going to wait there for a minute or so until this North Korean, who was pulling it off, whoever he was (I didn't know then), came to take us wherever we were going, but I was wrong. Kumagai went to one corner of the room, lifted up a chair and a table, brushed aside some waste paper on the floor there, reached down and lifted up a trap door.

He stepped down, and we followed. At first, I thought our so-called liberator must be crazy. I wondered for a minute if the guy had lured us here because he wanted us to be captured. As it turned out, we couldn't have found a better place. I read a story once in high school, by Edgar Allen Poe—"The Purloined Letter"—and our hiding place was something like that. We couldn't have been in a more vulnerable place, and we couldn't have been in a place the North Koreans would be less likely to think of looking.

Kumagai brushed the wastepaper back as best he could and quietly closed the trap door over us. It was totally dark in this place we were—this room, if you want to call it that. It was about three feet high—so we didn't do any standing up, and it must have been 50 feet square. There were two tiny windows with bars over them, and they could apparently be seen from the outside if you looked specially, but otherwise not.

For a minute or so, we just sat there, saying nothing. Kumagai had brought along a bottle filled with water, and Locke had several small loaves of bread inside his flight clothes, and we pooled all of these on the floor, and I think I had maybe fallen asleep. Perhaps not, because it couldn't have been more than ten minutes later that I heard the guards calling for *hanchos* (interpreters). Just before that we heard the burial detail taking off—I think they had three bodies to bury that night—and we knew that Corporal Arikawa was with the detail, so only Sergeant Schinde was around for any *hanchoing*. I don't know why this struck us funny (maybe we were more hysterical) but we just sat there and laughed for a minute or so, and then we heard the guards yell again, louder and madder.

Also we could hear a lot of movement, walking and talking and yelling, and then we heard men start marching down the stairs, and we didn't laugh any more. We knew we'd heard right and we'd escaped exactly in time. Fifteen minutes more, or less even, and our chance would have been lost—forever, though at this time we didn't know it was forever.

For an hour or more there was a lot of commotion in the yard. Like at Seoul, the guards kept counting the men and forgetting the count and doing it all over. Then suddenly we heard those hated words aain. A voice that sounded like the Korean lieutenant shouted, "*Habe! Habe!*" and we knew the journey to Manchuria had begun.

This was probably a time for doing a lot of thinking, but I didn't do much of that. Immediately fell asleep and Kumagai several times had to wake me. He said I was snoring loud enough to be heard throughout Pyongyang, and the guards were all over the building during the whole night; they seemed to be tramping directly over our heads most of the time. The next day the young Korean (I think I can say he was young, without getting him into any trouble, but that's all I can mention) told us why.

Twenty-two prisoners had escaped that night, not including ourselves. Four had hidden right in the school building, behind pieces of furniture. They hadn't had a chance, of course, and I doubt if they thought they had. I doubt if they cared. The guards found them almost immediately and ordered them out, but they refused. So all four were shot right in there and buried in the school yard. Seven others were found at this place and that around the city, either later that night or the next day. They were also shot. Where they were buried I don't know, if they were buried at all.

We didn't find out until later but Lieutenant Smith, Corporal Arikawa and three other men—a Sergeant Morris, a Sergeant Jones, and Eddie Halcomb, who made up the burial detail—were among the twenty-two. They had bugged out on their way back from the cemetery, and the way they did it was pretty smart. They just marched along the street as if they had business there, not trying to hide, and Arikawa made like a North Korean guard, shouting. "*Habe! Habe!*" at the others. They finally reached what looked like an abandoned house on the edge of town, and they sneaked inside and, just like it had been planned that way, they found a jug of water and some flour, and they lived on that. So, like ours, their story had a happy ending, too.

I GUESS everybody knows by now what happened to the rest, the ones that started off toward Manchuria. On the night of the 19th they were put on a train, the 200 or so that were left. The cars were what you call open gondolas, and about a dozen got away before the train started to move. Some hid in the fields among the corn shocks; others made their way into caves in the hills and were helped by North Korean guerrillas. But the rest stayed on the train, and men died at the rate of six or seven a day.

By the morning of October 21st, there were a few more than 175 left; nobody seems to know exactly how many. After dawn, the guards—including, I believe, this same North Korean lieutenant—got Major McDaniel and half a dozen others off the train and said to follow them down the road to where they'd find some rice to cook. There had been only a few crackers to eat before that. McDaniel and the other six men were never seen again.

As soon as the major disappeared down the road, the remaining guards started taking the men off the gondolas in groups of 25 or 30 and machine-gunning them. A few played dead and escaped. But to this day only 68 bodies have been discovered. What happened to the others may never be known.

And one other item about the massacre. Awhile back I mentioned this guard named John, the one that was so kind, the one that always tried to cheer us up, the character that wanted us to teach him English. John had a special job that morning. I am told he performed his assignment as if he enjoyed it, too. Whenever there was any movement among the heaps of bodies piled up by the railroad tracks, it was John's job to end that movement with his sub-machine gun.

XII

OF COURSE, we knew none of this until later. With us three, sometime during the morning of the 15th, the Korean who'd arranged our escape stuck his head through the trap door, motioning for us not to make any noise. Kumagai handed him the water bottle, and maybe an hour later he brought it back full. It was then he told Kumagai about the 22 men escaping. He said it fast, the way they always do, and then he disappeared again; and it was as if he'd never been there at all, he was so quiet.

While we were under the building, he showed up every day, with maybe one exception. He always refilled the water bottle, and one day he brought us a huge rice cake that must have weighed a good ten pounds. It had sugar in it, and it wasn't bad at all. This, plus the bread, which we had cut into tiny pieces, lasted us four days. On the fifth day he brought us this bag of parched corn, and on the sixth a little white rice that had been steamed and was filling.

We all did a lot of sleeping, but I guess none of it was too sound. We could hear the guards tromping around directly above our heads at least once a day, sometimes more, and we knew they were still looking for us, among others. Not only that, but our liberator (and some day that's a whole separate story, just about him, but not now, not until everything's all right again in Korea) would give us these news bulletins—all of them good, too good to be believed, except it turned out they were always right.

On the first day—on the 15th, that is—we were informed that American troops were 75 miles from Pyongyang; on the third, 38 miles; on the fourth, 25; and on the fifth day, 12 miles.

As time went on, we could pretty well check on the relative accuracy of what we were told. The air strikes were continuous, night and day. The ack-ack went on all the time, too. There seemed to be a lot of it, though I don't know how effective it was. I think it was on the fourth day that we were brought some comforters and pushed them through the trap door. Our buddy said that perhaps he might have to come down there with us. He said the North Korean Army was just grabbing everybody they could get hold of off the streets and forcing them to fight. He never did come down to stay, though.

LATE in the afternoon of that fourth day we heard artillery fire, and it increased in intensity by the minute. During the evening of the fifth day, October 19th, we heard liaison-type airplanes overhead—at least that's what Captain Locke said they were—and the next morning there was machine-gunning and even some rifle fire going on not far from the building.

Sometime during the morning of Liberation Day, of October 20th, our friend came down and stayed a few minutes with us. He talked a mile a minute, and Sergeant Kumagai translated. There's one thing he said that I remember clearly. He said the North Koreans were running, and laughed.

Kumagai said, "How fast?" And he laughed some more.

"Like hell," he answered.

He left then, and the sound of the battle outside was terrific, until just about noon. All of a sudden everything stopped, every sound. There was a complete silence for what seemed like hours and was probably a minute or two. Then, from all over town, there was the ringing of church bells; it seemed like hundreds of them.

Well, we didn't know what to think. I believed I said Pyongyang had been declared an open city. We didn't dare let ourselves think anything better than that. At maybe one in the afternoon, the trap door opened again, and this Korean, who'd seen to it that we were still alive, motioned for us to come out. We did, and in this order: Locke, myself, and then Kumagai—according to rank, but that was accident.

The Korean said a few quick words to Kumagai, and he translated, apparently trying to keep any emotion out of his voice and fairly well succeeding.

"South Korean troops are in town," he said, "and maybe there are some Americans, too. The North Koreans have disappeared."

Now most Koreans aren't very big, compared with Americans, that is, but at that point this Korean just lifted me off my feet, and he slapped us on the backs, and he shouted, and generally just went crazy. A woman who lived in the courtyard yelled and ran over and kissed us. And then we started down the street, our liberator helping us. After six days without being able to straighten up, we couldn't walk very well.

We passed what seemed to be hundreds of South Korean troops, coming from every direction and going in every direction, and we'd possibly gone as far as a half mile when we saw this American jeep. There were three men in it, wearing green tams. We just stopped there a minute and examined their looks. I said, "They're Scotch."

Locke said, "They're Australians," and then one of them gave a shout and said, "Well, I'll be goddamned!" Then we knew, of course, that they were Americans. They turned out to be American war correspondents.

They leaped out of their jeep, and in two minutes flat they wanted to know our whole story. They gave us beer, and they gave us C-rations, and they kept repeating that they'd be damned. A few minutes later an American captain came up, and he took us over. He loaded us into a jeep and took us to a swank building that had been Premier Sung's headquarters. We sat around there for awhile, letting our feet sink into the plush red carpets and drinking champagne that old Sung had thoughtfully left behind.

Just one more thing about this Korean who's responsible for the three of us being alive: I'm going to see him again some day (I don't know how, but I will), and then I'll be able to try, just try, understand, no more, to repay him. Anyway, he was still with us, and I remember I asked him what he wanted as payment for all he had done for us, risking his life for us like that, and he said that he was from Seoul and all he wanted was to be taken back there. That was easy. He was promised that, but I said, what else? You must want something else.

He smiled at me, and he said this, as translated by Sergeant Kumagai. He said, "I am a gentleman, and you are gentlemen, and gentlemen help each other."

You couldn't ask for a much better answer than that.

WELL, that's about all; that's the end of the story. We spent the night at the airport in Pyongyang. There wasn't any sleeping done that I know of. The next morning they loaded us into a C-54, and two days later we were in Japan. On November 11th, which seems like a good day for that kind of thing, Kumagai was back in Hawaii, and Locke and I were in a car driving out toward Camp Stoneman and home.

Of the 376 who started out from Seoul, there are 45 left. Only 45. The other 331 won't be getting home at all, and neither will the ones who were left behind before, at all those towns and villages I don't know the names of and the ones I do but would just as soon not—at Hadong, and Kwangyang, and Kwangju, and Suchon, and Taejon, and Chingju, and the rest.

It was such a long journey, and there were so very few round-trip tickets. ■ ■

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AMERICA

THE most famous of swindles, the gold-brick game, is seldom heard of in these sophisticated times, but in its day it was the greatest sucker-killer of them all. It is believed to have been devised by Reed Waddell, a native of Springfield, Illinois, who became a professional gambler and confidence man before he was twenty-one years old. Waddell brought the first gold brick to New York in 1880—a chunk of lead triple-plated with gold, with a solid slug of solid gold sunk into the center. On one end of the brick were cut the letters "U.S.A." and the name of a United States assayer. At the other end were figures purporting to give the weight and fineness of the metal. When a sucker became suspicious, Waddell dug out the slug and suggested that it be analyzed. Of course, it assayed pure gold.

Waddell sold the first brick for $4,000, and disposed of many more for around $3,000 each. He is said to have made $250,000 from the swindle in ten years.

—HERBERT ASBURY

Copyright 1950, Popular Pub., Inc.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Sinner of the Saints

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Sharker shook off Paul's call. The Bomber had fouled off the first two pitches and Paul wanted him teased with some high outside ones, pitches he might reach for and hit softly for an easy out. Paul tried again, and Sharker, expressionless, shook his big head. Paul, with a half shrug, called for the fast ball. Sharker pitched. The batter swung a foot above it for the strike-out, retiring the side. As the Saints trotted off the field Paul remembered that Sharker had had a strike-out in each of the first three innings.

Paul came up for the second time in the fourth inning, slammed a crisp single between short and third, and died on second after a walk had sent him there.

In the fifth the Saints pushed across two runs. A new Bomber pitcher put out the fire. Sharker was still going strong. So far, a no-hitter.

He carried it to two down in the seventh, when he shook off Paul's sign. Sharker wanted to use the fast ball. Paul went out to talk to him.

"That fast one's beginning to handle easy," Paul said.

"It's still got enough. Fast one it is," Sharker told him flatly.

Paul looked away. "Suit yourself."

It came down the middle, grooved. The batter bounced it off the fence for a stand-up double. Sharker pitched carefully and retired the side. He spoke to Paul as he came off. "Don't come out to chat when I'm hot. You put me off."

Paul clamped his mouth shut.

They won that one. The next day he watched Johnny Crambough catch Huey Stiss. Stiss gave up five runs, but Johnny Crambough chattered and yelped and pleaded, and in the fifth Sildon slammed one to the right-field fence just under the lower deck and stretched it to three bases. Boots Sharmody, the big gun from right field, brought him home with a single, and Crambough hit a home run.

In the seventh, the Saints pushed two more across, tying it up. Shockman, in relief, was pitching sweetly. Nobody scored in the eighth, ninth, or tenth.

In the eleventh, the Bombers got a man on first, sacrificed him to second. The next man swung and barely tipped the ball. The ball rolled off to the side, rolled a long way. The man on second took off. Crambough, after an odd interval of motionlessness, pounced on the free ball and snapped it to third. It hit the dirt and rolled out along the foul line. The fielder raced in and grabbed it too late to nail the runner at the plate.

Paul found himself standing by Crambough without knowing how he got there.

"Let me see it," he demanded harshly.

Crambough uncovered the finger. The nail and tip were split deep.

As Paul dressed, Rogan came over. "You catch from here on in."

Paul waited for some word of advice or encouragement, but none came.

During the last Bomber game the Saints were dead on their feet. Paul tried to ape Johnny Crambough's chatter. It went flat. After two innings he gave up. In the batting order he made nothing for four. He made two errors. But the Bomber infield fell apart, and the Saints came through, four to one.

In the meantime, the Sox had been on fire. And it meant a play-off. Paul found himself wishing that they'd lost the third Bomber game. Ever since Johnny's accident, the Saints had acted as though one Paul Muzzol had personally slammed Crambough's hand with a sledge. Nobody glared at him; they just acted as though he wasn't there.

Play-off, and the series just around the corner, and sixty-one thousand fans making a constant roar.

SHARKER up there. Big, whip-armed Sharker, with cold eyes. He spoke once to Paul. "No advice, friend. Just catch the ball."

The Sox big lead-off man, Hal Daniels, beat out a bunt, catching Bucky Leroy flatfooted.

"Snap it up, all you tired old men," Daniels brayed, taking a lead-off first.

The second Sox batter got a small piece of the ball. Paul churned down the third baseline into fair territory.

"Got it!" he yelled for Leroy's benefit. A split second later, reaching for the ball, he ran headlong into Leroy. They both went down.

"I yelled for it!" Paul said hotly, aware of two runners on base now. Sharker was scowling. The Sox were razzing them heartily.

Leroy flushed. "You think you yelled for it. That yell you heard was me!"

The next batter grinned. "I'll hit this one to left field, Muzzol. Think you can get out there in time to catch it?"

Sharker expressed his fury with his fast ball. The batter dropped flat to get out of the way of two pitches, loaded the bases on the fourth ball.

Paul went out to steady Sharker down. "You got all day. Lay off the fast ones or you won't last."

"Go back and catch, you clown. And stay away from third base!"

Paul didn't let himself get angry. He trudged back to the plate. The Sox cleanup man hit a double off the first pitch, scoring all the men on base. Rogan left Sharker in. Sharker ignored Paul's signs. He made the next three men dribble easy balls to the infield and stalked off the field.

"Thanks to you, Muzzol," Sharker said, "They got a nice fat inning."

That did it. To hell with these fancy Saints! Paul followed Sharker to the dugout. Maybe there was less dough in triple-A ball, but at least the guys played as a team and wanted to win.

Paul walked directly over to Rogan. "Am I calling pitches?"

"What do you mean, son?" Rogan asked quietly.

"He shakes off every sign I give him," Paul said, pointing toward Sharker.

Rogan shrugged. "I can't make the pitching staff take your advice, Muzzol."

Sharker said, "When this bush leaguer starts telling me how to pitch, I hang up my glove—"

Paul grabbed the front of Sharker's jacket and yanked him off the bench. He shook him as a dog shakes a rag. "The next time you shake off a sign, I'll come out to the mound and slug you!"

Sharker said, "What the hell, Rogan?"

Rogan lit his pipe. "He's catching you, Al. Not me."

They all heard it. They kept giving Paul sidelong curious looks. Sharker, when Paul released him, glared.

Paul sat beside him. "If you think I don't mean it, Al, just try shaking your head again. I spent a thousand hours studying these guys. I know how you got to pitch to every one of them. And I know just how much stuff you got, and I know how to save you for the distance. So just shake another one off and watch me come out there after you."

The first Sox to face Sharker in the second inning was a notorious bad ball hitter. Sharker wasn't fool enough to ignore Paul's sign on that one; they got an easy out. The next man was more questionable. Paul called an outcurve. It broke nicely for a called strike. Paul signaled a fast one. Sharker shook his head.

Paul called time and went out, his fist doubled.

"Have you gone nuts?" Sharker asked.

The crowd had sensed something wrong. A sudden hush stilled the voices.

"They'll toss me out," Paul said grimly, "but they'll need a new pitcher . . ."

Raneri had moved in front short, Towers from second base, Lannerhan from first.

"This guy thinks he's going to swing on me," Sharker said.

"Let's play ball," Raneri said.

"The fast ball, Al?" Paul demanded. "I mean it."

Al said, "The guy's nuts!" He watched Paul come closer. "O.K. You get your fast ball. But I'll see you after the game."

"You do that," Paul said, ignoring the angry bellow of the umpires. He got the fast ball for a strike, and a slider for the strike-out. The third man bounced out to Raneri.

Paul's anger was a dull burning inside his chest. At bat in the second, he swung so hard at the first pitch that he dropped to one knee. He heard the crowd roar with laughter. He poked one through the hole between short and third. He saw

the Sox first baseman move a step down the baseline toward him, blocking the base, yet reaching for the ball in a way that meant the interference was intentional. Paul dropped his shoulder and rode the man down. The ball rolled wide. Paul jumped up and headed for second. He went in like a tank, spikes high, safe. The first baseman was walking around in a circle. The trainer came out.

"Hard guy," the second baseman said. "Just an old-fashioned ball game."

This was more like the Robins. Rough, gutty ball, and take your chances and do what you can. He took a long lead off second, and worried the pitcher into wasting three throws to the bag.

Raneri laid down a bunt toward first. He was thrown out at first by a step, but Paul was safe at third. Lannerhan backed the Sox fielder up against the wall, but the long fly was the third out.

Taking the field, Paul told Raneri, "I see you run out bunts harder than that. If you'd beat it, I'd have scored."

"Shove it," Raneri said.

"So I see you after the game, too, junior."

Raneri stared. "What's eating you?"

"We got a ball game to win. You dogged it."

"Rogan had no kicks. Why should you?"

"Take your position, Raneri!" the plate umpire yelled.

Raneri turned, his face white. Lannerhan, on first, yelled, "Muzzol's going to win this game if he has to play the whole nine positions."

"I could show you something about playing first," Muzzol yelled.

"You punk!" Leroy yelled from third. "Larry's been playing first for four years, and you'll never see your second year with this club."

"Come in faster on those double-play balls, Leroy, or we'll both be playing *for West Overshoe, Idaho, next year,*" Paul yelled back.

Sharker watched the signals carefully. The Sox got a man on first and Sharker walked him to second. The next two popped out. The count on the next man went to two and two. Paul smelled the hit-and-run. He signaled for a pitch-out, almost knocked Leroy over with the throw. The third baseman tagged the runner out.

As Leroy came jogging in, Paul said, "You may make a ball player yet."

"Put me on that list of yours," Leroy growled.

BOTH Cherkis and Sharker were easy outs for Garry Ibbert, the Sox pitcher. Sildon came up and hammered the first pitch over the second baseman's head. The man went high but couldn't reach it. The center fielder took it on the second bounce and Sildon held up at first. He took a long lead. Ibbert whirled and threw him out as he tried to scramble back to first.

Paul heard Shafker say to Sildon, "Man, I need runs out there. Don't go tanglefoot on me."

"Lay off, Al," Paul called. "I like a man that takes a long lead."

Paul grinned out at Sharker, and then eased him through the inning, on soft stuff.

As Sharker came in he said, "Maybe you don't like catching the fast ball?"

"I like it fine. I like it when you got to use it, Al, not when you use it to show off what a strong arm you got."

Sharmody came up first in the bottom half of the fourth. He reached first on an error by the Sox shortstop. Leroy laid a bunt down the third base line and ran like a deer, beating the throw, moving Sharmody to second. Towers moved into the batter's box.

TWO on and none down. But the Saints didn't seem to be catching fire—Towers had all the enthusiasm of a plumber picking up a pipe wrench. Towers lifted a towering fly ball that barely got out of the infield.

Paul moved up. A long fly would move Sharmody around to third, and, if it was in the right spot, move Leroy to second. Paul felt so tensed up that he thought his nerves would pop right through his skin. The first pitch came smoking toward his face. He threw himself backward, got up grimly and came in to crowd the plate. The second pitch missed the outside corner for a two and nothing count. Ibbert looked unhappy. The third pitch was a sweeping curve. Part way through his swing, Paul knew he had been fooled and that the pitch was going far outside. It was too late to pull back and he lunged further out. The hard crack of wood on ball tingled all the way up to his shoulders.

He went into third standing up, full of the hot throat-filling of combat and success. He looked out toward the score board and the two looked good. A nice, big, white, fat two.

The Sox third-sacker said, "Lucky *Alphonse.*"

"Hit 'em where they ain't."

"Take a lead, Muzzol. We'll pick you off."

"Maybe I'll steal home."

Raneri slammed a line drive to deep center. Paul touched up and came home; no hurry. He came across the plate and Lannerhan grabbed his arm, spun him around, thumped his shoulder, grinning. "Get 'em all by yourself, Paulie."

Lannerhan went down swinging, and retired the side, giving Paul a rueful grimace before trotting out to take his position.

It was a new ball game. Any run from now on was going to be a big one. Sharker worked nicely in the fifth, a nice edge to his control. In the sixth, he got in trouble. He walked one man, and an error by Leroy pushed the man to second, with one on first and none out. Paul walked out, and Raneri, field captain came over.

Raneri said, "Take it easy, Al."

"We'll cool 'em off," Paul said.

Sharker looked coldly at him. "I'll listen to Raneri."

Raneri said hotly, "You'll listen to him, too, Al. He gave you a new ball game."

Paul ambled back to the plate, giving Sharker time. He called for the soft stuff, and the next Sox batter nearly broke his back. The ball went on a weak hop to Bucky Leroy. Bucky whipped it to second for the force-out and the ball went to first in plenty of time to put out the batter and then came back across the infield to Leroy almost in time to nail the Sox runner coming down from second. Paul didn't like that play at second. It should have gone back to Leroy to pinch off the most dangerous man, but at that, it had been so close to a triple play that the noise from the stands was a constant scream. If Leroy, on the other hand, had raced back to third with the ball, then thrown to second it might have . . .

Paul settled down. Two gone and a man on third. Rogan signaled for the play at the plate. The Sox batter dribbled one out to the mound. Al pounced on it and flipped it underhand to Paul, who slammed it hard against the Sox runner's ribs. They went down in a tangle with Paul clutching the ball.

Above the full-throated roar of the crowd, the Sox base runner yelled, "Next time I'll put both feet in your face!"

Paul grinned amiably at him. "Which rib you want me to bust next time?"

IN THE upper half of the seventh, Sharker retired the three men in order, but Paul didn't like the feel of it. Two of the outs were on long, hard drives. The curves mushed instead of breaking sharply. Paul saw the lines of weariness around Sharker's mouth.

He approached Sharker in the dugout. "You threw hard in the first innings. Too hard, maybe?"

"I'm fine. What are you trying to do? Sabotage me?"

"You got a nice season with fourteen and six."

"So what?"

"So you know better than anybody when the stuff is gone. That's all."

The Sox came roaring to bat in the top of the eight. They sensed the weakness of the pitcher. Raneri robbed the first batter of a sure hit with a somersaulting, miracle catch.

The next man up hit a line-drive double that took a bad bounce just when it looked as though Sildon would hold it to a single.

Sharker motioned to Paul, and Paul walked out. Sharker said, "I got a few fast ones left. What do you think?"

"Try one and if it feels O.K. I'll call more."

The ball came down the slot like a bullet, a called strike at the knees. Paul called it again and it went wild. Paul made a desperate save and the runner darted back to second. Sharker lost the batter on a walk.

The next Sox batter hammered the first pitch solidly. Sildon went back to the wall, gathered it in. The runner touched up and took off. Sildon arrowed the ball in. Sharker moved off the mound and trapped it, and the runner scrambled back to third.

Paul shuddered as he saw the next pitch coming in. You could almost count the stitches. The batter undercut it—a towering foul to the left of the plate. Paul whipped off the mask and raced

back. The wind eddying around the high stands, made the ball tricky; they were shouting warnings at him. The ball clopped into the pocket of the glove as he ran into the cement in front of the boxes at the same instant. He fell.

He was lying on his back looking up into a bunch of silly balloons that became faces. He still had the ball. He heard the siren sound of the crowd.

The team was around him. The trainer wouldn't let him up until he named the date, his address and phone number.

The trainer felt him over. "You sure you feel O.K.?"

"I feel fine."

The top of the Saint batting order came up in the top of the ninth. Paul sat and watched Sildon bat, and the weakness and dizziness slowly left him. There was an egg over his ear.

He turned and winked at Sharker. "We got 'em that inning."

"Go on and say it," Sharker said icily.

"I told you you're the judge, Al."

Sharker looked at him for long seconds, and then turned to Rogan. Sharker said, "I'm all through. I can't pitch another strike ball with a cannon."

Rogan gave his quiet half-smile and motioned to the bull pen. Belton, the big left-hander, began to work in earnest. Paul swiveled around, tense, as he heard the crack of the bat. Sildon hit nicely, crisply, for a copy-book single. Sharker hunched forward and yelled, "Get one, Sharmody! Get that big one!"

Sharmody, as per instructions, sacrificed Sildon to second. The Saints dugout had come alive. Paul looked around, grinning inside. If you had to knock down a wall with your head to get these guys going, maybe it was worth it. Leroy came up and powdered one. The crowd roar swelled and then sagged as the line drive went foul by inches. Leroy fouled the next one on top of the stands, took two balls in a row to even the count, and then slammed one by the Sox third baseman. The outfielder came in fast, so fast that Sildon had to hold at third. Leroy on first, Sildon on third, and one down. Leroy danced off first, taking the dangerous big lead.

Then, dancing on the base path, Leroy stumbled. Ibbert threw to first. It was a hurried throw, low and to the left. The first baseman made a frantic stab for it but it ticked off the edge of his glove. Sildon broke for home. The second baseman snatched up the deflected ball, whirled and threw to the catcher. Sildon slid hard, hooking, and the Sox catcher missed his tag.

THE crowd went crazy. The Saints dugout emptied as they surrounded Sildon, pummeling him.

Sildon yelled, "Sure glad it wasn't old Muzzol trying to tag me!"

Leroy was still on second when Paul came to bat. Towers had bounced out.

"Put it on ice!" yelled Raneri.

"Bunt and knock 'em all down on your way around," Towers yelped.

Paul grinned. He knocked the dirt out of his spikes. This was better. This was like ball for the Robins. Wake these guys up and they sounded like any team. Hard to figure, these guys. A series in the offing and they still don't get off their high horse—not until you push them around a little. That was the thing to do.

Paul felt nice and loose. Ibbert looked white around the mouth. Paul let two go by. And then a third. Three and nothing, the count. As soon as the next one left Ibbert's hand he knew it was the automatic strike pitch. It came down the line with its thumb out, asking for a ride. He put back and shoulders and hips and ankles and wrists into the swing. He ran hard for first and then slowed down and jogged the rest of the way. The whole team, hands outstretched, was waiting at the plate, screaming their brains out.

And that was definitely all for Mr. Ibbert. Waldo Retting came out for the Sox and put out the fire.

Belton pitched for the Saints in the top half of the ninth. Before he took the mound he grinned at Paul and said, "Call anything but the hop. It just don't hop today. It's tired."

The Sox came to bat grimly. Two pinch hitters were useless. The third batter struck out.

The locker room was noisier than Paul had heard it all season. He couldn't stop grinning.

Sharker came up and said, "About that little date we got, son."

"And with Raneri and me, too," Leroy said. "How about it? One at a time or all three of us."

"One at a time," Paul said.

"The hell with that!" Al Sharker said. "Three at once, or we won't fight you. Do we look stupid?"

Rogan came over, into the circle of laughter. "Stick around," he told Paul.

After he was dressed in street clothes, Paul found Rogan in his office. Rogan was tilted back, feet on desk, pipe between his teeth. "Sit down, Muzzol."

Paul sat. As always, with Rogan, he felt ill at ease.

"Took you long enough," Rogan said.

"For what?"

"To get mad, to come alive. To start getting on top of the team. Thought I'd have to find me another backstop. Catcher holds a team together. Always has. Always will."

"You could have told me what you wanted," Muzzol said indignantly.

"Nope. You had to work it out yourself. You were scared of the boys. Stage fright, I guess. They're just another ball team, with more clippings than most. Ever see a green pitcher facing that Yankee batting order? Same thing. If a manager tries to appoint a spark plug for the team, it's always phoney. Man has to do it himself. Now you're on top of them. Stay there. Once in a while I'll call pitches from the bench. But seldom. Up to you. Ride 'em, rough 'em up. See you around."

Rogan walked with him to the door. "Yes," he said, "I'll see you around for quite a while, I think." ■ ■

The Ungloved Hand CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"I don't know. I just found him there."

I sat down, and gently I pulled the hands away from the face. It looked as sick as I felt.

"Self-defense is justifiable homicide," I said.

"I didn't kill him." There was the strangest look on her face. She was looking at me as if—well, as if she'd never really got a good look at me before.

"Tell me what happened."

"I—I just came in here, and—"

"No. From the time you left me."

It was a short enough story. She hadn't gone straight home after she left me. She'd gone to a lawyer. She wanted to know where she stood, legally. They talked almost two hours, and when she came out, the gray Plymouth, which had followed her to the lawyer's, was gone. Nobody followed her home. The house was dark, and she figured her husband wasn't at home. She went upstairs, bathed, dressed again, packed a suitcase, went down to the library to phone me, and found the body there. That was all. I sat there pushing it around in my mind.

"Joe—"

"Yes?"

She still had this strange look on her face. "Joe, you didn't—"

"Didn't what?"

She finished it in a whisper: "—you didn't kill him?"

"Good God, no!"

Her face didn't quite believe me, and suddenly I couldn't stand that expression any more. I went into the library, and this time I took a good look.

And the longer I looked, the more I got the point of Selma's question. There was no gun, but there were two empty brass cartridge cases; they were .38's and they were the same brand I used. There was no doubt in my mind that my gun had killed him. The cops had run a test bullet on my gun last year on another case, and when they compared photomicrographs with the slugs in Macsinger, they were going to match. I began to get a cold feeling in my stomach.

I knelt and looked at some of the typewritten sheets on the floor around Macsinger, and the cold feeling got colder. They were reports from the Robert Voukes Detective Agency—all about me and Selma for about the last three weeks. They were detailed and accurate.

I felt Macsinger's cheek with the back of my hand, and he was cool. Dead at least a couple of hours. Maybe longer.

I thought about where I'd been the last few hours, and how little of it I could alibi, and the feeling in my stomach couldn't have been much worse.

Who had killed him? It could have been a prowler. Macsinger's wallet, inside out and empty on the floor said that. So did the open wall safe with papers half pulled out of it. I walked over to the safe and looked at some of the papers, and suddenly I pulled one out of the stack.

An insurance policy. Six months old,

it was, and the face value was *one hundred thousand dollars*. I stared at it a long time, then went into the living room.

"What was the name of the lawyer you went to see?"

The expression hadn't changed. "T—T. H. Lariamonte."

I looked up the home address in the phone book, dialed the number, said I was the police and asked my question.

"Yes, Sergeant," he said. "She left my office shortly after six. She was there approximately two hours. . . . You're quite welcome."

Selma had an astonished look on her face now. "You thought I—had lied."

I was ashamed for doubting her. I was relieved to know she was in the clear, but mostly I was ashamed. I sat down beside her on the sofa, and put my arms around her.

"Look, in five minutes we've both accused the other of killing him. We're even, and that's enough of such talk. I love you, baby, and I didn't kill him. Although God knows who's going to believe me."

She clung to me hard then, and she cried like she'd never stop.

I WAS shaking with the cold. My wet clothes were stuck to me, and the fog was so thick now it was a drizzle condensing on the bush and dripping on me. My future was very short. A few hours to daylight, then the cops. I beat my fist futilely on the wet ground.

Maybe running away had been a mistake. I didn't know. The case couldn't have been blacker against me—but look how far I'd got trying to run. All I knew was I was scared, I wanted to run, and Selma wanted me to run. Sitting in that living room planning the thing—how I'd hole up some place and let her know through a code ad in a personal column where I was, so she could send me money, and we'd get together again a long time from now when the whole thing had blown over—it sounded like it might work.

Only it hadn't. And now I had to get going.

I stood up, watching the house as I circled. And right then I got the first break. The street light was on the other side of the house, and it shone through the house, and no shades or curtains or furniture stopped it. That house was empty, I was certain.

I circled it in the dark to make sure. Then I took out my keys, and it took about five minutes to open the back door. It smelled strongly of paint in there. I walked through the place, and there was nothing in it but some ladders, paint cans, and canvas spread in the front room. In the kitchen, I turned a faucet and water came out. And, funny thing—I'd swum a river, I was soaked to the skin, I was shivering, but I was still thirsty. I drank a long time from that faucet.

Then I went into the front room, rolled up in the canvas, and after about an hour I stopped shivering. . . .

I was three nights and two days in that house. I had water but not a bite to eat. At daylight I climbed through a trap door into the attic, and lay there all day listening to the painters working downstairs. At night I lay rolled in the canvas, and I guess I slept some, but mostly I went over and over what had happened. I guess I relived every minute of my life since I met Selma.

Harvey Macsinger had hired me to shadow his wife. That's how I met her. Macsinger was that kind of a guy, and when I say he was a little crazy, I'm not kidding. He was one of these manic-depressive types—one day all up and happy, treating Selma like a queen, the next day hiring a detective to see if she was cheating on him.

She wasn't. She never did, not even

after she and I knew we loved each other.

Macsinger had had her shadowed God knows how many times before, so it wasn't surprising that she spotted me. But she was nice about it. She was even co-operative. Like I say, she had nothing to hide. It wasn't long until I was going places with her instead of on her trail. After that, the falling in love came as naturally and as inevitably as the sun coming up.

Sometimes, lying in that attic, I felt like I was going crazy myself.

The second day, the painters left a newspaper in the place, but I couldn't read it until daylight the next day. The cops had checked the slugs in Macsinger, and I was officially the killer. The gun hadn't been found. Voukes and the lawyer cleared Selma completely. She was free. And Macsinger hadn't been rich at all; he'd spent his money, the house and cars were mortaged, and he'd left nothing but the insurance. But that was plenty. The reporters were having a field day with the Voukes Agency reports.

The editors were pretty proud of one picture. A fast-working staff photographer had arrived practically with the police, and he sneaked a shot of the body lying in the library.

It was a good shot, but as I looked at it, there seemed something wrong with it. I studied it a long time, then something clicked. The gloves. In the picture Macsinger's hands were bare. I closed my eyes, remembering, and I could see those bloody pigskin gloves just as plainly as I could see the bullet hole over his heart.

Something else clicked. The gloves had been removed so the cops wouldn't find them. Who had removed them? Why?

I looked a long time. Then it was like the third click of a slot machine—my mind hung balanced on the edge of something for a second, then it dumped the jackpot. Goose bumps rose all over me.

God, I'd been dumb!

I sat there, stunned, while the whole story filled in right before my eyes. I had the whole thing now.

It was like hell had opened up in front of me.

AFTER the painters left and it got dark and the fog was starting to form in the open places, I came down from the attic, and walked to a phone.

"Hello?" Selma's voice.

"It's me. Joe."

"Joe!" Her voice was a scared squeak. "Where are you?"

"In town. Are the cops at your place?"

"No. Nobody is here but me. Are you crazy? You ought to be a thousand miles away by now."

"No, I'm right here, baby. And everything's fine."

"Fine?"

"I'm off the hook. Soon will be, anyway."

"You mean it!"

"You bet I mean it. All on account of a pair of gloves."

"Gloves?"

"Pigskin gloves. The ones Macsinger wore when he died, but the police never saw. They take me off the hook."

"But—but—"

"Not now, kid. I'll see you in a little while."

"Are you going to the police?"

"Not yet. I'll see you in an hour."

"All right, dearest." Then a muffled, "God bless you."

I walked all the way to her house. I was very tired. My left leg—the part of it that was mine—was hurting me a lot now, and the other part was squeaking badly. All the water and damp weather hadn't been good for it. I felt queer and light-headed, but I guess that was all the food I hadn't had lately.

I had a plan.

Not much of a plan—barely better than no plan at all—but I was down to long shots now. All I had was a lot of facts I couldn't prove and this half-baked plan. But, funny—for the first time since I looked at Harvey Macsinger's dead face I wasn't scared.

Selma opened the door before I rang the bell. I walked inside, and she closed the door quickly.

"Joe!" She started into my arms, and I pushed her away so hard she stumbled and almost fell.

"Is he here yet?" I didn't wait for her to answer. I yelled it at the rest of the house. "Come on out, Voukes! Let's get it over with."

Voukes came out.

He came from the library, walking in a queer, light way on the balls of his feet like a boxer, or a dancer. He was a good-looking kid. Blond, crew-cut hair, tanned skin, good face, good shoulders. No dame would take a second look at me when he was around.

"Where's my gun?" I said.

"Why, right here, Joe." His hand came out of his coat with it. His voice was quiet but he was keyed up. 'Way up. At least, there wasn't going to be any beating around the bush. And the important thing—to the plan—was that he didn't appear to be carrying any other gun. One is enough for any man.

I was tired. I sat in a little armless occasional chair, and rubbed my legs. I didn't look at Selma. I didn't want ever to look at her. And I didn't want her to see my eyes, either—she held enough trumps already.

Bob Voukes said, "Now what, Joe?"

"When did Macsinger hire you to shadow Selma?"

"Three weeks—"

"Don't stall. He hired you before he hired me and he fired you before, and you haven't worked for him since. You couldn't have followed me and Selma the last three weeks without me spotting you. You followed us once, yesterday. Selma dictated those reports."

"Where is this getting us, Joe?" He was keyed up, but he wasn't scared. With that gun he didn't have to be.

"It's getting us to a picture. You shadowed Selma a while, then she spotted you and it wound up in a love scene. Just like with me."

"Joe"—her voice was soft, shocked—"it's not that way at all. I—"

"Don't tell me what it's like. I've been God's dumbest pushover long enough."

I didn't look at her. I looked at Voukes, and then I answered.

"Maybe she really fell for you, which is more than I got. Anyhow, you got together on one thing—a plan to kill her husband and rig me to take the fall. The reports were for the police to find after you sent them to Macsinger gratis to get him steamed up and send him to my place to make a scene in public for the record. After that you could knock him off any time I didn't have an alibi. Only you wouldn't have used my gun."

WHY not, Joe, boy?" He was trying to look amused but he was too keyed up to get away with it.

"The gun would be out of character. It would have to look like we'd had a fight over my attentions to his wife. Choking him or hitting him with a poker would be more convincing."

"Shooting was just as good."

"Nuh-uh. Not nearly. *Especially when he shot himself!*"

He'd only been waiting to see if I really knew the setup. Selma had an alibi, and he had an alibi, and they really hadn't killed him; so all they had to worry about was me figuring the suicide angle. I figured he'd make his move then, but he was being careful.

"How do you know he shot himself?"

"The gloves. I'll tell you what happened. He got the gun at my place, and he went home. If Selma had been home he might have killed her. And wouldn't that have been a switch. He was in one of his depressive states—he was broke, Selma was cheating on him. The future always looks ten times blacker to guys like that. Besides, maybe he saw a bit of irony in suicide, because that way Selma got no insurance money at all. Anyhow, he plugged himself."

"The gloves prove all that?"

"And how they prove it. No insurance company is going to lay out two hundred grand before they check the suicide angle. And you knew damned well that meant paraffin tests on the hands to see if they fired a gun recently. The gloves gave you a perfect out. You took the gloves off, leaving the hands clean; you took the gun and the suicide note, if there was one—and with a guy like that there would be one—and the setup was perfect to frame me. Almost perfect."

SELMA got into the act in a quick, breathless voice. "It's only your word against ours. About the gloves."

"Oh, no. Macsinger wore those gloves to my place that afternoon. The woman downstairs noticed them particularly, mentioned them to me. Those gloves have to be some place. You know how the police are about things like that."

Which was a plain lie.

But it worked. Some pretty flimsy reasoning will work when a guy is scared—like Selma stampeding me into running away the other night. This guy was stampeding, too. He'd been keyed up to do it if he had to. Now he figured he had to.

"I guess that's it, Selma," he said. "Looks like we're licked." And his voice was the phoniest thing you ever heard. "But I'm not sticking around to take any rap. Stay put, Joe, and don't look around. Don't move for five minutes."

So the plan had worked. I didn't know how he'd do it, but the way I figured, he couldn't do it without getting close enough for me to grab him.

"*Don't look around, I said!*"

I could feel him circling back there, and I didn't look at him. I looked at Selma. Her face was white as paper.

I swear, I could feel him right behind me, getting set, figuring the right angle so it would look right, look like a desperate guy who'd been running three days from cops, figured he was at the end of his rope, and taken the short way out.

Selma's eyes seemed to fill half her face. "*Don't, Bob, don't do—*"

I grabbed, not turning, not looking, just making as fast a move as I ever made, clawing at a point beside my right temple. And in that instant the gun went off like the thunder of God.

There was a scorching blast on the side of my face, and I knew I wasn't dead, because I had his wrist, and I was heaving on it so the guy was already halfway over the back of the chair. I had a wristlock, I was batting his hand against the metal and leather of my leg. Then the gun went off again and I felt the solid *thunk* of a slug going into my foot. He was shooting the wrong leg.

I had the wristlock set hard now, giving it all I had. A hand clawed for my face, knees banged against the back of my chair, and I banged his hand against my leg. Then something snapped in his wrist. He yelled. The gun bounced out of his hand.

I let him have his wrist. I dived for the gun, but my leg was clumsy, and instead of getting the gun, I stumbled and batted it under the sofa. Wrist or no wrist, Voukes was right in there.

In his good hand he had the chair I'd abandoned, and he was charging at me with the four legs held to stab me in the face or gut or whatever—which is exactly the way to use a chair in a fight. And me, on my stomach—all I had time for was to roll and shove my leg, the bum one, up to take the chair.

I caught it.

Or rather, it caught me. My leg tangled in the rungs, Voukes put his weight into it, and this time it was something of mine that snapped, but he was still fighting the wrong leg. We were in a pile now, and something sort of exploded in my head; and after that there was a roaring sound in my ears, and these fists seemed to come out of a fog and disappear into it again.

I don't know what I did—maybe I was wringing his busted wrist—but suddenly he was yelling, trying to kick me, his head arched back in agony. And the next thing I knew I had both hands at his throat.

We were jammed up against the sofa, and Voukes' struggles were already getting weak. Then I realized somebody else was in the tangle—Selma, hitting at me, but mostly pulling, trying to get past me—and the fog suddenly cleared a little in my brain.

The gun.

It was under the sofa, and Selma was trying to get it, but she couldn't because Voukes and I were in the way. I threw Voukes away from me. And in that second Selma had the gun.

But I had her wrist in a wristlock. I was very tired, I couldn't see well, and I don't know if I would have broken her wrist or not, even if I could; but she turned the gun loose. I pushed her away and picked it up.

I crawled back to Voukes, and for a wild, crazy second I was ready to finish the job I'd started on him. Then the moment passed. I rolled him over, went into his pockets—and, no kidding, it was there. The suicide note. I figured they wouldn't have destroyed it because it would save them from the gas chamber if the scheme backfired; but to carry it around with him—well, that's the kind of dope he was.

I looked up, and Selma was gone. I could hear her running outside on the porch, then her car starting up, and the sound of it dwindling in the night. Let her go. She wouldn't get far. Not even as far as I had. I didn't even hate her. I just had a sick feeling in my stomach.

I called the cops, then I sat there, my legs—the good one and the bum one—stretched out in front of me, and watched Voukes slowly regain consciousness.

The leg ached, and as always it ached like the whole leg was there. That had been the hardest thing to get used to.

It hurts to lose anything—your leg, your girl, your self respect—but you get over it. You have to believe that. I looked at the leg, and I felt that other ache, the bigger loss inside me that no contraption of leather and metal would ever replace; and I clenched my first and hit the leg—twice, three times.

And after a while the cops came. ■ ■

CAR OWNERS SHOVE $10 BILLS IN YOUR POCKET..

When you show them America's greatest auto seat cover values!

Including

BAMBOO

Newest Seat Cover Sensation!

FIESTA

BULLFIGHTER

BLACK EBONY

BIG MONEY, FULL OR SPARE TIME!

Want extra money—plenty of it day after day? Then rush your name and address at once for Free Sample Outfit that will start you taking orders from car owners everywhere for Key expertly tailored Auto Seat Covers. EXCLUSIVE NEW PATTERNS to fit every make and model car. No one can compete with you in wide choice, in quality—and in expert tailoring that makes covers fit like a pair of gloves. And when you quote prices that are only a fraction of what the customer expects to pay, brother! You make money hand over fist writing up the fast orders! Line includes nationally advertised sensations like BLACK EBONY Saran, in the new Black and Silver Watermelon Stripe, beautiful beyond description BAMBOO, luxurious, brilliant FIESTA, colorful BULL FIGHTER PLAIDS, plus many other exclusive patterns to choose from, all at unbelievably low prices. It's no trick at all to make *big* money whether you sell full time or just in spare time. OPPORTUNITY TO SELL AT WHOLESALE TO GARAGES, SERVICE STATIONS, ETC.

RUSH NAME FOR FREE OUTFIT

GIVE MAKE, YEAR AND MODEL OF YOUR CAR. No experience needed. Make all the extra money you need easily just by showing! Every car owner a "hot" prospect. YEAR AROUND STEADY PROFITS. No investment to make. Actual seat covers given to producers for OWN use! Write for Free Selling Kit and actual samples TODAY!

KEY PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 109-D

800 NORTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

KEY PRODUCTS CORP.,
Dept. 109-D
800 N. Clark St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Rush Free Sample Outfit at once. (If you own a car include the following information):

Make . . . Year . . . Model . . .

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

JETS OVER KOTO-RI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

all units in the task force. Suddenly they lost it. They got the big laugh from the other task-force pilots.

"Leadership!" Rusty Jensen said bitterly, after a debriefing in the ready room. "Who's got it? We fight like a man without a head. Might as well fly single missions for all the good we do as a squadron. Hell, the Marines should sue us for non-support!"

"Easy, Rusty," Baker said warningly. "Knock it off, boy!"

"Knock it off!" Rusty yelled, his face going white. I might as well follow my tracers into a mountain and knock me off! What happened to that team spirit he had? Your leader is the core of your team, 'Take care of your leader and he will take care of you,' they told us. What about that stuff now?"

"I'll buy that." It was Tinker, pulling his lean length alongside Jensen.

A mob growl went through the room.

"Attention!"

Baker tried for a save. He had seen Cooper walk back into the room; maybe Jensen and Tinker hadn't, maybe they didn't care. Cooper headed for the door.

"At ease, *gentlemen!*" he snapped.

I called "Coop!" and walked out with him, hoping to blunt that anger or turn it. "See me when you have a minute, Coop, for a routine checkup. Got to fill out some forms for the Stateside boys to keep them feeling important."

It didn't work. He turned toward Officer Country without answering. Jensen, and maybe Tinker, rated an insubordination blast. It was up to Cooper. And I couldn't figure him.

AT THE Chosin Reservoir the Chinese were trying to snap the trap on the Marines. The Leathernecks weren't having any. They sent down word that they were coming out, with their wounded, their men and their equipment—or else. You had to love those guys. The Navy pilots cussed them, but they had the planes up there every daylight minute that was fit to fly and plenty that weren't. That used up men fast. And it gave me the excuse to try something on Cooper. He stopped in sick bay that afternoon.

I made it casual. "Take off your shirt, Coop," I said. "I want to see the horrible state you're in."

He was. You seldom see nerves in a fighter pilot; he's a pretty relaxed and casual fellow, generally. But the sign is there, if you know where to look. It's a sort of trademark of the profession. Cooper's trademark was a small tic at the corner of his left eye, usually barely noticeable. Right then that tic was almost a continuous flutter. He had a pulse like a chipping hammer and a hacking, mean cough. I unhooked the stethescope and unwound the pneumatic blood pressure bandage from his right arm. I said, "Prescription, Coop: Ten days in Tokyo, hot baths, some soothing Scotch, see the ladies. . . ."

He was buttoning his shirt and didn't bother to look up. "You can't make it stick."

"I'll make it stick," I cut in.

He moved to the door, then turned. "Don't try it, Hackett!"

I said, "God damn you! How many years—how many men? You can't bring her back. Nothing can ever bring her back. And you can't hang every man for one man's sin. You're no good, Cooper. These kids need a leader. They need Baker. . . ."

I left the rest unsaid. The latch clicked softly as the door closed behind him.

I sat there staring at the door, feeling drained and shaken. You don't rip the cover from a man's life as I had Cooper's and not have it affect you. Poor devil! Some things are better left unsaid; but I'd stacked the one man against the many and forced myself to say them. I didn't like the taste, I hate cruelty. But it's a surgeon's duty, sometimes, to cut deep and swift and let the clean blood wash out the rot. I'd hit Cooper foul, intentionally. And then, after all the years, I saw him clearly, saw that his aloofness was defensive and that behind it he was lonely and uncertain, that he lacked one basic, human need—the need of belonging to someone.

For the next three days the weather was clean as a whistle, the planes were in the air from light to dark. I didn't see the kids often, but enough to know from their drawn faces that tension was piling up. I saw Cooper once or twice, in the wardroom, not close, and I could see that he, too, was off in weight and strung taut. I wondered when the lid would blow off.

Then, suddenly, dramatically, Rusty Jensen brought the thing to a head.

The Marines started cracking the reservoir trap. Every operational aircraft was up there, supporting. Cooper's squadron launched into a clear, cold afternoon that carried a high overcast, promising snow. There wasn't a thing needing my attention that afternoon, so I wandered into flag plot and made myself inconspicuous. They were following the progress of the fight at the reservoir on radio, and with the AIO's map of the target area. Cooper's target was a flat, semi-circular hill where the Chinese had dug in and were blocking the Marines. Once in a while the ridiculous names that Mo Kane had given the squadron to use in place of the more complicated call numbers crackled over the speaker.

"Duchess to Alice"—that would be Baker to Cooper —"Down there. On that flat hill. Let's get 'em!"

Following the radio's sketchy words, I could tell the hill was being plowed up foot by foot, with bombs and napalm.

It went that way for a long time, and the light was dimming, and tension built up in flag plot, for everyone knew they had to be getting low on fuel. They started the final strafing runs through the target area and began pulling up to rendezvous. The controller's voice came over the air. "We got 'em now. Thanks, Navy. Nice show!"

Then we heard: "Alice to Duchess. Take them home, Bake! Tweedledum's crashed. On the hill. He's burning and I think he's trapped. I'm going down."

Tweedledum was Rusty Jensen. He was in trouble and Cooper was crash landing to help him.

THE wardroom was very quiet that night. Men at war are rarely sentimental about death—they can't afford to be—but they felt Cooper had gone deliberately to his death on that flaming hill. Up until that moment he hadn't been one of them, and a thing as unexpected as his going in after Jensen had shaken them, changed values in a lightning shift.

Tinker came in later that night for an aspirin. I poured him a stiff slug of brandy instead. That relaxed him some and he began to talk. "There were a lot of gooks left down there, Hack," he said. "It was getting dark but we could see them closing in, some holding the Marines back at the other edge of the hill. Rusty had crashed on the far side, and I think he was badly wounded or trapped or both, and it didn't look as if the Marines could get him.

"The last I saw was Cooper, pulling at Rusty with one arm and using his thirty-eight with the other. Then we had to pull out of there, our gas was almost gone. . . . I don't know—I hope they made it, Hack."

And I could fill in for myself the things he didn't say. . . .

Baker took command again. The squadron was transformed into a deadly merciless fighting unit. I was sure Cooper's act had provided the flux for that old oneness, and I had the distinct impression that the pilots were like penitents, shriving themselves in the eyes of this man they thought they'd misjudged. Every minute they spent out of the air they accounted a loss. After each recovery and debriefing they stayed in the ready room, checking the points where they could have done better, eager for the next launch. And with the stepped-up tempo at the reservoir came a rise in the always present cost of war.

Paley came back with a riddled aircraft and had to ditch in the water, and he died of exposure before the helicopter boys could get him; Tanger got target

LADIES! STOP DARNING SOX

NYLON GUARANTEED AGAINST HOLES

ENGLISH 6 x 3 RIB

SPECIALLY TWISTED WITH ADDED YARNS FOR EXTRA WEAR AND COMFORT

FOR A WHOLE YEAR! OR GET NEW SOX FREE!

Think of it! Even if you stand on your feet for hours every day, if you wear a hole in any pair of these Men's handsome Ribbed NYLON SOX within one year, YOU GET NEW ONES ABSOLUTELY FREE—and they cost less than 60¢ a pair!

Here's why we can make this offer: First, you get a real bargain by ordering DIRECT from the Joy Hosiery Mills. Second, these men's good-looking socks are made of reinforced NYLON. Yes, DuPont special twist, super-strength Nylon reinforced with added yarns, gives them their wear-defying durability. They are finely knit, with elastic tops, soles of soft, absorbent Durene lisle. What's more, the heels and toes are NYLON REINFORCED for extra protection at points of hardest wear.

You'll be delighted with the smart ribbed appearance of these socks—their lustrous, silky smooth finish, perfect for dress or business. Your choice of anklet or regular length, of assorted colors, or all black, or all white. Fast-dye colors never run or shade.

ONLY $2.98 FOR 5 PAIRS

ANKLET OR REGULAR LENGTH
ANKLETS HAVE ELASTIC TOPS
GOOD LOOKING FOR DRESS OR EVERY DAY
REINFORCED HEEL AND TOE
Elastic Ankle Length
Regular Length

SIZES 10 to 13 (in half sizes for perfect fit)

COLORS

Lt. Assorted	Dk. Assorted
2 prs. Lt. Blue	2 prs. Navy
2 prs. Tan	2 prs. Brown
1 pr. Lt. Grey	1 pr. Grey
All White	All Black

GUARANTEE

Every purchase is covered by the iron-clad Guarantee of the Joy Hosiery Mills. You are unconditionally GUARANTEED ONE FULL YEAR OF SATISFACTORY WEAR from each and every pair of socks or you get NEW SOCKS FREE to replace those that wear out. The Guarantee Certificate is *dated*. It is your absolute assurance of service and value.

NO HOLES NO MENDING OR DARNING

SEE THEM! FEEL THEM! EXAMINE THEM!—WITHOUT OBLIGATION

Prove to yourself that this is one of the biggest values in men's hose you have ever seen. Let us send you a box of five pairs for 5 DAYS' EXAMINATION. No obligation to keep them. Compare these socks with others costing much more. Read the Guarantee Certificate. You must be convinced this is a truly great hosiery buy or return the socks and you will be out nothing. And the *wear* is guaranteed for an entire year!

Mail the coupon or write today, specifying size, whether anklet or regular length, color preference (see list). Don't delay. You take no risk. Read money-back offer in coupon.

JOY HOSIERY MILLS, Dept.S-400,, Clifton, New Jersey

JOY HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. S-400,, Clifton, New Jersey

Please send me 5 pairs Guaranteed Ribbed Nylon Socks for examination. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus postal charges on delivery, with the understanding that you will refund my money in full if I return the socks in 5 days. If I keep them, you guarantee to replace FREE any pairs in which I wear holes within ONE YEAR.

☐ Check here if you prefer to enclose $2.98 and we will pay postal charge. Same return privilege, same Free Replacement Guarantee.

Size.....Color: ☐ Lt. Asst. ☐ Dk. Asst. ☐ Black. ☐ White. ☐ Anklet ☐ Regular

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

fixation while working over a command post and followed his tracers into the ground: De Vito ran into flak over Hagaru-ri and bailed out, and the squadron went into a protective orbit over him while he floated down to a wrinkle in the hills, and they saw the Reds capture him and couldn't do anything about it.

Then the Marines broke out. Down that bloody valley of ice and snow, past Hagaru-ri, Koto-ri, Hamhung—they came, through twenty-nine road blocks, slowly, building bridges, fighting for every inch, and finally out to the transports at Hungnam.

On the morning of that day, the day before Christmas, Tinker was hit. A stray AA burst in the cockpit blew the canopy off and blinded him. His wingman and Baker talked him back to the ship, practically carrying him on their wings through the landing pattern and into the groove.

In sick bay, I worked over him. He was seriously wounded, but with a fair chance I thought he'd make it. Hot oil had splashed with blood into his eyes, but after I'd cleaned them up I knew the blindness was only temporary.

I fixed him up and he was coming foggily out of morphine when Baker came in with the news that they'd heard from Cooper. He was on the Hungnam beach with the Marines, in good shape. Rusty Jensen was dead. The Marines had driven the Reds off in time to pull Cooper away from the burning plane before it blew up, but Rusty had been trapped.

Rusty's death hit Tinker hard. All along he had figured that his friend had had a chance. He turned his bandaged face to the pillow as Baker finished. "Give me that needle again, will you, Hack?" was all he'd say.

Mail call came later on that day. A corpsman brought a letter in for me to give Tinker. A letter from his wife. Just the medicine to cheer him up and help him over Rusty, I thought. The room was dark when I took it in, and Tinker said eagerly, "Read it for me, Hack."

I wish I hadn't.

The letter was short, with ugly words. Glamor-puss had quit him, cold.

A beautiful tramp had picked Christmas Eve to time her knockout punch on a badly wounded boy who'd just heard of his best friend's death.

It was as though I'd told him he could never go home again.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY a helicopter brought Cooper to the carrier. The pilots greeted him quietly. With Tinker on their minds, they couldn't find many words to say to this man who had just come back from the dead. But they made him know, and you got the feeling that it was just right, that he was one of them and they liked it that way. They broke out a long cloth sign that strung across the wardroom, and they unveiled a big, white-frosted cake with red-letter icing that read the same as the clowning sign: WELCOME HOME, HERO!

They were giving Cooper the business, and he was eating it up, like a man who'd been alone on a desert island for years and had just been rescued.

He broke away early and looked me up.

"This stuff about Tinker, Hack. Have I got it straight?"

I nodded.

"Could I see him?"

"Yes," I said. "I don't think he'll make it, Coop. I've tried it all, but I'm only a medicine man. Maybe you could tell him about Rusty."

TINKER'S face was to the wall as we came in; the room was in semi-darkness. I thought he was asleep. I bent over the bed.

"Tink."

I could feel him stir.

"That you, Hack?"

"Yes."

"Go away."

"Cooper's here, Tink."

"Cooper? Oh. . . . How was the trip?"

I stepped back and pushed Cooper up to the bed rail. He answered easily. "Oh, hot and cold."

Tinker stirred again and grunted what passed for a laugh.

"Will you look who's talking, Hack! How about Rusty, Coop? The fire . . . Did he know?"

"He didn't know, Tink."

There was quite a long silence. Then Tinker spoke again, slowly. "Thanks . . . for Rusty, Coop. It makes it easier . . . to know he didn't know. He was a good guy."

A longer silence then. I lit a cigarette, and put it to Tinker's lips.

Then Cooper said, his voice dropping to huskiness, "What's this about you, Tink. I hear you're not trying."

"No."

"Why?"

"It's the way the ball bounces, I guess. One day you're up there with the squadron, high as a cloud, and the next day you're down here in Hack's meat shack shot to hell and all alone." His breath came out in a long, slow sigh. "Won't make much difference in a hundred years, Coop."

"It does now. You're not alone."

"Who says?"

"I do. There's always someone who'll let you fly wing on him."

"Where'd you get that?"

"Took me a long time to find it out. You're never all alone in this world."

"That why you crashed with Rusty?"

"I suppose so. He needed a wing to fly on."

"You were a stinker, Coop. What changed you?"

"Doc, here, probably," Cooper said. "He's known me a lot of years. He gave it to me straight that I wasn't fit to have guys like Rusty and you and the others in my command. Doc was sort of rough."

I saw the handsome youngster's black hair turn against the white pillow. He was taking hold. A little more, I thought, and he'd get his fight back. I said, "Tink's wife quit him, Coop. She picked Christmas Eve . . ."

Cooper gave me a slight nod of understanding. He knew then the medicine had to be strong, had to catch while Tinker had his mind to it. He said, "You take it the way it's dealt, Tink. I came in from a strike once, back in the other war, and found out that a man had murdered my wife."

"Christ!" the wounded boy's whisper was barely audible.

"It put me in a flat spin," Cooper went on, and I could see what it was costing him, bringing his life out of the past and putting it like that, in cold words. "She'd been alone on the train, and I got the idea it was my fault. I figured because of that I had to go it alone from there. I started imagining every man I met was her killer—at least, he could have been her killer. I wanted to die. Every mission I flew I kept hoping I'd be killed—and I didn't give a damn how many men went with me. The more the better, I thought. They were men; they were responsible for her."

"So you forgot to fly wing?"

"That's about it. It took a lot of years, and Munger and Rusty and Hack, here, and you, before I got it straight."

Tinker was very quiet after that, his breathing even and deep. Cooper turned to me with the question in his eyes. Had it worked? Then we heard the squeak of bedsprings: Tinker had turned on his side, his unbandaged eye was looking up at me. The slow words came again, painfully.

"You heard Coop, Hack," he said. "You get your needles and bottles and bandages and that stinking stuff you tell me is good for me and let me fly wing on you for a while."

I bent over the bed. "Coming right up, Tink. Rendezvous on me."

THE carrier didn't operate for two days after Christmas. Then we got word we were going to Yokosuka for ten days' rest and repairs. We got back on the line in the middle of January and went into an interdiction program, cutting every transportation and communication line the Reds had in North Korea. Cooper's kids worked hard: they were good; they were the best. Then, finally, the great news came. The air group was to be detached from the carrier and sent home, gypsy style, any way, by air.

On the last day of operation, Cooper was killed. The engine of his heavily loaded plane coughed as he cleared the bow on take-off, caught, spluttered and died. The plane went down like a rock.

Some months later, in the Officers Club in Alameda, I was having that Scotch, relaxing, no cares and no missions to sweat out, when Tinker dropped in on me.

We talked about old times and old friends for a while. Finally Tinker said, "Cooper, Hack. That Navy Principle they throw at us, that 'Obedience alone gives the right to command' thing of Emerson's. Do you think it's what Cooper missed in those years?"

I nodded. "Yes. I think so. He had a feeling of never belonging to his men."

Tinker was thoughtful for some minutes. Then I saw his head nod slowly. "I guess so. . . . Well, he's fat now. Whoever they are, wherever they fight, he'll always be out there leading the squadron."

Cooper had earned his command. ■ ■

YOU CAN SEE THE *Difference!*

BRANDENFELS USERS HAVE GROWN HAIR!

Thousands of other men and women, report positive results while using BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR CARE! Why not you? Many of these people no longer deny themselves the pleasures life holds for them. The discouragement, the heartache, the embarrassment of unhealthy scalp conditions are relieved. By certified count, thousands of other Brandenfels' users have reported from one to all of the following results...

- ✓ RENEWED HAIR GROWTH
- ✓ LESS EXCESSIVELY FALLING HAIR
- ✓ RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
- ✓ IMPROVED SCALP CONDITIONS

Read how Brandenfels has helped them! . . . See how Brandenfels' research offers bald people new hope.

CALIFORNIAN GROWS HAIR!

"My hair was falling rapidly for 5 years. After using Brandenfels, fuzz began to grow in bald spots, and then fuzz turned to real brown hair."

HAROLD H. OTT
12023 Ham[illegible] St.
Culver City, Calif.

FINE, NEW HAIR APPEARING

"My hair line was receding, my scalp itched and my hair was dry. Now I have less excessively falling hair, my scalp condition has improved and I have a new growth of light, fine hair."

PERTON L. BASH
21 W. 5th Avenue
Gary, Indiana

PHOTOGRAPHER GETS RESULTS

Sgt. Matthew Jonas says, "Sure glad to see my hair popping up. I lost most of my hair on top...nothing worked until I used Brandenfels."

SGT. MATTHEW JONAS
112 East 7th Street
New York, New York

Before Today

Pleased Beyond Words, says Elder Beathover

"I was completely bald for years. After using Brandenfels, I now have all my hair back and get it crew-cut."

2905 N. Portland Blvd.,
Portland, Oregon

Before 21 Weeks

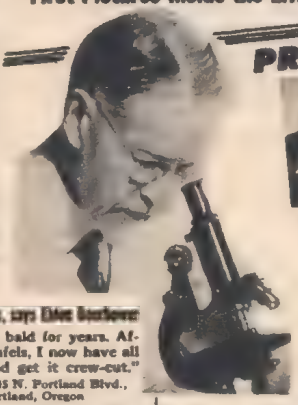
"MY WIFE SAYS I LOOK YEARS YOUNGER, SINCE MY HAIR GREW AGAIN"

—says this Tacoma, Washington, grocery store owner, E. "Al" Liefson. Even his most skeptical friends now remark about his amazing change in appearance.

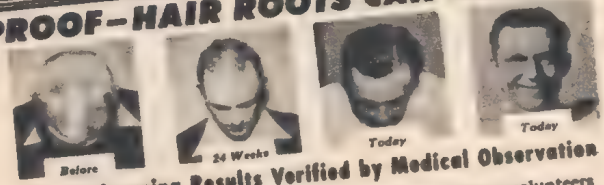
SEE FOR YOURSELF how Mr. Liefson appeared when CARL BRANDENFELS first saw him, then 21 weeks later, and see Mr. Liefson today! His wonderful experience has been duplicated by many other enthusiastic Brandenfels' users *all across the nation!*

Mr. Liefson as he appears today
7019 South Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wash.

First Pictures Inside the Living Bald Scalp



PROOF—HAIR ROOTS CAN BE ALIVE!



Before 24 Weeks Today Today

These Amazing Results Verified by Medical Observation

For several years, a large group of men and women volunteers have been using BRANDENFELS' under medical observation. Scalp sections from bald scalp areas in the test group microscopically revealed hair roots can be alive, *yet not producing hair.* The authenticity of these medical tests and results are documented by sworn testimony of the medical personnel who conducted the tests. Above, case L-1101, a 37-year-old man in test group showing the progress of new hair growth in *four* pictures.

Elaborate medical transcripts from Carl Brandenfels' FIRST sub-dermal Research Project indicate that the use of the BRANDENFELS' SYSTEM offers bald people wonderful new hope. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown hair. He does emphatically believe his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition that in many cases helps nature grow hair. CARL BRANDENFELS has over 17,000 certified letters of praise from enthusiastic users!

UNPRODUCTIVE HAIR FOLLICLE

Startling Microscopic evidence shows hair roots were alive... on Bald People!

ACT NOW!

If you are bald, or have excessively falling hair, unsightly dandruff scale, tight, itching scalp or other unhealthy scalp conditions not conducive to growing hair, ACT NOW! It may be possible for you to arrest these *scalp sicknesses* now. *It may even be possible for you to grow new hair.* Join the many thousands of people all across the nation who have found the answer to their scalp problems with BRANDENFELS' startling scientific discovery. Send right now for the BRANDENFELS' SYSTEM and immediately begin the use of these non-sticky, non-odorous secret formulas and unique pressure massage. *You'll be glad you did!* BRANDENFELS' HAIR & SCALP APPLICATIONS are pharmaceutically compounded in St. Helens, Oregon. They are the only formulas and massage of their kind in the entire world!

DON'T PUT IT OFF!

If you are losing your hair or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS and Pressure Massage. Don't delay...every day you wait may make your own problem much more difficult.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

WORLD-FAMOUS
Brandenfels
SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE
ST. HELENS, OREGON

No embarrassment, no time lost from work, no costly office treatments. Use these non-sticky, non-odorous formulas and the unique Brandenfels' Pressure Massage in the privacy of your own home. A 5-week supply costs $15.00 plus $3.00 Fed. Tax (total $18.00). Send your order today to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

—MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY BEFORE YOU FORGET IT!—

CARL BRANDENFELS, BOX 796, ST. HELENS, OREGON A-33

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a five-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15.00 plus 20% Federal Tax ($3.00), total $18.00 (will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone ____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check ☑ the following on which you want specific information.

☐ Excessively Falling Hair
☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
☐ Alopecia

ask ADVENTURE EXPERTS

THE ASK ADVENTURE SERVICE is free, provided self-addressed envelope and FULL POSTAGE for reply are enclosed. Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries must enclose International Reply Coupons, which are exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union. *Air Mail* is quicker for foreign service!

Send each question *direct* to the expert in charge of the section whose field covers it. He will reply by mail. *Do Not* send questions to the magazine, unless so indicated (*c/o Adventure*). Explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question. The magazine does not assume any responsibility. *No Reply* will be made to requests for partners, financial backing or employment.

*(*Enclose addressed envelope with International Reply Coupon*)

SPORTS AND HOBBIES

American Folklore and Legend: *Songs, Dances, regional customs; African survivals, religious sects; voodoo*—HAROLD PREECE, c/o *Adventure*.

Archery—EARL B. POWELL, c/o *Adventure*.

Auto Racing—WALT WOESTMAN, 2310 Midlothian Drive, Altadena, Calif.

Baseball—FREDERICK LIEB, c/o *Adventure*.

Basketball—STANLEY CARHART, 99 Broad St., Mattawan, N. J.

Big Game Hunting in North America: *Guides and equipment*—A. H. CARHART, c/o *Adventure*.

Boxing—COL. JOHN V. GROMBACH, c/o *Adventure*.

Camping and Outdoor Cookery—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Canoeing—H. S. M. KEMP, 501 10th St., E., Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

Coins and Medals—WILLIAM L. CLARK, American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 156th, N. Y. C.

Diving, Spear Fishing—HILBERT SCHENCK, JR., 42 Laurel Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Fencing—COL. JOHN V. GROMBACH, c/o *Adventure*.

Fishing, Fresh Water—*Fly and bait casting; bait casting outfits; fishing trips*—JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT, 929 W. 4th St., Williamsport, Penna.

Fishing, Salt Water: *Bottom fishing, surf casting; trolling; equipment and locations*—C. BLACKBURN MILLER, c/o *Adventure*.

Fly and Bait Casting Tournaments—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Maine.

Globetrotting and Vagabonding—NORMAN D. FORD, c/o *Adventure*.

Hiking—DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE, c/o *Adventure*.

Horses and Horsemanship—JOHN RICHARD YOUNG, c/o *Adventure*.

Lost Treasure: *Tales of Lost mines and treasure*—RAYMOND DOW, 2922 164th St., Flushing, N. Y.

Motor Boating—GERALD T. WHITE, Montville, N. J.

Rare Books and First Editions—KENNETH A. FOWLER, c/o *Adventure*, or P. O. Box 85, Copake Falls, N. Y.

Rifles, Pistols, Revolvers: *American and foreign*—ROY S. TINNEY, Brielle, N. J.

Shotguns: *American and foreign; wing shooting and field trials; gunsmithing*—ROY S. TINNEY, Brielle, N. J.

Small Boating and Cruising: *Skiffs, sailboats, powerboats, outboards*—COL. ROLAND BIRNN, c/o *Adventure*.

Songs of Campfire, Foe'sle and Bunkhouse—HARRY KIRBY MCCLINTOCK, 3911 So. Pacific Ave., San Pedro, Calif.

Swimming—LOUIS DEB. HANDLEY, 115 West 11th St., N. Y., N. Y.

Track—JACKSON SCHOLZ, R. D. No. 2, Doylestown, Pa.

Woodcraft—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Wrestling—MURL E. THRUSH, New York Athletic Club, 59th St. and 7th Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SUBJECTS

Anthropology: *American, north of the Panama Canal: customs, dress, architecture, pottery and decorative arts, weapons and implements, fetishism, social divisions*—ARTHUR WOODWARD, Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

Entomology: *Insects and spiders; venomous and disease-carrying insects*—DR. S. W. FROST, 465 Foster Ave., State College, Penna.

Forestry, North American: *The U. S. Forestry Service, our national forests, conservation and use*—A. H. CARHART, c/o *Adventure*.

Forestry, Tropical: *Tropical forests and products*—WM. R. BARBOUR, care of U. S. Forest Service, Glenn Bld., Atlanta, Ga.

Herpetology: *Reptiles and amphibians*—CLIFFORD H. POPE, c/o *Adventure*.

Horology: *The science of time and timekeepers*—JOHN W. MCGRATH, 305 Riverside Drive, Apt. 7C, New York 25, N. Y.

Mining, Prospecting, and Precious Stones: *Anywhere in North America, Prospectors' outfitting; any mineral, metallic or non-metallic*—VICTOR SHAW, Star Route 2, Lake Hughes, California.

Radio: *History, operation, broadcast, short wave; Television*—DONALD MCNICOL, c/o *Adventure*.

Railroads: *In the United States, Mexico and Canada*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Paris, Ill.

Sawmilling: HAPSBURG LIEBE, c/o *Adventure*.

MILITARY, NAVAL AND POLICE

United States Army—COL. R. G. EMERY, U.S.A. Ret., c/o *Adventure*.

United States Coast Guard—LIEUT. C. B. LEMON, U.S.C.G., Ret., Box 221 Equinunk, Wayne Co., Penna.

Merchant Marine—KERMIT W. SALYER, c/o *Adventure*.

Military Aviation—O. B. MYERS, c/o *Adventure*.

Federal Investigation Activities—*Secret Service, immigration, Customs, Border Patrol, etc.*—FRANCIS H. BENT, c/o *Adventure*.

The French Foreign Legion—GEORGE C. APPELL, c/o *Adventure*.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police—H. S. M. KEMP, 501 10th St., E., Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.

State Police—FRANCIS H. BENT, c/o *Adventure*.

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

***New Guinea**—L. P. B. ARMIT, c/o *Adventure*.

***New Zealand, Cook Island, Samoa**—TOM L. MILLS, Kilmarnock House, 1 Severn St., Island Bay, Wellington, New Zealand.

***Australia**—ALAN FOLEY, 234 Elizabeth St., Sydney, Australia.

***South Sea Islands**—WILLIAM MCCREADIE, Taylor Memorial Home, 79 Lagoon St., North Narrabeen, N.S.W., Australia.

Hawaii, Christmas, Wake, Canton, Midway and Palmyra Islands—CARL J. KUNZ, 211-3 Naska, Kahului, Maui, T.H.

Africa, Part 1 **Libya, Morocco, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan*—CAPT. H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C. 2 *Abyssinia, Italian Somaliland, British Somali Coast Protectorate, Eritrea, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya*—GORDON MACCREAGH, c/o *Adventure*. 3 *Tripoli, Sahara caravans*—CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, c/o *Adventure*. 4 *Bechuanaland, Southern Africa, Angola, Belgium Congo; Egyptian Sudan and French West Africa*—MAJOR S. L. GLENISTER, c/o *Adventure*.

Madagascar—RALPH LINTON, Yale University, Institute of Human Relations, 333 Cedar Street, New Haven 11, Connecticut.

Asia, Part 1 **China, Japan, Hong Kong*—THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON, Constitutional Club, Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2, England. 2 **Siam, Malay States, Straits Settlements, Java, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, Ceylon*—V. B. WINDLE, Box 813, Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. 3 *Persia, Arabia*—CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, c/o *Adventure*. 4 *Palestine*—CAPTAIN H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C. 5 *Afghanistan, Northern India, Kashmir, Khyber Pass*—ROLAND WILD, 1765 Esquimalt Ave., W. Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

***The British Isles: Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus**—THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON, Constitutional Club, Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2, England.

South America, Part 1 *Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile*—EDGAR YOUNG, c/o *Adventure*. 2 *Brazil*—ARTHUR J. BURKS, c/o *Adventure*.

West Indies—JOHN B. LEFFINGWELL, Bradenton Beach, Florida.

Baffinland and Greenland—VICTOR SHAW, c/o Lake Hughes, California.

***Newfoundland**—CAPT. LEO MURPHY, J. P., House of Assembly, Colonial Bldg., St. John's, Newfoundland.

Mexico, Part 1 *Northern Border States*—J. W. WHITEAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex. 2 **West Coast beginning with State of Sinaloa; Central and Southern Mexico, including Tabasco, Chiapas, Campeche, Quintana, Roo and Yucatan*—WALLACE MONTGOMERY, c/o *Adventure*.

Canada, Part 1 **Southeastern Quebec*—WILLIAM MACMILLAN, 89 Laurentide Ave., Quebec, Canada. 2 **Southern Ontario*—HARRY M. MOORE, 579 Isabella, Pembroke, Ont., Canada. 3 **Northern Saskatchewan: Indian life and language, hunting, trapping*—H. S. M. KEMP, 501 10th St., E., Prince Albert, Sask., Canada. 4 **Yukon, British Columbia, Northwest Territories, Alberta, Western Arctic*—PHILIP GODSELL, 1109 13th St. W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Alaska—PHILIP GODSELL, 1109 13th St. W., Calgary Alberta, Canada.

Western U. S. Part 1—*Pacific Coast States*—FRANK WINCH, c/o *Adventure*. 2 *New Mexico; Indians, etc.*—H. F. ROBINSON, 221 Tulane Br. S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico. 3 *Nevada, Montana and Northern Rockies*—FRED W. EGELSTON, P. O. Box 297, Elko, Nev. 4 *Idaho and environs*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St. Paris, Ill. 5 *Arizona, Utah*—C. C. ANDERSON, 2940 East Brill St., Phoenix, Ariz. 6 *Texas, Oklahoma*—J. W. WHITEAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex.

Eastern U. S. Part 1 *Maine*—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Me. 2 *Vt., N. H., Conn., R. I., Mass.*—HOWARD R. VOIGHT, P. O. Box 716, Woodmont, Conn. 3 *Chesapeake Bay and tributaries; inland waterways, New York to Florida*—COL. ROLAND BIRNN, c/o *Adventure*. 4 *Ala., Tenn., Miss. N. C., S. C., Fla., Ga.*—HAPSBURG LIEBE, c/o *Adventure*. 5 *The Great Smokies and Appalachian Mountains south of Virginia*—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

"GO TO CLOSE QUARTERS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

at the reminder of Potter's stupidity. There wasn't much time. The Reb flew at top speed towards a little-used channel south of the shoal where the monitor was stationed.

"Shake a leg!" he roared into the voice tube.

The Commodore impassively stood by, hands behind his back. The nearby flagship hastily shook out sail that gave her bare steerageway, but was foiled by the shrewd choice of the runner. A slight southerly wind blew in the teeth of the powerless Yankee ships. Only the *Quahog*, anxious to be free of her hampering hook, had a chance.

But the *Quahog* didn't get free in time to bring her twin Dahlgrens onto the runner. Nearby, painfully conscious of the Commodore's frosty scrutiny, the skipper of the plodding flagship lobbed a ranging shell at the swift Reb. The sparkling, smoke-trailed globe skipped twice in showers of spray and threw up an exploding column far short.

As the Reb slowed to enter the minefields, bright flags suddenly sprang up on the beach to provide guiding ranges. Galled by the pitifully slow clank of his chain, Rowan decided to run over his anchor. "All engines ahead slow," he said into the engine room voice tube.

"Belay that!" the Commodore snapped. "I can't get you new ground tackle every time you decide to get underway."

"Belay that," Rowan numbly repeated.

"Can't your people even unmoor?" the Commodore asked kindly.

Rowan was mute, unaware at the time that Potter had ordered the engineer to bleed the anchor windlass line before the inspection. Rowan was commanding officer of a ship and her failures were his failures without any excuses.

"Secure," the Commodore said. "You're too late."

The steamer was in beneath the fort's guns. Rowan stolidly secured the ship, wishing that Smithwick was his Exec instead of Potter. But Smithwick had only the instincts of a gentleman and the skill of an officer. Smithwick didn't have education or patronage behind him.

Rowan was woodenly aware that his failure to perform a simple maneuver, right on top of an unfavorable inspection, could wipe out his years of excellent reputation.

"Watch that Reb," the Commodore said. "He's a good ship-handler." The Commodore carefully studied the fort perched atop an artificial island in the harbor mouth. Built on top of stones laboriously dumped in the shallows splitting the main channel, the long, low fort offered the point of a "V" to the sea. It was flawlessly engineered and kept the wooden blockaders respectfully away. Fire from guns mounted close to the water was the most deadly of all.

"What's the armament?" the Old Man asked.

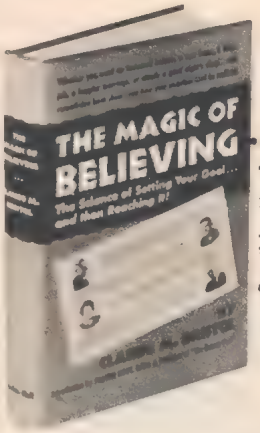
"About twenty guns, sir."

"About?" the Old Man echoed caustically.

Rowan flushed. "I can't say exactly,

Start Using FREE for 10 Days

THE POWER THAT CAN GET YOU ANYTHING IN LIFE YOU WANT!



Whatever you want in 1953—a new home, a happier marriage, a healthy state of mind and body, a better job, more money—here is a remarkable method for turning your desires into REALITIES:

THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING

(The Science of Setting Your Goal—and then Reaching It)

by Claude M. Bristol, writer, lawyer, lecturer

This unusual book shows you how to put your *inner mind* to work—how to utilize the power of your subconscious mind to help you overcome obstacles and *succeed in whatever you want to accomplish.*

Here is the secret of what women call intuition—religious leaders call revelation—gamblers call hunch—top executives call personal magnetism. "The Magic of Believing" shows you:

- **How you can win success by working less hard than you do now.**
- **How belief makes things happen.**
- **How to get what you want easily through a process of making mental pictures.**
- **How to use "the law of suggestion" to step up your effectiveness in everything you do.**
- **How to let your imagination find the ways and means of pushing obstacles aside for you.**
- **How to use proven techniques that focus your efforts and insure success.**
- **How to project your thoughts and turn them into achievements.**

Hard work alone will not bring success, Mr. Bristol shrewdly emphasizes. He shows you how you can harness the unlimited energies of your subconscious mind, and make use of it in *practical ways* to obtain the things you want and to become what you would like to be. Here are some of the common-sense pointers this book offers for getting the things you want:

1. **Don't reach for the moon. If you're earning $7,500 now and want more, begin by shooting for $10,000 or $15,000.**
2. **Sustained concentration is difficult, so use the 3 mechanical devices the book recommends to keep your subconscious constantly reminded of your goal.**
3. **Don't put off decisions. Make them for better or worse, and act on them.**
4. **Forget the past. Leave your subconscious free to deal with today's problems.**
5. **Steer clear of negative thinkers. Their pessimism will seep through to you in the same way your confidence communicates itself to others.**

You can put this powerful force to work for you at once. *In just 10 days you will begin to see how this remarkable method can change your entire life!* This is the "extra brain" that worked for Edison when he conceived the electric light while he slept; that plots the novels of famous novelists, like Louis Bromfield; that solves the problems of America's top executives. As it works for them; it can work for you! It will reveal to you what steps to take; what decisions to make; who to see; what to say; when and how. "The Magic of Believing" can enable YOU to turn ideas into riches, dreams into reality; failure into success.

Read this remarkable book 10 days free. Mail coupon below.

Here Is Proof That "The Magic of Believing" Brings Practical Results!

"I got a job I have been wanting and trying to get over a year." — *D. M. Eade, Englewood, Calif.*

"Inspired my wife and self to enter local skill contest and win first prize of $1,500 mink cape —out of 21,000 contestants!"— *K. C. Stevener, Gardena, Calif.*

"An exceedingly practical analysis of the technique of mental power . . . a guidebook to success."—*Mrs. R. Bondurant, Portland, Ore.*

"It's a grand book . . . and promises to do an unlimited amount of good for all who read it."—*Ted Malone, noted radio artist.*

"This book is magic! Startling and instantaneous results seem to follow every chapter. Truly one of the best investments I have ever made."—*Mrs. J. F. Olsen, Duluth, Minn.*

Send coupon to get your free examination copy!

PRENTICE-HALL, Inc., Dept. T-A-453
70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

Without obligation, send me a copy of "THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING," by Claude M. Bristol, for 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. At the end of 10 days I will either return the book and owe nothing—or keep it and send only $1.00 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and then $1.00 a month until the low price of only $3.95 is paid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State.....

sir. They have about fifty emplacements and continually shift. They keep three eight-inch Brooke rifles at the angle."

"Any flanking batteries?"

Rowan looked at the wild, salt marsh stagnant in the hot summer sun. The monontonous strips of sandy ground were broken by occasional hummocks. Any one had at one time or another concealed small batteries brought in during the night. "No permanent works, sir."

"Ever been close enough to see?"

Rowan's previous commanders hadn't allowed him to pursue runners within a thousand yards of the fort. On those occasions, Rowan had been too busy to survey the night-shrouded shore. "No, sir."

"Sail in the northeast, sir," Hoskins said.

The Commodore glanced. "Don't be alarmed. It's a dispatch boat. Tell me what you know about the defenses here."

When the Old Man was gone, Rowan brooded on his ugly, plated deck, not blinding himself to the rust. No matter what went wrong, a captain was responsible for his ship. The *Quahog* had been given a chance for salvation and hadn't delivered. That was all there was to it. Smithwick came up and explained about the steam line. Rowan was scarcely interested. "I guess we'd better paint ship. He'll be back in two days."

"Ventura is in the paint locker now, sir," Smithwick said.

"Paint makes a fighting ship," Rowan said bitterly. "My compliments to Mr. Potter. I want him immediately in the cabin." Dispiritedly he went down the forward hatch into the wardroom. Lieutenant Bennett, the Egineer, was worrying over a pot of coffee. Sitting down, Rowan accepted a cup.

Sodden in stinking, greasy clothes, Bennett looked across the table. "I'm repacking that valve."

Rowan nodded.

"Right now," Bennett said, "I wouldn't give a Confederate dollar for the whole ship. You can't beat up machinery forever."

"Can you do a quick paint job in your squirrel cages?"

"Will do. It won't dry, of course. That's a dockyard job."

"'A clean ship is a taut ship,'" Rowan said. He put down his cup. Coffee had lost its flavor. He went into the closet-sized cabin that was the magnificent symbol of his authority.

The monitor pitched in the outrunners of a storm on its way up from the Indies. Rowan grinned at himself. Even nature was making a fool of him. If the storm came in, painting was impossible, but he doubted if that would make any difference to the Old Man. Rowan worked up the energy to take off his jacket. He was at the end of command. He'd finish the war pushing a pen somewhere, branded for retirement when the Rebs quit. His years at Annapolis wouldn't matter. He had failed in discipline, in ship handling, and in knowing the strength of the enemy on his front.

Potter cleared his throat. "You sent for me, sir?"

Rowan sat back. Somehow it didn't seem worth it to chew out Potter for the steam line. In fact, studying Potter's face, Rowan began to suspect that perhaps Potter had done some cunning planning in connection with crippling the ship for proper performance of duty. "Yes," Rowan said. "Never let your personal ambition interfere with your duty."

Potter professed to be puzzled. "Sir?" he exclaimed.

"You have a lot to learn if you want my job. The ship comes first."

Potter flushed. "Who said I want your job? Who—"

Rowan was suddenly very, very tired. "That's all," he said, and waved his hand.

Rowan woke instantly when Hoskins touched his shoulder and said, "Message from the flag, sir."

"What is it?" Rowan asked, not wasting time to grab at the signal flimsy, but reaching for his clothes.

"'Engage fort at close quarters,'" Hoskins read. "'Destroy steamer at dock. Fleet will support.'"

"Pass the word." Rowan said. He bumped into his white-faced Exec near the turret.

Potter was shaking. "It is true?"

"Certainly," Rowan smiled. "Your friend isn't taking any chances on stepping you up the ladder." He enjoyed watching Potter change from spoiled adolescence to terrified maturity. Potter, at least, knew about the Brooke rifles. At close quarters, they'd crash steel bolts through the turret armor. Potter's battle station was in the turret and he was suddenly satisfied to be a mere Lieutenant. "When you want to get rid of a man," Rowan said, "give him an impossible order. Then make sure he doesn't have time to pull a miracle out of a hat."

"He doesn't know what he's sending us into! He'd never expect us to take on Brookes! You've got to tell him!"

"Afraid to lose your ship before you get her?"

"It's insane!"

"Let me have that in writing," Rowan suggested wryly.

"It's your duty to protest, sir."

"I've already told him," Rowan said evenly. "Man your station or I'll enjoy telling your friend it was necessary to shoot you for cowardice in the face of the enemy."

Staring into Rowan's contemptuous eyes, Potter learned for the first time that orders are meant to be obeyed. He stood back to let Rowan pass.

Empty, burned-out, Rowan felt like a gladiator hamstrung on the sand with a roaring crowd turning thumbs down. Down deep, he hadn't really believed the Old Man would play politics when there was a war on. It was one thing in peacetime. It was next to treason in war. It wasn't right for the Old Man to expose a good ship to heavy damage for trivial reasons.

A gunner touched his arm at the ladder. "Don't worry, Cap'n. We'll get it back for you."

And Rowan didn't have to ask the meaning of the remark. He went to his post atop the turret, leaving behind the twin eight-ton monsters that were the monitor's sole reason for existence. The gunners were grinning as they readied their pieces for the heavy projectiles. There was the humming satisfaction of a busy, happy home in the turret.

Under the open sky, Rowan felt better. There were some things no Commodore could take away from him. One was the boastful banter filtering up through the turret gratings under his feet. Hoskins had the quartermaster gang imperturbably wire brushing the topside fittings. "Storm making up in the southeast, Cap'n."

Rowan nodded. The darkening sky confirmed the promise of the morning squall and the increasing sea swell. Gunnery would be tough. "Knock off that wire brushing."

"Smitty'll skin us, Cap'n."

"I'll put in a word for you," Rowan grinned. "Knock it off." He went to the chart table where Hoskins had forehandedly laid out the piloting gear.

"Chart's too old to be trusted," Hoskins said. "I'd like to have leadsmen on the lee of the turret to run a string of soundings."

Rowan agreed it was a good idea. No one except the Rebs, who busily rowed about at night shifting mines, could tell how the sand bars had shifted since peacetime. In this respect, at least, the day would prove useful. "See to the boat."

"I have, Cap'n."

Rowan didn't have to look to know that the monitor's big pulling boat was carefully trailed astern, beyond reach of shot ricocheting from her armor. Hitching his heavy Navy Colt's revolver comfortably about on his thin hip, he glanced at the squadron. The ships slowly maneuvered to form in a classic line ahead, ready to deploy massed firepower at the Commodore's will. The *Quahog* would have a good audience.

Rowan waved in salute to his friends who did not dare even come as close as he was then. He turned to the fort. At the garrison dock, the impudent steamer was boldly unloading her precious stores. The sooner he got in, the less the Rebs would have.

"Stream the battle colors," he ordered.

PROCEEDING slowly to allow the squadron to reach long range support at the time he could open with five-second fuses, Rowan finally settled on his battle plan and sent for Potter and Smithwick, who had to understand his intentions.

"I have an exact fix for five-second range," he said, gesturing toward landmarks which would position the *Quahog* exactly. "We'll heave to there long enough for you to silence the Brookes."

The wrinkled worry left Potter's face. Five seconds range cut down the striking velocity of the Brooke projectiles. They had a chance. "That's excellent, sir."

"I thought you'd approve," Rowan said drily. "Smithwick, you'll concentrate on the embrasures."

"Aye, aye, sir." Smithwick, too, was pleased. At a thousand yards, Smithwick was a sharp shooter. But he was also somewhat malicious. "The wind cuts across our line of sight. We'd do better in closer."

"Ridiculous!" Potter said, having just grown to feel safe behind nine inches of armor.

"Our friends haven't been able to afford our practice." Rowan said. "I don't want any fancy shooting. Just dismount those Brookes."

Smithwick's eyes twinkled. "The crew'll be disappointed."

"Better disappointed than dead," Rowan smiled and turned to Potter. "I must warn you that five-second range isn't close quarters. Would you care to submit your objections about my loose interpretation of orders? In writing."

"No, sir!" Potter said emphatically. "You're right, sir."

Rowan's smile disappeared. "Very well." He didn't point out that Potter was thereby involved with him, as Hoskins dutifully scribbled every word of the conference into the rough log. "Get that steamer before she runs."

WHEN the *Quahog* turned into the channel, occasional white caps raced on the waves boiling in the shallows. Pounding the monitor's quarter, the sea rhythmically lifted and dropped her broad-beamed hull. She looked like a sluggish porpoise.

Huddled against the forward rim of the turret, the freshening wind cooling his face, Rowan alternately scanned the water and his landmarks. Behind him, Hoskins plotted bearings and made sounding corrections. Behind Hoskins, hugging the voice tubes, a quartermaster striker peered through the slits in the slab-sided, armored pilothouse and prayed that he would soon be permitted to close the door against an air burst.

Suddenly, Rowan snatched at his revolver. "All engines back full!"

Rowan braced his gun hand. His aim steadied on a conical canister lazily bobbing a few yards ahead, cut loose by the timber minesweep. The thrashing screws carried the *Quahog* several feet forward before Bennett reversed them.

It required several careful shots from the big Colt to detonate the torpedo. Abruptly, just off the bow, the deadly contraption thundered in a column of water. The explosion countermined another pair. Angry boils of foam, bigger than the ship, thumped her hull.

"Damn the Russian who invented contact mines," Rowan muttered and turned to the hut. "All engines stop!"

Hoskins emerged from the pilot house.

What Is This World Coming To?

ATOMIC WAR

Read the AMAZING NOSTRADAMUS PREDICTIONS that have startled the ENTIRE WORLD!

Just a few events from Nostradamus Predictions: ATOMIC WARFARE, RETURN OF HITLER, WAR WITH RUSSIA, Date of Next World War, Cataclysmic Destruction of Great Cities, TIME OF PEACE ON EARTH.

PAST EVENTS ACCURATELY PREDICTED *including dates:* French Revolution. London fire. American Revolution. Abraham Lincoln. F.D.R.

WHAT IS THIS WORLD COMING TO?

This—the ONLY existing edition of the authentic words of famous NOSTRADAMUS—will give you more than 1000 prophecies dating to the year 3797 A.D. Interpreted in plain, easy-to-understand language by the famed Henry C. Roberts.

Nostradamus predictions have never been disproved! Here in one Big revealing volume you will find the famous and complete predictions of the GREAT NOSTRADAMUS. Past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. Now see what may be in store for us in the future. Clothbound — over 350 Pages

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

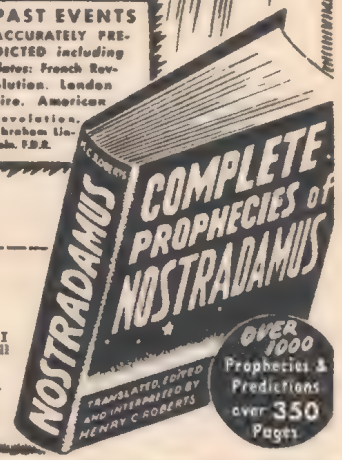
NOSTRADAMUS Inc., Dept. A-4
380 Canal Street
New York, N. Y.

Please rush my copy of NOSTRADAMUS in plain wrapper. I have enclosed $4.00, send book postpaid. If not satisfied, I will return book in 10 days for FULL refund of purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....


NOSTRADAMUS
COMPLETE PROPHECIES of NOSTRADAMUS
TRANSLATED, EDITED AND INTERPRETED BY HENRY C. ROBERTS
OVER 1000 Prophecies & Predictions over 350 Pages

THE PIPE SMOKER'S DREAM COME TRUE

Every Pipeful Proves . . .

- NO BREAKING IN!
- READY-MADE CAKE!
- DOUBLE-COOLING ACTION!
- CANNOT BURN THROUGH!
- FEATHER-WEIGHT!
- FLAT BASE, WILL NOT TIP!
- FINEST QUALITY IMPORTED BRIAR!
- INTERCHANGEABLE CERAMIC FILTER BOWLS!

DR. PHILIP'S PIPE is the best!

SHORT SMOKE MODEL ONLY $4.50

LONG SMOKE MODEL ONLY $5.50

(Both come with four extra bowls)

The ideal pipe for the STEADY SMOKER and especially the NEW SMOKER. Smokes dryer, cooler, cleaner. Ceramic bowls are interchangeable. Each pipe comes with FOUR extra bowls!

●

If not satisfied that this is the most amazing pipe you have ever owned, return within ten days and your money will be refunded!

QUALITY AGENCY
214 East 45th St., New York 17, New York

Please send me postpaid . . . . Dr. Philip's pipe (s).

I enclose $.....to cover the cost of the pipe I have checked below.

☐ SHORT SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS @ $4.50
☐ LONG SMOKE MODEL plus 4 EXTRA BOWLS @ 5.50

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....Zone....STATE.....

(Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

"Mr. Bennett reports no damage, Cap'n."

Rowan was reloading the empty chambers in his pistol. "Send your leadsmen below. We won't be lucky twice."

"They know we need soundings, Cap'n."

Rowan studied Hoskins. "Very well. All ahead dead slow." He glanced at the squadron majestically standing in and wondered what the Commodore thought about mines. For nearly a minute, the *Quahog* had been hidden in spray. Mines had a way of changing a man's view.

Smithwick appeared. "Rivets started in forward hold, Cap'n. Can be serious."

"Will the pumps keep up?"

Smithwick nodded, then pointed ahead. "Steamer is getting underway!"

"Seven-second fuses!" Rowan snapped. "Fire when ready!" He spoke to Smithwick's vanishing head.

Seconds later, a whistle blew and Rowan cupped his ears against muzzle blast. Hoskins angrily weighted down his charts. Barely clear of the dock, the steamer frantically turned toward the channel. Her boldness in delay gave the Dahlgrens a fair mark. The heavy guns crashed. Black banshees screeched off in flat trajectory. The shells bounded almost in unison, soared into another long flight straight at the runner, and then answered their Bohrman fuses in dazzling puffs of flame and smoke.

Rowan was certain they were hits, but the steamer's smokestacks clogged with a thick, dirty cloud of turpentine rags. She darted toward the shelter of the island's lee. The Dahlgrens had one more chance. The fused shells showered the steamer with flailed spray, but she kept on going and mockingly disappeared.

Rowan sagged. The Commodore was going to ask why the Dahlgrens hadn't tried sooner. He could only answer that provoking enemy fire meant an end to soundings. That wasn't good enough.

"Coming on station!" Hoskins said.

Rowan checked the landmarks. They were at five-second range. He hesitated so soon after his failure with the steamer to deliberately and openly disobey the Old Man, but his decision was for his men. He stopped and squinted through the gratings to see his half-naked gunners. "Pick up designated target fort! Commence firing!"

The Rebs beat the *Quahog* to the punch. Thick, black smoke billowed abruptly from the low, dun-colored works.

HE COWERED in the storm. Gambling on an air burst driving splinters into the Dahlgren crews through the gratings, the Rebs were firing shell as well as shot. Rowan never liked the musical whistling of slivered metal. At least the approaching squadron would silence some of that. The Brookes that could punch holes in the turret were enough for him to worry about. As the storm c r a c k l e d away, he rose to watch the first mighty salvoes from the squadron.

The great ships were silent.

"Message from the flag, Cap'n," said a quartermaster striker. "'Go to close quarters as ordered.'"

Rowan went red with shame and fury. The Commodore's order flew on bunting visible to the whole squadron and there was no signal for the big ships to engage. All eyes were on the *Quahog*. And then, Rowan suddenly made sense out of the *Quahog's* senseless mission.

It was simplicity itself.

The Commodore knew there'd be talk in squadron wardrooms if a skipper was relieved merely for failing to keep a clean ship, and a man made skipper who was known to be politically important. Rowan had friends. They'd defend his reputation in the fleet.

But they couldn't defend him if Rowan was relieved for military failure! Now, where all his friends could read it, was a reprimand for being off station. The signal was being written into the logbooks of every ship; the *Quahog* had to have a second command to close with the enemy.

THERE wasn't much to say after that. It was as neat and as clean as the Old Man's passion for spotless paint work, only underneath, it was dirtier than the bilges of Hell.

"All engines ahead full!" he ordered.

"Can't take soundings at full speed, Cap'n," Hoskins said gently.

"Damn it!" Rowan growled and then was snubbed short by the disbelief in the quartermaster's eyes. Going full speed meant complete disregard for the safety of ship and crew. Rowan felt the weight of full power of command, godlike in unanswerable omnipotence. He had only to repeat the order and Hoskins would obey. Rowan said, "All ahead slow."

Soberly, Hoskins passed the word.

Then, while Rowan studied the fort, a screaming tiger roared at the *Quahog* on her starboard beam. Rowan jerked about. One of the innocent hummocks of sand less than a half-mile away was unmasked as a heavy battery of Brookes. More smoke further toward the harbor disclosed another. The monitor was caught in broadside fire by mighty guns that could make toothpicks out of wooden ships.

"Reckon that does it," Hoskins said enigmatically.

Rowan stared at him. This was the final straw. Those batteries could have been there for months and he hadn't found them before. The Commodore didn't need any more evidence to brand him as unfit for command. "What do you mean?"

Hoskins shrugged, his thin, weather-beaten face indicating that he was in this with his Cap'n.

"How close can we get?"

"'Nother four hundred, Cap'n."

"Right full rudder," Rowan snapped. Squatting to look down through the turret gratings, he called Smithwick over and explained he was going to steer in a tight circle while his gunners worked over the Brookes. Smithwick peeled off his shirt. Gray light barred his strong face, but his grin was obvious. Rowan stood up.

Under him, the *Quahog* was vibrant with eagerness to vindicate her skipper. The Dahlgrens pounded again. Rowan's ears rang as his feet automatically turned with the turret's swing, so that he always faced the enemy. Smithwick stopped the turret when the guns were away from harm. Rowan started toward Hoskins' chart to plot in the new batteries.

The *Quahog* jarred in a mighty convulsion.

Rowan was off balance when the ship heaved. He fell, twisting backward, frantically grabbing for a handhold. He missed. He dreamily saw the checkerboard gratings waiting as he crashed full weight. A velvet curtain dropped to shield him from the first shock of snapping bones. Crumpled on the gratings, his body momentarily numb, he cursed the mines and his failure to see them. He fought to remain conscious. If he went out, Potter succeeded to command at once. The *Quahog* wouldn't have a chance.

As the turbulence of the mine subsided, the monitor thrashed like a harpooned shark. "All engines stop!" he gasped, when Hoskins bent over him, but the thrashing was already dying down. The ship lay dead in the water. "Sit me up."

"Torpedo on the stern quarter, Cap'n," Hoskins said. He tried to make his hands gentle. Instead, he was a torturer as Rowan's arm and shoulder ground dully within his wasted flesh. The quartermaster striker leaned over to say Mr. Bennett reported the main shaft was deranged.

ROWAN nodded and pierced the anesthetic of oblivion to feel full force the pain of his shattered arm. A deranged shaft explained the thrashing. The monitor couldn't use her engines. A wobbling propellor would set up hull vibrations that would open her mine leaks to fatal size. Rowan cursed senselessly, in heartfelt release of pent-up exasperation and weariness. Dead in the water, within a thousand yards of three different sets of Brookes, the *Quahog* had become nothing more than a target ten yards wide and four high on which the Rebs could practise their shooting.

Rowan tried to get up and couldn't. Movement sent shocks down his spine and threatened to black him out. His mouth twisted in futility. His ship was broken, too, and he couldn't help her. He lifted pain-shot eyes to the scudding sky. There'd be no help from the squadron, either. Even without the Brookes, the big ships had to stay away from the unknown, pounding shoals.

"Boat broke loose, Cap'n," Hoskins said. "One of the leadsmen dove in and got it. We're ready to take you out to the flagship."

Stunned, Rowan stared at Hoskins. The *Quahog* was a death trap but the men he had brought to their end wanted him to get out while he could. Rowan's eyes moved to the soaked men shivering near the pilothouse, their gallant young eyes bright with unreasoning confidence. Rowan had to look away. A skipper had to be worthy of youngsters like that. "Officers report!" he croaked.

Thinking was like lifting an elephant, but mention of the boat told Rowan

there was something to be done. Something he had long ago settled with Smithwick should the monitor ever lose main propulsion in shallow water. He stared at Hoskins, waiting for his officers.

A shell broke like thunder overhead. Hoskins grunted in the spang of fragments. His body toppled onto Rowan, blood welling from a slash in the back. In answer, the turret jolted in recoil of the Dahlgrens and Rowan's broken bones absorbed every ounce of impact.

WHEN he could see and hear again, Bennett and Smithwick were with him. Hoskins was being bandaged. Rowan looked. "How is he?"

Hoskins twisted to see him and smiled. "Fine, skipper. With you in a minute."

That smile put fire in Rowan's heart. "Where's Mr. Potter?"

"Fighting the ship, Cap'n," Smithwick said sardonically.

"It's safer in the turret," Bennett said and then took some of the contempt out of his voice. "If you'd hurry, Cap'n, I'd like to get below." A spatter of water from a nearby projectile covered the turret. "Engineers can catch cold in weather like this."

Rowan grinned feebly. At least Potter was taken care of, as Hoskins scribbled away in the log. Potter should have pounced on a chance to take the command post even if it was exposed. Potter had been reduced to his true insignificance, Rowan dismissed him. "Main propulsion?"

"Gone," Bennett said. "They can't turn us down on repairs now. We'll have to be towed north." Bennett sublimely disregarded the trap that had snapped the *Quahog*. "Plenty of steam for the auxiliaries."

"Thank God!" Rowan said. He looked at Smithwick, who nodded. The monitor brought to with a gentle shock, finally aground. She was denied even the tiny security of drifting. The Rebs now had a stationary target to compensate for their lack of training.

"Well, well," Bennett said, tamping his pipe and looking out to sea. "They've come to life."

Over the shrieking wind, Rowan heard the distant booming rolling in as the squadron at last began to lay down the covering fire the monitor would need if she were to claw free. "We have power for the auxiliaries. You know what to do, Smitty."

"Sure, Steve," Smithwick said. "Take it easy."

As Smithwick whistled up a working party and disappeared over the rim of the turret, Rowan resisted the efforts made to carry him below. He insisted upon being propped up with his good arm gripping the turret rim so he could watch.

As absorbed in his work as though outfitting in a yard, Smithwick secured the running end of the towing hawser to the anchor pendant. The rest of the hawser he wound about the turret as though it were a gigantic windless. Smithwick and his thick-muscled men then rigged the anchor for suspension below the belly of the ship's pulling boat.

The Rebs shifted to shell. One was nearly a direct hit, but engineers poured in a stream from the forward hatch to stand side by side with the deck force until the anchor was rigged. Then, with the towing hawser bent on, Smithwick and a boat crew got in, and cast off.

Rowan took charge of paying out the hawser, gently turning the turret so that the line peeled off like thread from a spool. The boat became the target for the Rebs, but the sea came to Smithwick's aid. Thanks to the rising, man-high waves, the boat was only occasionally in sight from the waterline emplacements on the shore. Shells couldn't be fused exactly; they burst either short or over. Bolts were the big danger. They screamed in flat trajectory straight for Smithwick until a providential wave interposed its arresting bulk or dropped the boat in a moving trench of foaming gray water.

Finally, the last foot of hawser strained from a turret pad eye. Smithwick sounded his depth, streamed the anchor buoy, backed to provide slack, and let the anchor go.

Rowan felt the same mad pulse of exultation he had known when he stepped up to the Commandant at Annapolis and received his commission. He turned to Hoskins, whose voice was strong, and ordered the turret turned. The hawser stretched limply along the deck into the sea at first but the revolving turret gradually took out the slack until the hawser straightened into a ruler. For an anxious moment, Rowan stared and prayed.

He scarcely felt the tiny lurch when the monitor answered the saving pull to sea and slipped out of the hostile mud. Rowan's heart swelled and he ordered the turret spun at full speed to move as fast as possible. The Rebs, who had come dangerously close in correcting deflection for the wind, saw their target shift abruptly. Rowan mocked the salvo of shrill bolts that gouged metal from his bow, for his bow was now his stern, and the *Quahog* was underway.

It would be progressively easier for Smithwick to plant the anchor for further reaches to sea until the Commodore dared send a ship in to take the *Quahog* in tow.

He heard a voice beside him.

"I am ready to relieve you, sir," Potter said.

"Go to hell!" Rowan roared and paid the price of fury in collapse.

ROWAN didn't want to see the Old Man. He was too peaceful in his bunk with his shoulder and arm immobilized in a cast that the fleet surgeon had read about in an English medical journal and used instead of amputation.

The Commodore came in anyway, apologetically followed by Smithwick.

"How do you feel?" the Commodore said, and there wasn't a trace of curtness that went back to the days of crusty old Tom Truxtun.

Rowan murmured a polite statement about feeling perfect. He wished the Old Man would do his dirty work with a hammer instead of a stiletto.

"That was a smart piece of seaman-

Keith Monroe

Now Sells to Big Magazines

"What I learned about magazine writing from Palmer has been invaluable," says Keith Monroe, widely known writer whose articles appear in American, Post, Life, Reader's Digest, Ladies' Home Journal, etc.

Make Money Writing

Short Stories, Mysteries, Articles

Free Sample Lesson Shows How to Learn at Home for Part or Full Time Income

Have you ever had an urge to write? Have you or friends had interesting experiences or ideas about people, places, hobbies, sports, business or social activities, that might make interesting stories or articles for magazines, trade and club publications, etc.?

$300 to $1200 Extra Income

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week learning to write so you may earn $300 to $1200 a year extra income? Or many thousands on a full-time basis? We have helped many a clerk, soldier, housewife, mechanic or teacher to write for money. Why not you?

Earn While Learning

Now it's easier to learn than you may imagine, through Palmer's unique method of home-study training—for NOT just one field of writing, but for *all:* Fiction, Article, TV-Radio. Endorsed by famous authors—including Rupert Hughes, Katharine Newlin Burt, and hundreds of graduates. For instance: A. E. Van Vogt, leading science fiction writer, says, "Your course is excellent. It was a milestone in my career."

Student Wins Contest

"After a dozen lessons, I wrote a story which won a $100 prize, then brought a second check from *Black Book Detective*. Thanks to Palmer."—D. P. Coleman, San Francisco.

Sells Mystery for $110

"I now have a story in *Detective Story Magazine* for $110. So all your patience, kindness and helpfulness were not in vain. I am grateful to my instructor and other members of Palmer Institute."—A. T. Leaverton, Chicago.

***Post, Collier's,* CBS Writer Says:**

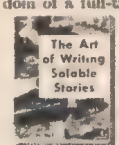
"Your simple, direct approach to the problems that confront a writer, how to meet these problems, recognize a story idea, plan and finish the story were of enormous value to me."—J. Graham Doar.

You receive *individual* coaching by professional writers who go over your writing, giving helpful suggestions and showing you how to correct weaknesses, how to capitalize on your good points. Thus *your own individual writing style* is developed. Study fast or slow. By learning at home, you save time and effort.

FREE Lesson Shows How

So you can see for yourself how you may cash in on the opportunities for new writers, we will send you free (1) a sample lesson, (2) an actual writing assignment, with (3) typical answers showing how professional writers do the work, and (4) a 40-page book, "The Art of Writing Salable Stories" describing your opportunities and giving details of our professional instruction.

Frankly, we make this offer because we are confident that when you see how interesting and helpful our training is you will want to get started earning extra money or enjoying the independence and freedom of a full-time writing career. No obligation; no salesman will call. Send *today*.



Palmer Institute of Authorship
1680 N. Sycamore, Desk AD-43
Hollywood 28, California

Established 1917
Member, National Home Study Council

Approved for Veterans

FREE

Palmer Institute of Authorship
1680 N. Sycamore, Desk AD-43
Hollywood 28, California

Please send me free sample lesson, with typical writing assignment, plus free book telling how your home-study training helps new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income. No salesman will call.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....
Please Print Clearly Veterans: Check here ☐

ship, getting out. From the log, I can see it was a case of good leadership."

"I told the Commodore, sir, that you had trained us in that operation long ago," Smithwick said. "May I ask a question, sir?"

"Well?" the Old Man growled, angry at being interrupted.

"Will we get prize money for the steamer that sank behind the fort, sir?" said Smithwick.

Even the Old Man grinned at such an innocent question designed to inform the *Quahog's* skipper that they hadn't failed in that part of their mission, after all. "Yes. Shove off, bosun."

The Commodore sat down. "You're due an explanation."

Rowan didn't even want to talk, much less to the Old Man. "Yes, sir."

"In case you were captured, I couldn't risk having this leak. I received confirmation this morning that within a week the Army is sending down a brigade. We're getting a monitor division. There'll be a combined attack on the defences here."

Rowan sat up. There was a good reason for his senseless mission, then.

"I sent you in to make them show us what they had. The steamer offered a pretext. I hope the Rebs think we went in just to get her."

Rowan grinned in spite of himself. The Old Man was pretty shrewd. Now that the defences were pinpointed and he had made a good chart, the monitors could easily support an Army assault. Rowan felt clean and good, almost ready to forgive the Old Man for truckling to Potter.

"Do you understand?" the Commodore asked.

"Yes sir."

The Old Man pulled on white gloves. "If you don't object, I'd like to do something about Mr. Potter."

Rowan no longer felt so clean and good.

"I'm recommending that he be put on shore duty," the Old Man said. "He's convinced me his hide is too valuable to expose to the enemy. All right?"

Rowan was utterly flabbergasted.

"If you want him," the Old Man continued. "That's your privilege. I just don't like the way he writes letters, that's all. He might write one about me some day."

Rowan's eyes began to shine.

"I suggest we make your bosun an Acting Ensign. He runs this ship anyway, so he may as well be Exec." The Old Man patted Rowan on the shoulder. "Have a pleasant voyage. I'm looking forward to having the *Quahog* back again."

And then his manner changed back to that of a new commander who has to set high standards so he can later relax. He reached out a gloved finger. A touch on the cabin panelling ruined the whiteness of his glove. "See that this is cleaned and painted."

Rowan grinned.

"It's the only place aboard that's still filthy. When I give an order, I want it obeyed. A clean ship is a taut ship, Mr. Rowan."

"Yes sir," Rowan said and watched the Commodore walk out. ■ ■

Low Smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

have grabbed for guns, Webb. It wasn't their money. They didn't use their heads."

"That's a hell of a way to put it! That agent had a wife and kids."

"Uh-huh." Purfield went to his horse. "Well, he should've thought about 'em. It was him or us."

"That's a damned poor answer, Starr!"

Purfield slapped the blanket on his roan so hard the animal tried to shy away. "The answer is, you've lost your guts. You've developed a streak."

Hyslip stepped over a log. He put his hand on his pistol. "What did you say?"

Surprise ran across Purfield's face. He stared at Hyslip for several moments. "That deal really did get under your hide, Webb." Purfield picked up his saddle. "All right, you're through. I'm not. Does that settle it?"

"It was settled with me last night."

Purfield grinned. "I shot my mouth off about you having a streak, Webb. You know I didn't mean it. We've said worse than that to each other."

The horses were rested and they were hungry, eager as the men to get out of the forest. But the fog was always ahead and the tangles of fire-killed trees seemed endless. The drizzling rain was like infinity itself. Before long, the stumbling over logs, the tearing of snags, the searing backlash of wet branches of the new growth timber drove the good humor from Purfield. "There's no end to this!" he said. "We should have tried to go around it when we first hit it."

They were in an old burn that might extend for miles. Hyslip said, "We can't do anything now but go ahead."

"That's wonderful advice. We should have—"

"We should have done a lot of things," Hyslip said. "Shut up."

Purfield shrugged his shoulders irritably. "Still got your mind made up?"

"Yes," Hyslip said.

"You'll look good, chousing old timber-running steers out of stuff like this for a living, holing up in some two-by-four line shack where the wind—"

"Don't worry about it, Starr."

Purfield grunted. They fought on, and after a while Hyslip felt like shaking his fist toward a sky they could not see, and screaming curses at the fog. His clothes were torn by snags. They were soaked, holding the clamminess against his skin.

"Payment for our sins." Purfield laughed bitterly.

Sometime later Hyslip, in the lead, began to notice a change in the timber. The bodies of the trees scattered on the ground were lighter colored; the snags still standing were gray and ghostly in the fog. In normal weather the sun would be strong here. They were breaking out at last.

"We could ride now, if the horses wasn't all beat down." Purfield's tone was lighter.

The sun burst through, almost directly overhead. They were on a grassy hill with only a few dead trees standing high above the feathery growth of new timber. Behind them, high on the mountain, was the desolate burn they had crossed. Far on beyond the banks of fog they saw blue mountains that faded into each other.

Purfield laughed. "We're in a brand-new country, Webb! I'll bet Fred Coplon has never been this far from home." He began to hum. "How about coffee?"

"When we get into the edge of the trees below."

Hyslip hauled Guppy's head around as the sorrel snaked its neck for another bit of grass. He started downhill after Purfield. The grass was wet and there was shale buried under the thin overburden. Guppy's front feet slipped as the shoes cut down against the sloping rock. The sorrel did not fall, but came lunging ahead hard to hold his balance.

Hyslip felt the slackness of the reins and tried to leap aside, but he was still cold and tired and slow. Guppy's shoulder struck him. He staggered ahead sidewise against the only dead tree that lay within a hundred feet. With one hand he grabbed a long limb snag. It broke loose at the rotting trunk and let him pinwheel over the log into an outcrop of rocks below.

When he came to there was smoke drifting across his face.

Purfield's beard-stubbled face wavered in the air above him. "How are you, Webb?"

"All right." Hyslip's tongue was thick.

"Sure. Your ribs are busted, and for a while I thought your head was, too."

Hyslip could see the sun now. It had fallen far to the west in the time he had been lying here. He tried to rise but he could not move. Purfield went to the fire and got the coffee pot.

"A drink of this will help." He tried to get Hyslip into a sitting position, but Hyslip's ribs were agony that flamed through his chest.

"Just leave me lay flat." After a time his headache dulled down, as long as he breathed carefully in shallow inhalations. "How many ribs?"

"Four or five, right under your arm."

Through half-closed eyes Hyslip stared at the sun. He was warm. He wanted to sleep. When the sun went down and he became chilled, he would get up and ride away on Guppy. "The sorrel—did he—"

"He's down in the grass eating his head off."

"Give me a few minutes to rest."

"Sure. Take it easy." Purfield grinned. "Still got your mind made up?"

Hyslip roused a little, and all the bitter facts came back to him. "I haven't changed my mind. I'm going east on this side of the Turrets."

Purfield nodded, and a moment later Hyslip slipped away into a half sleep.

He came almost awake once when the smoke from the fire drifted low along the ground and made him cough and hurt his ribs. His vision increased gradually until he was looking past the fire and into the timber. Purfield was riding away on his blue roan, leading Guppy.

Hyslip tried to sit up and call out. The effort sent him rocking back against the ground with a groan. When he looked again, Purfield and the horses were gone.

The sun died soon afterward and a cold wind ran up from the damp timber, brushing smoke across Hyslip's face. Well, he had intended to leave Purfield here, and Purfield had left him. Hyslip began to doze once more.

A trampling and the blowing of a horse aroused him. Someone came close to him in the dark, and then Starr Purfield said, "How do you feel now?"

"You didn't leave?"

"Sure I did. I went after a deer."

Hyslip drank a few sips of coffee that night. He chewed weakly on deer liver. When he awoke in the morning there was a shelter over him. He was covered with the stiffening deer hide.

Purfield was standing near the fire, shivering. "You sure made up for night before last, Webb. There's still a slug of java, boy. And deer steak."

"You're making that coffee stretch."

"Sure. The Swedish way. How do you feel?"

"Fine."

"That's a lie." Purfield grinned.

"You're lying about the coffee, too. You haven't touched a drop of it. I've watched you."

"Sure I have! I drank so much it kept me awake all night." Purfield got out the frying pan. He put lumps of deer fat into it and began to fry a steak.

CHAPTER TWO

THEY were ten days working down into the heart of the enormous flowing ridges and parks of the country between the Turrets and the far-flung western mountains that had no name.

Hyslip's ribs were still sore and touchy. For several days after his fall he had closed his eyes in pain every time he made a too brisk movement of his head.

They had talked no more of separating, but Hyslip's mind was unchanged. He had been too wobbly to tackle the ride along the east side of the Turrets, so he was going this way until they struck a natural parting place.

That was what he had told Purfield, but in the back of Hyslip's mind was the thought that they could go on together after all. Webb Hyslip now owed the other man as much as he owed himself: they both should make a sharp, clean break with the past.

They rode to the edge of a mesa from which they looked for miles on range that had never been touched by anything but wild game.

Purfield couldn't trust the sight. "It's mighty funny there's no cows in here."

"You figuring on turning rancher?"

"If we had cattle, and someone to do the work."

Hyslip laughed.

"We hit a town," Purfield said. "We make a fast deal and then we use the money to stock the best part of this with cattle. I—"

"Not that way."

"How then?"

"I don't know," Hyslip said.

"It'll come easy, some way."

They rode from the mesa, Purfield humming. He was aroused and eager, with everything clear before him.

THE seven riders took them by surprise that evening while they were frying deer meat.

Purfield drew his pistol.

"Put it away!" Hyslip said. There were six rifles ready in the group coming at them.

It was the most magnificently mounted group Purfield had ever seen. Powerful horses, all claybank colored, with the slender look of thoroughbreds showing in the legs.

In the lead was a red-faced man in the full uniform of a Confederate brigadier. Hyslip and Purfield watched uneasily as the leader lifted his mount across a little stream, scarcely bumping in the saddle. He rode up to the two men and raised his hand to signal those behind him to stop.

He was middle-aged, a heavy man whose uniform collar was buttoned snugly around a powerful neck. His eyes were wide-spaced and bulging.

The other men were ordinary riders, Hyslip observed, but when they obeyed the bulge-eyed man in uniform the whole effect was hard directness.

Guppy trotted to the end of his picket rope, whickering. The red-faced man turned to study the sorrel for a few moments, and then he looked back at the two men on the ground.

"How did you get into here?" The voice was startlingly high-pitched.

Hyslip pointed toward the Turrets' burned area.

"You came from up there, and you saw no one?"

Hyslip shook his head.

"Did you see the tracks of anyone?"

"No."

"When did you cross the mountains?"

"Three days ago," Purfield said.

The man studied them a moment longer. "The condition of your clothes would tend to indicate a longer period. If we startled you, I apologize," he said.

The Opportunities That Await YOU NOW

In Scientific Crime Detection Work

Follow in the steps of this successful career man . . . start to train now for a responsible, steady, well-paying position in the field of criminal investigation. If your job is dull, routine, without future . . . then here is your opportunity to forge ahead in an interesting career where trained men are always needed. For 36 years we have opened the "door to success" for hundreds of men in scientific crime detection . . . and now we will train you to take advantage of these same opportunities *if* you act immediately!

We will train you in your spare time through step-by-step home study lessons. I.A.S. training is neither expensive nor difficult to learn.

Over 800 American Bureaus of Identification

Employ I.A.S. students or graduates . . . factual proof of what I.A.S. training can do. Every one of these men learned FINGER PRINT IDENTIFICATION, FIRE-ARMS IDENTIFICATION, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHY AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION—the economical I.A.S. home study way.

So don't delay! Cash in on the increasing opportunities for finger print technicians and criminal investigators.

FREE! "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

Packed full of thrills. Reveals "behind the scenes" facts of actual criminal cases. Tells how scientific investigators solved them through the same methods you learn at I.A.S. Explains, too, how you can get started in this profession at low cost. Don't wait . . . mail in this coupon today.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

Dept. 4684 1920 Sunnyside, Chicago 40, Ill.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 4684
Chicago 40, Illinois

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and list of Identification Bureaus employing your students and graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. No salesman will call. (Literature will be sent ONLY to persons stating their age.)

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone.....

City.....State.....Age.....

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Ambrose Sidney. These are my men."

Hyslip gave his right name. Purfield was so startled he did the same.

"With your permission, we'll camp here tonight," Sidney said.

"Help yourself, General," Purfield said. "We don't own a square foot."

"I know. I own it myself."

Hyslip blinked. "You mean—" he glanced at the country rising in long ridges to the Turrets— "you own—"

"Everything," Sidney said. "The former Pacheco Grant. What is left of it, that is."

The Pacheco Grant! Hyslip had heard of it, one of the smaller Spanish grants, reputed to have been originally one million acres.

"You don't run cattle up this far, we've noticed," Hyslip said.

"I don't run cattle anywhere," Sidney said. "They are stupid creatures. I raise horses." He looked at Guppy out in the meadow. "By the way, sir, what is the background of that gelding?"

"Cow horse," Hyslip said. "A mustang chased Guppy's mother, and the rest is rawhide and wire."

"I have heard of the mustang strain," Sidney said, unperturbed. "And I've considered introducing it in my breeding —most carefully, of course. Wild blood has a way of cropping out to ruin the most handsome sort of product ten generations after its introduction.

"Some day I may put beef on this grass," Sidney went on. "I understand the Spaniards did, many years ago. But there's no hurry, sir, no hurry at all."

DURING supper, the odd details began to impress themselves on Hyslip. Sidney's men were all clean-shaved, or had been early that morning, at least. They did not talk a great deal, and what they did say seemed to be gauged for its probable effect on Sidney, who dominated everything even while silent.

The men were not Southerners, Hyslip observed. This was their second day out from the Vicuna ranch, according to what they said, and yet they were nearly without food already. Late that afternoon, they ate most of the deer Purfield had shot, and then they lounged on the ground, smoking, talking but little.

After supper Hyslip gestured to Purfield with his eyes, and then walked casually toward the meadow as if to inspect the picketing of the horses. Purfield followed, grinning as soon as his back was to the camp.

"Ain't that General something?"

"Agreed. What's he doing out here?"

"Two men that swiped a stallion." Purfield went over to his horse, checked the picket rope. "He was an infantry general in the war. He's one Southerner that didn't get ruined. He owns this country with a good title." He smiled. "He pays thirty-five bucks a month and needs men."

"You're thinking of going to work?"

"He's got three daughters, two young ones and one about twenty-two."

"Oh, I see!"

"Well, we need work, don't we? For a while." Purfield grinned. Even with his ragged black beard he was good-looking.

"You know what happened the last time you tangled with somebody's daughter, Starr. I got shot in the shoulder taking a rifle away from her father."

"I haven't forgotten that, Webb. Look, you want a ranch. We both do, I mean. Maybe here's our chance to get it honestly. We work for the General and get in solid with him. We save our dough. He's got enough land here to give to a hundred people. Maybe in time—"

"I know. I thought of it."

"Well?"

"Just don't get any wrong ideas about that daughter, Starr. The last thing I want is old Pop-Eyes on my neck."

Sidney assigned one-hour guard duty, including Hyslip and Purfield. The General took off his uniform and hung it carefully on an aspen tree. From his saddlebags he took range clothing, donned it, and went to bed.

Sidney was up before dawn, shaved before breakfast. That, Hyslip thought, was in keeping with the man's character; but when his men began to heat water in frying pans and dig shaving gear from their saddle rolls, Hyslip and Purfield exchanged amused glances.

The first man to complete his shaving was a stooped, slight fellow with gray around the temples. There was a sort of blankness in his pale-gray eyes that gave a deceptive mildness to his expression. Hyslip had already marked him as a pistolman, the only one in the group.

Sidney said, "See that they are supplied with the necessities for shaving, Smallwood. They will ride with us."

Hyslip said, "Maybe we don't—"

"It's best you go along," Sidney said. "It will afford me a chance to determine if I wish to hire you."

Purfield said, "Don't *we* have anything to say about that, General?"

"Of course!" Sidney's face was grave. "Give the razor to Mr. Purfield, Smallwood, and then see that Mr. Hyslip has one as soon as someone has finished. We will ride in fifteen minutes. Of course, you have something to say about it, sir, subject to my view of the matter."

Purfield took the razor from Smallwood. "I guess we're working for the General, Webb."

HYSLIP was the last one shaved and the last man up on his horse.

"If they didn't come this far, they've gone north on either the Florida or the Shavano," the General said, and Hyslip winced at the pronunciation of the names. "We'll find their trail today."

He was right. Shortly after noon Hyslip looked down at boot tracks in the sand beside Shavano Creek. "You mean they're on foot. I thought—"

"We recovered the stallion and secured their horses also in an ill-considered night foray," Sidney said. "I sent the animals back to the ranch. Now I want the men."

Purfield and Hyslip looked at each other. As men who had lived outside the law they could not help feeling some sympathy even for horse thieves.

The Shavano came down from the mountains through wide meadows. Along the fringes of the aspens the going was easy. Sidney spoke what was in Hyslip's mind.

"They should have gone into heavy timber, if they expected to get away. Somewhere there ahead in the rocks we should close on them today. Remember, they are not to be shot unless they force it upon themselves."

"Did these fellows work for you?" Purfield asked.

"They did," Sidney said. "Forward, gentlemen."

Within an hour the riders found the place where the fugitives had bedded down like deer in the aspen leaves; and then they had done just what they should not have tried—to beat mounted men to the heavy rock ridges ahead.

LATE in the afternoon a shot came from the top of a low escarpment. The bullet went high above the posse. A voice called out, "That's far enough, Sidney! We'll drop those claybanks right and left if you try to take us!"

Sidney rode out ahead. "Come down and surrender, Jacobs. You'll get a fair trial."

The man laughed harshly. "One of your trials, Sidney! How many claybanks do you want to lose?"

"Dismount. Bradbury and Arthur, take the horses to the rear," Sidney ordered.

Hyslip was glad to get down. An instant later two rifles began to talk from the escarpment. One claybank went down with a grunt. Another screamed when a bullet struck it.

"Smallwood, flank their position from the right, with two men." The bulging eyes turned toward Hyslip. "Hyslip, you and Purfield go in from the left. Drive them off there or make them surrender. Don't kill them unless necessary."

Purfield moved first. "Come on, Webb. We'll make 'em think hell is five feet away!"

Hyslip followed him, running low through the trees. "He talks like a general, all right," Purfield said. "How'd we get into this?" He was happy enough.

He was always contented when there was action ahead, Hyslip thought sourly.

They took turns at pinning down the rifleman on their end of the hill. They alternated in making short rushes, using any depression or rock that offered the slightest protection. Smallwood and the other two were doing the same on the other side, the firing indicated.

Sidney walked into the open again. He signaled to the man left with him, and the fellow began to fire from the edge of the trees.

Those poor devils on the hill, Hyslip thought; they should have seen they were boxed in. They shouldn't have shot the horses. He had a brief, uneasy feeling about Sidney's promise.

Caught from three sides, with those who were coming in at the ends of the hill now so close that Jacobs and Carswell lost all the advantage of higher ground, the two horse thieves gave up.

They did not have the look of desperate men. Carswell was just a kid, sullen and scared. Jacobs was a tight-mouthed man, sweating and haggard.

"Where do they hold a trial in this country?" Purfield asked.

Smallwood nodded toward Sidney. "Him. He holds it."

When the two men were standing before him, Sidney said, "I promised you a fair trial if you came down without trouble. You ignored me, but you shall be treated fairly in spite of that. Do you recognize these two men, Smallwood?"

Smallwood hesitated. His eyes were unreadable. He nodded, and then he said, "Day Carswell and Jack Jacobs. They worked for you two weeks."

"Is that true?" Sidney asked.

"Why, hell, yes!" Jacobs said. "So we stole your stallion. You got it back, along with our horses. What else do you want?"

"You admit the theft then. Carswell, were you unduly influenced or coerced by this older man?"

Carswell said, "I don't get what you mean, unless did he talk me into it. If that's what you mean, you ain't very smart. It was my idea."

Purfield laughed. He stopped when Sidney looked at him, but he kept grinning, nudging Hyslip. The surface of it was comedy, and Purfield was incapable of seeing deeper, or did not care to. Hyslip looked at the faces of men who knew Ambrose Sidney—and was afraid.

Sidney considered the two thieves. "You have admitted the theft of the stallion. Do either of you have anything to say in your own defense?"

"You got the damned stallion back, with interest!" Jacobs said stubbornly. "What else—"

"You, Carswell, do you have something to say?"

"Naw."

Sidney looked at his men. He smoothed the ends of his red sash absently with one hand. "The evidence is in. The men plead no extenuating circumstances." He pursed his lips. His face was calm, judicial. "Hang them."

Purfield was caught with a grin just forming. It hung frozen on his lips. He tried to force it. He glanced at Hyslip, and then he stared in holy wonder at Sidney. "He doesn't mean it!" he whispered.

"Carry out the judgment," Sidney said.

Matt Smallwood walked away. Sidney called his name sharply, but the stooped little man went on walking.

The others hanged the two men on a yellow pine tree. Purfield and Hyslip stood by and did nothing. Carswell went out cursing, his face pale and furious. They had to lift Jacobs into the saddle. Purfield did not see him go; he had staggered into the aspens, sick.

White splotches showed on Sidney's face. He stood like an iron man, and his will was like a physical grip on the men around him. After a while he said, "Bury them. We'll ride back to Vicuna in one hour." He turned about and walked into the aspens.

Smallwood came back then. "Boil some coffee," he said curtly to Everett Arthur. When two holes were gouged in the silt near the river, Smallwood spoke a funeral service.

They were drinking coffee when Sidney returned, wearing range clothing. He bundled his uniform carelessly into his saddlebags. He seemed to have shrunk, and the flesh of his face and neck had a flabby look. He glanced at Hyslip with an expression that was at once vague and appealing.

Purfield was no longer sick. He did not grin, but his eyes were bright when he said, "Working for him, there'll be something doing every minute."

CHAPTER THREE

HYSLIP'S first look at Vicuna was disappointing. The buildings sat at the head of a broad meadow dotted with horses. There were enough corrals, and the barn was huge, of peeled pine logs, well chinked, beautifully laid; but the other structures were small and seemed to have been thrown together hastily, with bark still on the logs and the corners untrimmed.

He had been carrying in his mind the picture of a great establishment worthy of the empire it controlled.

When the party went closer, Hyslip saw four men working on a stone foundation that was at least fifty by one hundred feet in size.

Two girls in bright dresses ran from one of the buildings, yelling, "Daddy's home! Daddy's home!"

Sidney swung down and hugged them.

Two women came to the porch of one of the small buildings. They were of the same height, one a little heavier than the other, both black-haired. Hyslip stared at the younger one. She would be about twenty-one. Her eyebrows were dark, broad for a woman's. Her lips were full and red, with no expression of pettiness or sulkiness. Dusky was the word, Hyslip guessed, that he would use for her complexion.

No, she was not at all like her father.

Purfield coughed gently, with the devil riding in his eyes.

It was then that Hyslip saw Matt Smallwood watching Purfield with a bleakly speculative expression. There was something about the little man that put a chill on Hyslip's thoughts.

They rode on toward a corral. Purfield was humming. Smallwood turned a little in the saddle to watch his face.

Purfield said, "Don't fret, Smallwood. I wouldn't steal a stallion, or even a filly." He laughed at the opaque, steady look Smallwood gave him. "You're the General's aide, aren't you?"

"I'm the foreman," Smallwood said.

After they had taken care of the horses, Purfield went with a group toward what appeared to be a bunkhouse. It was mighty small for as many hands as Hyslip had seen. Apparently Sidney was raising horses first and letting details come along later.

"Hyslip," Smallwood said as the former started to follow the others when the last bar of the gate was up. "You and your friend didn't come over the Turrets when he said you did."

"No. It was a while before that."

"Does Fred Coplon want you two?"

"He might," Hyslip said.

"A killing?"

"We don't know. I'm going to find out as soon as I can."

Smallwood studied Hyslip for a long

Bed Manners

Men and women "are bed animals," say the authors, and proceed to prove it with the friskiest discussion of nighttime intimacies you have ever read! Full of roguish, devilish wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights. This is called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen just when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this hilarious book of Bediquette for married people today!

Now selling in its *12th Edition* — Millions of readers can't be wrong!

CLEVER GIFT FOR BRIDES AND GROOMS

Only $1.98 postpaid! Money-back guarantee if you are not delighted!

247 riotous pages!

How to be well-bed in 37 sparkling, wise-cracking chapters.

Full of esquirish illustrations. • • •

Now in one volume:

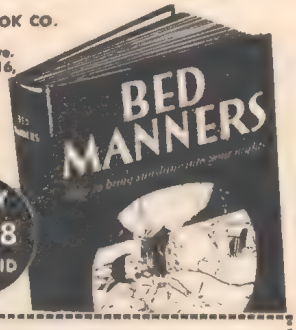
BED MANNERS and BETTER BED MANNERS

by Dr. Ralph Y. Hopton and Anne Balliol with illustrations by John Groth

Rip off the coupon and mail it now! It's worth ten times the amount as a gag for friend wife or husband—for their secret little foibles are all here! 37 hilarious chapters include dissertations on "How to Get Undressed," "A Short History of Bed Manners" (the early French had some peculiar ones!). "Berth Control in the Sleeping Car," and "The Seven Great Problems of Marriage."

Act Quickly and Get This Rare, Witty, Two-Books-in-One Volume by Return Mail!

ARDEN BOOK CO.
Dept. TT
386 4th Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.



ARDEN BOOK CO., Publishers, Dept. TT
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Rush me my copy of BED MANNERS. It'll delight or my money back in five days.

☐ I enclose $1.98. Send it postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay $1.98 plus postage.

Name .....
Address .....
City and State .....

C.O.D. in U.S. only. Foreign, send $1.98 in U. S. Funds or payable in U. S.

moment. "You've got something to think about, son, haven't you? Another thing—I'm willing to bet that friend of yours is not going to change."

"He'll settle down."

Smallwood looked deliberately to where Sidney and his oldest daughter were standing. Sidney's arm was around her shoulders. He was smiling. "If he doesn't settle down, he's picked the worst place in the world to be. Can you make him understand that, Hyslip?"

"I think so. But we're only working here, Smallwood. We're not your wards, you know."

Smallwood pointed east. "A town called Wartrace is building up fast over that way, just across the line of this grant. You know new towns. Sooner or later trouble will draw Coplon over there. I know him. He'll come up here as a matter of routine. When he does, Hyslip, I'll handle everything that comes of it. Understand that and see that Purfield understands it." Smallwood walked away.

He was, if Hyslip had ever seen one, a deadly little pistolman who would strike like a wasp. The picture of him speaking at the graves seemed far away now.

Hyslip watched Sidney go into the house. His daughter stood near the porch for a moment or two, and then she walked slowly toward a spring house on the hill. She moved with as much grace as Hyslip had ever seen in a woman. He wondered what her first name was.

He wondered, too, if her moods changed like her father's. It had been a great many years since Webb Hyslip had escorted a decent woman anywhere. He began to roll a cigarette from borrowed tobacco.

He saw Ike Bradbury walking casually toward the spring house. Later, he and the girl were together, talking. It made a scene that could be read from a long distance. It did not last long. Sidney stepped out and called his daughter into the house.

Bradbury stood still a moment, then he started toward where the men were working on the foundation. A short, musical laugh stopped him. Purfield was standing at one corner of the bunkhouse, alone. Bradbury hesitated, then went on to the foundation.

Smallwood startled Hyslip by coming up behind him quietly. "We need men here, but we need trouble less. Are you sure you can handle your friend?"

Hyslip had a black moment of doubt about ever influencing his partner.

"Take care of him, Hyslip." And Smallwood walked away a second time, in short, savage strides, as if he would jar some torment from his system.

THE days were not long enough for Ambrose Sidney. There was work to be done at Vicuna, and winter always came too soon. There was yet seven miles of fence to build to shut off a thousand acres at the lower end of the grant, to prevent horses from streaming back into the vast country toward the Turrets.

Sidney wanted the big house before winter, and an enlargement of the other living quarters. Out here on the fence line he was a good employer and a friendly man. Hyslip wished he had never seen Ambrose Sidney standing in judgment over two sullen thieves.

Purfield built fence with the rest. He was a better axeman than most men, but within a week his interest in the work was gone. He complained to Hyslip: "Old Bug-Eyes just wants to keep me out here all summer so I won't get acquainted with Kathleen. He's afraid of what a handsome young fellow like me might do."

"So am I," Hyslip said. "I don't need another rifle slug through the shoulder, Handsome."

"That Ike Bradbury—I bet he never smelled gunsmoke in his life. But he's there at the ranch, working on the house, walking out with Kathleen—"

"He's gone," Hyslip said.

"Gone where?"

"How would I know? The cook told me yesterday. Bradbury's been gone for five days."

"Fired?" Purfield grinned. "Does old Bug-Eyes think that's going to keep ambitious lads away from Kathleen?"

"I didn't say he was fired, Starr. I do say that you're not the man to be setting your sights on her."

"Oh? I suppose you are then?"

"No. Nor any other hired hand, as far as Sidney is concerned. Forget it and behave yourself, Starr. We're reasonably safe here. We can hang onto our money. When some of the pressure is off Sidney, we'll get around to asking him if he ever intends to open up some of his land for cattle. There might be a chance to do here what we should have started six years ago."

"You got more advice than a minister. Do you and Smallwood cook it up together when you're having those little private talks at night?"

SIDNEY came out that day with ten men that looked to Hyslip like barroom loafers and drifters. They were to finish the fence, while the other crew went back to Vicuna to speed up work on the house. He put in charge Everett Arthur, a slow-moving, ponderous man who was really too big to do heavy work himself.

Starr Purfield hummed and sang all the way back to Vicuna.

Smallwood and Hyslip rode together. "You could have left him out there," Hyslip said.

"No. Sidney's not satisfied with the corner notching on the house, and he's watched Purfield swing an axe. Where'd he learn that?"

"It comes natural to him," Hyslip said. Like a lot of things, using a pistol, riding well, taking the main chance in a poker game—and making himself most attractive to women. "What happened to Bradbury?"

"I sent him over the hill to find out why our sawmill was so slow in coming. He'll be back."

"Then where will you send him?"

"Sidney had three sons killed in the war, Hyslip. Everything he felt for them is concentrated mainly on Kathleen now. The governor of this territory wouldn't be good enough for her. She's Sidney's daughter and I work for him, so I'll do the best I can on both sides of the problem."

"I've seen girls handled like that until they got so desperate they ran off with any kind of saddle tramp," Hyslip said.

THE house was four logs high when Hyslip and the others reached Vicuna. The next day it was down to the foundation stones again. Sidney had ordered the logs torn out. The corners did not fit to suit him.

"There will be generations grow up in this house," he said. "I want it built with that thought in mind."

Hyslip and Purfield did the corner notching, roughing down to the scribe lines with axes, finishing with heavy, curving gouges. The result was precise-fitting.

The younger girls, Tony and Irene, were all over the job. They became at once attracted to Purfield because of his laughter and his stories about two bears named Blinkum and Stinkum. On the second day at the ranch, Mrs. Sidney sent Kathleen down to see if the girls were bothering the workers.

Kathleen asked Hyslip about it. "Not a bit," he said, "except I'm afraid they might get hit in the face with a chip."

If Purfield had seen prettier women than Kathleen, Hyslip had not. There was an expression of vigor and eagerness about her that made Hyslip forget for a while the six years of his own life just past. He stared at her until Purfield coughed gently.

Kathleen had not been unaware of Purfield, but now she looked full at him. "You're Mr. Purfield, the one the girls call Star Bright. They drive us frantic trying to retell your bear stories. You'll have to come up to the house some evening so we all can hear them."

Purfield grinned. "I bet your old man would love that."

Hyslip was startled. He expected to see Kathleen recoil from what he considered an ill chosen remark. For a moment she looked steadily at Purfield and then she smiled.

"He might have a bear story of his own, Mr. Purfield—one about forward young men."

They were smiling at each other, and then suddenly they were laughing. Hyslip had seen it happen before when those boyish lights were running in Purfield's eyes. He was as handsome as they came.

"What do you think of this country, Miss Sidney?" Purfield asked.

"I like it."

"All the horses, too?"

"Every one of them. I've ridden since I was four."

"You must be good. Now me, I need help getting into a saddle. I was wondering if some evening, saying your old man don't object, you could show me if these claybanks are good for anything."

"I'll consider that, Mr. Purfield—saying my father doesn't object."

"If he does?"

"I'll consider that, too."

She and Purfield looked gravely at each other for a moment, and then

Kathleen went away with the girls. Purfield began to hum.

Hyslip slashed his axe viciously into a log he was notching.

CHAPTER FOUR

AMBROSE SIDNEY stood at the window of his living room, looking out at his daughter and Starr Purfield riding leisurely among the claybanks in his meadow. His eyes became more prominent and then his neck began to darken.

"Merva! Merva! Why did you let her do that? The minute my back is turned, you women—"

"Fiddlesticks," his wife said calmly, but her eyes were worried as she looked at her husband's rigid back. "He's an engaging young man. Mannerly. I've no doubt he comes from a good family."

"I found him and Hyslip half starved and looking like savages! I won't have him and Kathleen—"

"Riding out there on the meadow. You hold an intolerable tight rein on that girl, Ambrose, and there will be trouble. Forbid her seeing one man in particular and he will become immediately more attractive than all the rest."

Sidney glared from the window. He was afraid as well as angry. There was not yet a substantial man in the country, not one worthy of Kathleen. He recognized the truth of his wife's words, but he rebelled against acceptance of it. Suppose Kathleen lost her head over some worthless young vagabond? Sidney was no longer angry; he was only afraid. Losing Kathleen before the other girls were old enough to take her place would be like losing his sons all over again.

"When the time comes for me to pick Kathy a husband—"

"For her to pick a husband," Mrs. Sidney said.

Ambrose Sidney nodded. He turned away from the window suddenly and sat down. "I ride myself, Merva. I wish I could leave it all in your hands and be satisfied. It doesn't matter who she marries, as long as he's a good man. I had vision enough, even before the war, to know that our kind of life had worn out. I could see that the West would be a place where the qualities we thought we had in the South would weigh well. Everything is working out, but I still get all mixed up and disturbed about the war, and I keep remembering the boys.

"When I put on that uniform to do something I dislike, I suppose it's because I'm remembering Dick and Ronny and Jim, trying to punish myself—and others, too, because I didn't get out of the South when I first thought of it."

"That's all in the past now, Ambrose."

Sidney nodded. "I keep planning in the future, but so many ties go back to the past . . ."

He raised his head slowly to look out of the window. "Let her run around with her young men—a little. But let's don't rush things."

BOTH Hyslip and Smallwood were puzzled when no parental explosion came of Purfield and Kathleen's companionship. They rode together every evening in the meadow, and sometimes the younger girls rode with them. Sidney ordered a jumping barrier built. Every time Tony and Irene put their claybanks over it, Hyslip winced.

Bradbury's return was delayed. He stayed away until he personally escorted the sawmill and the freighters across the east pass over the Turrets, then came on alone from Wartrace with the news.

Smallwood intercepted him when he arrived, and talked privately to him in the corral. Bradbury was hot and tired. Kathleen and Purfield were far down the meadow, almost out of sight, and Bradbury did not see them until he was going toward the bunkhouse.

The girl and Purfield came in laughing. Bradbury tried to be casual when he saw their faces, but all his hurt was on his own. Kathleen saw it. She was kind to him and tried to take interest in the details of his trip. That hurt him more; and Purfield made a monstrous insult of ignoring him altogether.

When Kathleen went to the house, Bradbury was still watching Purfield. "Let a man turn his back—"

Purfield walked away to take care of the horses. There was no reason for his laugh.

"Go wash up," Smallwood said, and stepped casually in front of Bradbury when he moved toward Purfield.

"Now they'll hooraw him in the bunkhouse about getting cut out with Kathleen," Smallwood said to Hyslip. He spoke more loudly. "Sidney and I disfavor any kind of fighting trouble one hell of a lot, Purfield."

"Sure," Purfield said. "I'll remember that." He took care of the horses and went to the bunkhouse.

"That express agent and the clerk are all right," Smallwood said suddenly. "The agent is still in bed, though. His wife and kids are having a hard time."

"You *asked* Bradbury to find all that out?" said Hyslip.

"No. He was over there. It was news."

"Maybe he can put two and two together."

"He might." Smallwood said. "He's smart. If he does, he won't say anything except to me. He's a good man. I like Bradbury, Hyslip. I like him a damned sight better than your friend."

Smallwood went toward the bunkhouse in choppy strides, going, Hyslip knew, to put his cold eyes on any trouble brewing between Purfield and Ike Bradbury.

There was no trouble then. It came later, after Kathleen and Purfield had been together in the dusk near the new house. When they separated, Purfield went toward the bunkhouse, whistling. He saw Bradbury, and laughed.

"I want to see you down by the corral, Purfield," Bradbury said, all his brooding rage threaded through his voice.

Smallwood was then in the house, talking to Sidney, but Hyslip had been prowling nervously outside, expecting this. He stepped from the shadows. "There's going to be no trouble, you two."

"Of course not." Purfield said. "Bradbury only wants to know how to keep a girl, in case he ever gets another one."

Bradbury cursed. He swung hard at

Lasting Mutual Satisfaction For All Couples With These Brand New

GIANT SIZE BOOK

Packed with

HUNDREDS of PICTURES

Many In Life-Like Color

Now available to the public in this country is this sensationally new BIG book! Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. SEE HOW and READ HOW by means of hundreds of unusual realistic pictures, (many in true-to-life color) plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and bluntly. This BIG book includes important NEW information and NEW rare illustrations never released before. Gives YOU the most helpful authentic guidance on sex problems of every kind—both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly see and understand how sex organs of male and female function in action. Many troubled men and women have found a new, thrilling, joyful married life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00—but it is yours for the amazingly low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only! Mail coupon NOW!

Partial List of Illustrations Alive With Color Pictures!

- See the Male Sex Organs (inside and out)
- Showing how erection and climax in male occurs
- Pictures of Life-like breasts before and after pregnancy
- See where woman's organs have greatest sex excitement
- Watch step by step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs (inside and out)
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in Women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Causes of Woman's Sexual Ills
- Picture Story of Normal Sexuality in Male
- Picture Story of Woman's Excitation Curve
- Picture Story of most important causes of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

. . . plus many more pictured instructions

Partial List of 61 Big Chapters Each A "Book" In Itself

- Techniques that bring supreme joy to the sex act for male and female
- How woman's climax is brought about
- Female sex hygiene
- Sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Showing how sexual desire is aroused in woman
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Feminine Masturbation
- Causes of sexual excitement in men
- How male organs function during intercourse
- How female sex organs function during intercourse
- How sexual desire in woman differs from man
- Four movements of woman's perfect complete orgasm
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to overcome male's early climax
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Delaying sex-life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Cause and treatments for male and female sterility
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Male and female reaching climax at same time
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- How to use love play towards greater satisfaction in sex act
- Feeling of man and woman during intercourse compared

. . . just a few of the hundreds of frank, enlightening pictured instructions!

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Cadillac Publishing Co., Dept. NE-379
220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Send me the "Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (Sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money Back Guarantee!

(Canadian orders $3.50 — No C.O.D.)

Purfield, who moved his head away as easily as a mule dodges a blow. Almost casually, he knocked Bradbury sprawling into the lower rails of the corral.

"Stop it!" Hyslip said. He sprang at Purfield, and Purfield sidestepped him and tripped him. Hyslip fell over the watering trough, and it seemed that he had broken his ribs again. He got up, gasping. Bradbury was charging back through the dusk. Purfield knocked him into the corral rails again.

"Like a wild bull," he said.

"Just stand still!" Bradbury shouted.

That brought them out of the bunkhouse, and the main house. Sidney came running with Smallwood. When they got there, Purfield was backing away from Bradbury, with his hands out and open.

"Stay back, stay away," Purfield said. "I don't want any trouble, Bradbury."

Trying to fend off the other man's rush with his open hands, Purfield took blows in the face that rocked him back. "Lay off me, Bradbury!" He spun the enraged man, and only Hyslip could guess how neatly it was done.

Sidney said, "Have it stopped, Smallwood."

Bradbury slashed in again. Purfield stepped aside, and Bradbury smashed head-on into the corral logs. He clung there, dazed, until Smallwood leaped in to hold him.

"That's all, Brad," he said.

Purfield said, "I don't know what got into him."

"At six tomorrow morning bring them both to the porch of my house, Smallwood," Sidney said.

HYSLIP'S stomach tightened when he saw Ambrose Sidney standing in the early sunshine in his full uniform. Once more he was the martinet who had condemned Jacobs and Carswell to their deaths.

Bradbury and Purfield walked up before him, Purfield's expression respectful, even a little awed.

"Your names?" Sidney asked.

He went through the preliminaries. It was travesty, Hyslip thought; but he knew also that it was not.

". . . Then there seems to be no reason for your fighting? Perhaps some of the others can enlighten me." Sidney asked the reason of the crew, calling names. One by one, men shook their heads. Slim Dinkins said, "They just never did get along, Mr. Sidney."

"That's odd, since they saw each other only briefly before Bradbury returned from his errand over the mountains."

Surely Sidney knew, Hyslip thought; he knew, but he refused to face the truth. He must make this legal mockery.

"Who struck the first blow?"

Bradbury looked at Purfield, who said nothing. "I did," Bradbury said.

"You were close, Hyslip," Sidney said. "Who struck the first blow?"

Hyslip hesitated. "Bradbury."

Sidney went on, gaining just the facts that were on the surface. They seemed to satisfy him. He said, "Vicuna protects all its members against outsiders. I expect loyalty and obedience in return. Fighting between members of my crew is a flaunting of my authority. Therefore, since Starr Purfield neither provoked this affair nor did more than try to stop it after it began, he is cleared. Ike Bradbury, the instigator, is discharged." Sidney's face was calm, judicial. "He will be horsewhipped and escorted to the nearest boundary line of Vicuna."

"No," Bradbury said. "No!"

"See to it, Smallwood," Sidney said.

There was a terrible struggle going on in Matt Smallwood. Hyslip did not give him a chance to make his decision. Hyslip stepped forward. "Mr. Sidney—"

Purfield interrupted him. "Please don't do it, Mr. Sidney." His face was boyish, pleading. "Bradbury is a good man. He lost his temper, that's all."

Sidney looked at Hyslip. "What were you about to say, Hyslip?"

Hyslip licked his lips. "About the same thing, I guess."

It hung for an instant. Then Sidney said, "The sentence is amended to discharge only. See that he's gone in ten minutes, Smallwood."

Later, when Hyslip and Purfield were notching logs, Bradbury rode away.

"What was it you were going to tell Sidney?" Purfield asked.

"The truth!"

"Didn't I tell the truth?"

"You were like a snake, Starr, about the whole thing. I didn't think it of you, either."

"In love and war . . ." Purfield grinned. "Look, Webb, Bradbury and me were going to mix sooner or later."

"It was rotten, Starr. Let's have no more of it. I still don't see how Sidney swallowed that innocent stuff you gave him."

Purfield grinned, "He likes me. Like father, like daughter. Quit howling, Webb. I'm taking care of both of us."

"I'll take care of myself!"

Purfield raised his eyebrows. "Ain't we partners?"

You could not tell about him; you could not say how deep the boyishness went until it settled on deadly layers of his nature—or if, indeed, it was all pure mischief and no evil at all. Webb Hyslip chose to believe the last.

EVERETT ARTHUR rode in from the fence that morning. His face was bruised and cut and he limped when he swung out of the saddle. But he was more bewildered than hurt. Sidney was supervising the selection of eight-inch logs for floor joists. He looked at Arthur coldly and asked, "What now?"

"I can tell you," Smallwood said. "He had some little argument with the fence crew, so he offered to take them all on at once to show who was boss."

Arthur's mouth opened and closed. "How'd you know?"

"Are they still out there?" Sidney asked.

"Sure." Arthur was miserable. "They like it as long as there's no work, and the grub holds out. They're playing cards and shooting at deer and—"

"We'll change that." Sidney was at once arrogant and determined. He started toward the house.

"No good," Smallwood said. "There's ten men, and they're not going to stand still for you to hold a trial over them."

Sidney stopped. He stared at Arthur. "Good Lord! A man of your size and strength! You go back there, Arthur," Sidney said. "It's a reflection on me and Vicuna if you let them run you off."

"They already have," Smallwood said.

"Let me and Purfield go back with him for a few days," Hyslip said.

"Let just Purfield go," Smallwood said. "He likes a scrap. He can lick 'em with smooth talk and open hands." His hatred of Purfield ran viciously in his tone.

For the first time, it seemed to Hyslip that Sidney was sizing him up seriously. Sidney's eyes bugged out. His short jaw was shut tightly. He said, "Let's see what you can do, Hyslip. You take Arthur out there right away."

"How come you offered to take on the whole crew at once?" Hyslip asked Arthur on the ride out.

"I thought I could lick them."

For the first time in weeks Hyslip laughed.

They found the fence crew trying to barbecue a deer over a pit.

Somebody said, "Pee Wee run for help, and it looks like they was short of it at the home place. Where's the old lobster that wears a Reb uniform to hold court?"

The fence crew laughed; they were having a time for themselves. But some of them laughed too loud, glancing at the quiet smile on Hyslip's face.

"The General told you fellows that every man who works for him shaves every morning," Hyslip said. "It looks like some of you have slipped. You, Gruber, you'd better set the example."

"Well now, High-Slope, it'll take about six good men to convince me of that."

"He's here, all six of him."

Arthur grinned. "Two at a time?" he asked. "I can do that, all right."

"One at a time, until you get warmed up."

"I never got one good lick at you before, Arthur." Gruber flexed his shoulders and grinned.

Hyslip watched critically. As a fight, it was all power and enthusiasm. Gruber and Arthur hit each other often enough and hard enough to cripple an ordinary man. The enthusiasm never died in Gruber, but the power began to wane. Arthur slammed him into one tree after another, and then he picked him up and flung him toward the creek.

"I'm warmed up now," the foreman said. "Jones, you and Axford are next."

A man started to draw his pistol. Then he saw Hyslip watching with a cold smile, and shoved it back.

Jones and Axford were game. They circled round Arthur like wolves around an elk. They pounded him and kept trying, but after a while Arthur gathered them both in and slammed them face together. Both men sagged.

Arthur dragged them toward the creek. "When you come to, shave!" he yelled. "Michaels and Pomeroy next!"

Pomeroy was a squat, grizzled man. He shook his head. "To hell with you. You like to fight too well. Where do you want the fence built next?"

"That's it, I guess," Hyslip said.

"No, it ain't." Gruber was coming

back from the creek. "You worked this thing out, High-Slope. Let's see if you can fight like you can figure."

Hyslip put his pistol on the stump.

He was amazed at the vitality of the huge, loose-lipped man. Gruber had been helpless a few minutes before, but now he was strong again, ready to go. Hyslip could not stand two of his blows and he knew it. He ducked under swings that made Gruber grunt. He took one on the forearm and was almost thrown off his feet. He spun Gruber and hit him in the side of the neck going away.

Hyslip let Gruber wind wide and far and then took him in the belly coming in. The gasp said it was paying territory, but Hyslip took a chance. He twisted low and surged up with an uppercut that carried all his power and weight from the spring of his knees to his shoulder.

Gruber caved in.

"Any other customers—one at a time?" Hyslip said. "I'm not Arthur."

"No, you ain't," Pomeroy said. "Arthur didn't knock him wedge-cold like that." He picked up an axe and started away. "I'm going to build me a piece of fence. It's plumb interesting work."

"Stick around," Hyslip said. "We'll tie into that deer — after everybody shaves."

Before Hyslip left, he asked, "Now is everybody satisfied that Arthur's the boss?"

"Uh-yep!" Gruber said. Deer fat was dripping from his clean-shaved chin. He whacked Arthur on the back. "Him and me will have some high old times, drinking and scrapping of a Saturday night!"

When Hyslip returned to Vicuna, Sidney asked, "How many are left out there now?"

"Ten."

Sidney stared thoughtfully at Hyslip. "Can Arthur handle them this time?"

Hyslip nodded.

"I'll be damned," Sidney murmured, and said no more about it.

Purfield walked over to Hyslip. He smiled briefly but there was an odd tightness around his eyes when he said, "What are you trying to do, Webb, work in solid with old Bug-Eyes?"

"Why not?" Hyslip could not say exactly why he had volunteered to go out and restore Arthur to his job, but he knew that he had enjoyed the task.

Purfield said, "Now, if you try to take Kathleen away from me, you'll really be getting somewhere, won't you?"

"I don't like the tone of that, Starr."

Purfield laughed. "Old Gloomy Gus!" He gave Hyslip a shove on the shoulder. "After all the years I've prophesied, you still get your fur up now and then."

"I can't always tell about you, Starr."

Purfield opened his eyes wide. "Me? Why, I'm a simple boy from the hills. Folks read me like a book."

Smallwood came over from the blacksmith shop with a broad-bladed chisel on a long handle. "How'd you straighten it out?" he asked Hyslip.

"I suggested to Arthur that he take on half of them at one lick, instead of the whole gang. So he did."

"How about that Bull Gruber—how'd he take it?"

"He took a double dose."

"I thought he would. If he sticks around he'll be a foreman here some day when Sidney starts opening up a little with cattle."

"I didn't know Sidney intended to."

"He does—some day."

CHAPTER FIVE

THE blast of sound from the Golden Bucket in Wartrace was a shock that reminded Hyslip that he had been a long time away from towns. He and Purfield stood on the walk before the place, with a month's pay in their pockets.

Purfield's eyes were bright and calculating as he peered through the window. "Faro, Mexican monte, poker. That poker game has a green look about it."

"You're wearing borrowed clothes, Starr."

"Don't remind me of that trip across the Turrets. I'm going to let these kind people in here buy us both new outfits. Don't come in right away, Webb. When you do, see how it's stacking up, and then we'll work the old crossfire on those green and verdant people."

"We were going to save our money."

"This is an investment. A man don't buy cows with thirty-five a month."

Hyslip bought himself a new outfit, a pair of gloves, tobacco. He went to a barber shop for a bath. Afterward, in the Timber Palace, he had two drinks. And then he didn't know what to do. Between the time he had made his decision on the Turrets and now, something had gone out of him. The noise of town had lost its old shine.

His eye was still sharp for men who might know him, and in the back of his mind was the thought of Fred Coplon. A man thought he was changing his way of life—and maybe he meant it strongly—but there were things out of the past that could not change rapidly.

He went out and stood on the street. Timber, cattle, and mining. The marks of all three were on the town. It was a hell-roarer, growing fast.

Hyslip went back to the Golden Bucket. Purfield's work-tough hands, his beaten clothes and his innocent face made him look like a sheep among wolves in the poker game.

"You look like a man with wages in his pockets," Purfield said to Hyslip. "Set in. I need somebody in my class that I can beat."

He was about even, Hyslip estimated.

There was a puzzled look on the gambler's face two hours later when Starr Purfield, talking like a happy child, was about twelve hundred dollars ahead. "You're the luckiest hay hand I ever saw," the houseman said.

He concentrated on Purfield, and consequently, lost a four-hundred-dollar pot to Hyslip a few minutes later.

"I got enough," Hyslip said, much to Purfield's disgust. At the bar, Purfield said, "We could have cleaned up."

"Not when they threw another houseman in. We got enough for one night. And I'll keep the money this time."

"All right, grandpa," Purfield said. "Just give me a hundred for a few little things." He grinned.

The next time Hyslip saw Purfield they were in Madam Beasley's place.

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such inflammation causes men to grow old before their time — premature senility and possibly incurable conditions

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

RECTAL COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time

LOW COST EXAMINATION
On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

Write Today for Our
The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals only with diseases peculiar to men. Gives factual knowledge that could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Address

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE
Dept. 9766
Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New FREE Book. I am _____ years old.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

Purfield was showing off a silver-trimmed bridle he had bought for Kathleen.

Before Hyslip and Purfield parted again, the latter drew another hundred dollars. Later, Hyslip met Everett Arthur in a restaurant. Arthur was worried. "There's some talk that Bradbury is looking for Purfield," he said.

Hyslip and Arthur found Purfield with Bull Gruber in the Cattlemen's Saloon. Ike Bradbury was at the end of the same bar. Hyslip crowded in between Purfield and Gruber, who was drunk. They had a drink together. A mocking light in Purfield's eyes told Hyslip that he knew exactly why Hyslip was here. It would not be a fist fight this time, Hyslip knew.

"Let's wander up to the show at the Golden Bucket," Hyslip suggested.

Purfield grinned. His glance went sidewise toward Bradbury. "That's a real delicate approach, Webb. Let *him* go see the show. I don't run away—"

"He's no hand with a pistol," Hyslip said.

Gruber's voice was a roar. "He ain't afraid of Bradbury! He done licked him once!"

"Shut up, you fool!" Hyslip muttered, but he knew it was too late.

Bradbury had heard. He had to make a move. He stepped out from the bar.

"I hear you're looking for me, Purfield," he said.

"I heard it the other way around, Brad."

There was Bradbury's out. Hyslip prayed for him to take it, but he knew how Bradbury's mind was working. The man had brooded for weeks.

Hyslip said, "Bradbury, there's no need—"

"You can't throw me off, Hyslip. Shut up."

Hyslip felt that he could count the split seconds of clumsiness while Purfield let Bradbury start his draw. And then Purfield used his skill and speed deliberately. He shot Bradbury in the shoulder point. Bradbury dropped his pistol, reeling back. Purfield shot him in the corner of the mouth so that the bullet gored through one cheek, smashing teeth and ripping hideously.

Hyslip did not go over to look at the wounded man. Gruber did. He was oddly quiet afterward and not as drunk as he had been. "That shoulder is crippled," he said. He took a drink quickly. "His face is all torn to hell, Hyslip." He wrinkled his fleshy brow. "He started it. He forced it, didn't he? What was it all about, anyway, Hyslip?"

Gruber was an honest man, probably no more dense than many in the room who had seen only what they had seen—which was that Starr Purfield had been forced to defend himself after giving Bradbury a chance to step away.

Hyslip and Purfield went to their room.

Purfield sat down on the bed. "What could I do, Webb? He was after me."

"You intended the whole thing, just like you tricked him there at the ranch. You crippled him so he could go through life remembering himself and Kathleen like it used to be. Why did you do it, Starr?"

"I guess I couldn't forget that he hit me." Purfield's eyes were bloodshot. He looked tormented: but in spite of that, the youthful appearance of his face was untouched. "I'm sorry about it now."

"Sorry! You could have shot three inches left and never crippled his shoulder! He dropped his gun. You didn't have to shoot the second time at all."

Purfield stared at the floor. His dark hair was tousled. He shook his head. "It was a hell of a thing. What will Kathleen say?"

THERE was no chair in the room. Hyslip sat on the floor and tugged at his boots. If he could get a few hours' sleep, his mind might not be so disturbed.

"How much have we got left from tonight?" Purfield asked.

"Around fourteen hundred. Why?"

"Why don't we send all of it over the hill to that express agent and the clerk? You said their families were having a tough time."

"You mean that?"

"Sure, I do. I'd sort of like to try to pay off a little for some of the things we did."

Hyslip was no longer angry. "All right. But what if it brings Coplon prowling in a hurry?"

"Put it in a package. Give it to Arthur and have him send a kid with it to the express office. Coplon might come over, but maybe the agent and the clerk won't even mention it. If Coplon does come, how far can he trace back on who sent it?"

Purfield undressed and got in bed. He was asleep at once.

Hyslip lay sleepless a long time in the dark. . . .

They sent the package the next day. Arthur did not know what was in it and asked no questions.

On the way back to Vicuna, Purfield hummed, admiring the silver-mounted bridle tied to his saddle horn. When they reached the ranch, Hyslip took care of both horses while Purfield went across the yard. Hyslip watched him give the gift to Kathleen on the porch.

The words did not carry, but Hyslip knew when Purfield was telling her about Bradbury. He saw her startled attitude, and he observed Purfield's lowered head and air of penitence.

Later, the silver-mounted bridle sent little sparkles of evening sun when Kathleen and Purfield were riding in the meadow with Tony and Irene.

Matt Smallwood found Hyslip at the corral. "The boys gave it to me as they saw it, Webb, but it reads some different to me. I told you before that I think a lot of Bradbury."

"What do you want me to tell you, Matt?"

"I just might have to cut down on your friend some day. Will I have to figure on you, too, then—or afterward?"

"Maybe Starr alone will be enough for you."

"That ain't much of an answer, Webb."

After Smallwood walked away, Hyslip kept looking down the meadow, where Kathleen rode with Starr. Webb Hyslip was in love with Kathleen, and now he admitted it. It really went back to the first moment he had seen her. He wished it were a problem that could be handled as easily as settling a happy-go-lucky rebellion of the fence gang. . . .

After a long, hard day, Ambrose Sidney sat by the window.

The cedar shakes were on the roof of the new house fifty feet away from him. Before long the inside would be completed. Furniture was on its way across the mountains now. Material things would always be around for the using. The country would not change radically if intelligence was used in the management of it. It was the human beings who must be selected, for people were always far more important than the land.

He nodded to his wife. "I've decided to send young Purfield out to the sawmill and keep him there to run it. He knew more about setting it up than the men who were supposed to be experts."

"And that, you think, will keep him away from Kathleen?"

"I didn't say that." Sidney blinked. "But that's exactly the idea. I've decided that Hyslip is the man for her."

"Is he?"

"Yes. I know men, Merva. Hyslip has every quality this country needs. He's steady. He's tough. He's—"

"What does Kathleen think of him?"

"Why, how should I know? In time—"

"You're not breeding claybanks now, Ambrose."

"Merva, sometimes you talk rougher than a stablehand!"

"Admit what I said is true."

"I won't admit it!" Sidney said. "All I want to do is see that Kathleen gets the best husband possible, and I know who that is. That's all it amounts to. Webb Hyslip is the best man Kathleen could pick."

"You don't know anything about him."

"I'm checking his background now. He comes from a good family, as far as I know. He has four brothers, all successful cattlemen."

Merva Sidney sighed. "Personally, I like Starr Purfield much better."

Sidney frowned. "He has more natural mechanical skill than any man I've ever seen. If we'd had a few thousand like him on our side during the war . . ." He shook his head, lost for a moment in something he wanted to forget.

"But there's something lacking in that boy, Merva. He's dangerous."

"Fiddlesticks! He's charming."

"Not to me," Sidney said. "He's useful, but I can see through that surface charm into something I don't like. What he did to young Bradbury—"

"He tried not to kill him, that was all. He told Kathleen so. He did everything he could to avoid unpleasantness."

"Maybe." Sidney stared perplexedly at his wife. He trusted her judgment, but he thought perhaps she was now influenced by remembering a former life in which charm and elegance weighed heavily. No, he decided, she was more level-headed than that. She simply was mistaken about young Purfield.

I'VE got to go out to that lousy sawmill," Purfield complained to Hyslip. "I told you old Bug-Eyes would figure out

some way to keep me away from Kate." He grinned. "Not that it's going to work."

"You set it up for him, didn't you, when the rest were fumbling around?"

"Sure! But a fool could run it now."

"That's why he's sending you out there."

"I— Hey! You haven't made a joke in a long time, Webb." Purfield gave Hyslip a shove. "You know, I'd sort of like to get out of here. We've been here a long time, getting nowhere."

"What about Kathleen? I don't want to see a fine girl take a bad fall, Starr."

"It never struck you that way before."

"Now it does."

A tightness formed around Purfield's eyes, but a moment later he laughed: "Stop worrying. I'll let you be best man when Kate and me get married in that nice new house. And then you can notch the logs for the one we'll have to have. And we'll be sure to name the first boy Webster."

Purfield rode away toward the sawmill, singing.

Two days later Sidney said to Hyslip, "Kathleen and the girls want to go buy some junk in town. Drive the spring wagon, Webb. Keep an eye on them. You know what Wartrace is. Check the freight office for my furniture, and see if you can pick up five more men. You be the judge of them. I know I can trust you."

Sidney wheeled away quickly.

On the way to Wartrace, Kathleen wanted to talk of nothing but Starr Purfield. "You must have known him a long time, Webb."

"Yeah."

"I'll bet he was a demon with the girls."

"No."

"Were you?"

"No." Hyslip grinned when Tony and Irene giggled. Kathleen was laughing. The laughter loosened something up in Hyslip. He was able to talk more freely thereafter. It was a most pleasant trip to Wartrace, and he did not wonder at all why Sidney had sent him instead of Smallwood or the cook, as was usual.

Kathleen and the girls stayed at the Mansion House. Hyslip got himself a room above the Wartrace Saloon.

He had taken care of Sidney's business, and inquired about Ike Bradbury. The man was up and around, with a useless shoulder. Back in his room, Hyslip lay on the bed, thinking that if he could find any honest way to take Kathleen away from Purfield, he would do so. If there were any way. . . . But she was in love with Starr.

The next morning Hyslip waited three hours while Kathleen was having dresses fitted in a shop. It was afternoon before they started back to the ranch. Kathleen was radiant, satisfied with the trip, and sure she had forgotten half the things she had come to buy.

"What kind of gowns does Starr like?" she asked.

It occurred to Hyslip that the spangled cheapness of dance-hall girls' attire had always suited him fine. He said, "Most any kind, I guess."

"How about you?"

"I just like any pretty dress. I suppose," Hyslip said.

"Regardless of what's inside it?"

"I wouldn't say that." Hyslip grinned.

"You're a funny sort to be an old friend of Starr's, Webb. You're mostly serious, something like Matt Smallwood."

"As old and tough as all that?"

Kathleen smiled. "No, just sort of calm and thoughtful."

Hyslip studied her face. She was watching the crowds. The eagerness and strength about her was like the sun on the morning of a day when a man expected to get a good many important deeds done. She should always be strong and happy like that, Hyslip thought.

But if she married Purfield, how long would it last?

An instant later his nerves set hard inside him. Fred Coplon, the United States Marshal, was standing in the doorway of a livery stable. Tall and grim he was, a stringy man in ordinary clothing. No badge. No outward authority about him, except a feeling that came from his cold blue eyes.

He looked squarely at Hyslip, weighing him. He let the wagon pass.

Hyslip drove to Vicuna with all his worries acquired from the present now subject to the past. He went at once to Smallwood. The little foreman turned bleak and gray.

"He knew you?"

"I'm sure of it," Hyslip said.

"He'll cat-and-mouse. He'll find out plenty before he makes a move." Smallwood was deeply disturbed. "Remember, I'll handle it."

"How can you? It's our trouble, not yours."

"Never mind. I'll handle it."

CHAPTER SIX

THE next time Sidney sent Hyslip to Wartrace, Kathleen went alone with him to see about her gowns. Hyslip left her at the Mansion House. He checked his pistol there with the desk clerk, and made every joint in town, looking for Fred Coplon.

There was no use to let the thing drag out forever, and there was an outside chance that Coplon, who was known for tempering his commission with personal judgment, might have come to Vicuna because he considered settlement satisfactory in the affair at the express office.

Hyslip had to know, one way or the other. But Coplon was not in Wartrace that night.

At midnight Hyslip went back to the Mansion House to reclaim his pistol. He was half a block away when he saw Starr Purfield go into the hotel. The lobby was empty when Hyslip got there. The clerk, not the one who had received Hyslip's pistol, was looking over his spectacles at a newspaper.

"Ah, yes," the clerk said. "One .44 for Mr. Hyslip." He put the pistol and holster on the desk. "We have no rooms, sir," he said when Hyslip hesitated.

"What room is Mr. Purfield in?"

"We have no Mr. Purfield here."

"He just came in before me," Hyslip said.

"Oh! You mean Mr. Stanfield. Room 202."

the boy who grew up in a house full of manless women

The Strange Relationship

between Nietzsche and his sister Elisabeth

SUPPRESSED FOR FIFTY YEARS

revealed at last in the philosopher's own confession

MY SISTER AND I

The story of a Famous Brother and a terrifyingly ambitious younger Sister, who grew to love each other physically as children and continued to do so into maturity—to the exclusion of all other men and women.

One has to read only a few pages of this breathless book to realize why it has been hushed up all these years.

Quite simply, and in fearful earnest, the 19th century's greatest philosopher tells how he was gradually led into this extraordinarily dangerous love-trap which kept him from marrying and caused the suicide of his sister's only husband.

MY SISTER AND I was written in an asylum in Jena. Undoubtedly it was his studied revenge on his family for refusing to let him publish an earlier and much tamer confession, entitled *Ecce Homo* which did not appear till ten years after his death.

MY SISTER AND I had to wait over fifty years because it could not be made public until all the actors in the great drama had passed away.

PUBLISHED AT $4

Special Price to Our Readers

ONLY $2.95

Order Before Stock Is Exhausted

CONTINENTAL BOOKS: 307-5th Avenue
New York 16, N. Y., Dept. Dept. AA

Gentlemen: I enclose $2.95 for my copy of the $4 edition of *MY SISTER AND I*. I may return it for *full credit* if it does not *fully meet my expectations*.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Send C.O.D.

Be Popular! Have Fun! Make Friends!
PLAY PIANO
with BOTH Hands
First Day or Don't Pay

THIS AMAZING NEW PATENTED SELF TEACHING DEVICE

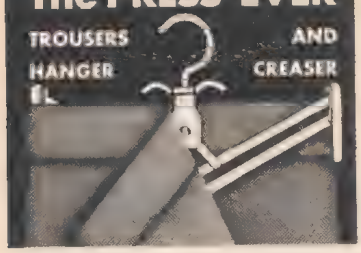
Patent No. 2,473,222

. . . is your "short-cut" to the new popularity that will be yours when you can sit down at the piano anytime, anywhere and play the crowd's favorite music. The Dean Ross AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides your fingers to the right notes INSTANTLY. Eliminates hours of boring exercises. Within 30 minutes, you'll be playing a fascinating melody with BOTH HANDS. This is no trick method. You'll soon be reading any sheet music at sight and playing with ease and assurance. Here's What You Get: The complete Dean Ross Piano Course, including 30-illustrated lessons, 50 songs with words and music, special Dean Ross play-at-once arrangements and the Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR . . . all for only $1.98. NOTHING ELSE TO PAY. Mail the 10-day FREE TRIAL coupon now!

Dean Ross Piano Studios, Inc., Dept. B-1404
45 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.
Send Piano Course of 30 lessons, 50 songs, and Patented Automatic Chord Selector. On delivery will pay postman just $1.98 plus postage. If not delighted, may return Course in 10 days for purchase price refund. The Automatic Chord Selector is mine to keep.
☐ SAVE 55¢! Send $1.98 now, we pay postage. Same guarantee.

Name .....
Address .....
No APO, FPO, or Foreign COD's

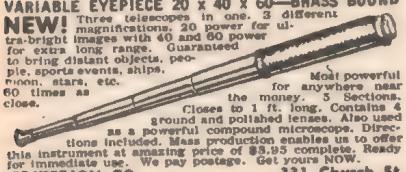
The PRESS-EVER
TROUSERS HANGER
AND CREASER



Insert the PRESS-EVER hanger inside the cuffs of the garment and release the spring. Holds fast — removes wrinkles — keeps the press. Set of 3 in gift box $2.20. If not carried by your dealer, set will be sent p. p. on receipt of price.

THE SET MAKES AN IDEAL GIFT
A fast seller—Sales people wanted everywhere
FROHOCK-STEWART CO. 317 Harris Ct., Worcester, Mass.

60 POWER TELESCOPE $3.95
VARIABLE EYEPIECE 20 x 40 x 60—BRASS BOUND



NEW! Three telescopes in one. 3 different magnifications. 20 power for ultra-bright images with 40 and 60 power for extra long range. Guaranteed to bring distant objects, people, sports events, ships, moon, stars, etc. 60 times as close. Most powerful for anywhere near the money. 5 Sections. Closes to 1 ft. long. Contains 4 ground and polished lenses. Also used as a powerful compound microscope. Directions included. Mass production enables us to offer this instrument at amazing price of $3.95 complete. Ready for immediate use. We pay postage. Get yours NOW.
CRITERION CO. 331 Church St.
Dept. EAB-2 Hartford 3, Conn.

New Easy Way
STOPS
SMOKING HABIT
TOBACCO BREATH TOBACCO NERVES
TOBACCO HEART

Banish forever the tobacco habit with its health killing effects on heart, throat and lungs. Don't be fooled by today's cigarette advertising with its tricky sayings and catchy jingles. Nicotine IS poisonous and a real danger to good health. Tobacco smoke DOES dry out the throat and make you cough! Sensational SMOK-NO-MOR Tablets must break the smoking habit within one short week or money refunded. Break your tobacco habit today . . . feel better . . . eat better . . . sleep better. Send no money, pay postman $3.00 plus postage for liberal supply, cash orders we pay postage. Write to:
CURTIS PHARMACAL CO. Dept.437-D
53 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago 4, Illinois

The writing said Stanfield, but it was in Purfield's hand. Sick and angry, Hyslip went up to Room 202. There was no one there. He knew that was how it would be. He sat in a chair until four o'clock. . . .

Kathleen was happier than he had ever seen her on the drive back to Vicuna. Hyslip did the best he could to hide his thoughts and control his face. He waited until evening before he saddled Guppy and rode to the sawmill.

Purfield saw him coming and met him near the slab pile.

"The clerk told me this morning," Purfield said. "Don't be so damned sore, Webb. We're going to get married."

"When?" Hyslip snapped curtly.

"As soon as her mother and her get old Bug-Eyes softened up a little. Otherwise, we'll go ahead anyway."

"Don't call him that name any more!"

"All right. You *are* damned good and sore, ain't you, Webb? If I had lost out to you, then—"

"Don't put it that way, Starr."

"Why not? You've been in love with her right along. Who can blame you? By the same token, who can blame me for what happened?"

"I can. Fred Coplon might ride in any time and take us both away. What about her then? You should have thought of that, Starr."

"He won't take *me* away, Webb."

They stared at each other.

"If he doesn't, we'll be on the run again. The thing for you and me to do is go see Coplon now," Hyslip said.

"Give up? You're crazy."

"We're not going to shoot Coplon!"

"Of course not." Purfield spread his hands and frowned. "You're worrying too far ahead. Things will work out. We tried to pay off for some of the damage. What more do they want?"

And that was almost what Jacobs and Carswell had asked before they were hanged.

HYSLIP rode back to Vicuna knowing that he had accomplished little, if anything. He wondered if he ever would, in matters where Purfield was concerned.

Ambrose Sidney was taking more interest in Hyslip every day, coming around to talk to him, asking advice, giving Hyslip more supervision of the ranch affairs. The house was finished and the Sidneys moved into it without fanfare. Work began at once on enlarging the other buildings.

"We'll ride out tomorrow," Sidney said. "I want to look over some of the grant again, under more pleasant circumstances than the last time."

Going toward the Turrets the next day, Hyslip was impressed once more by the vastness and excellence of the range for cattle. He mentioned the fact.

They stopped on a mesa overlooking forage for ten thousand cattle. "One ranch, or split it up?" Sidney asked.

Hyslip's heart jumped. He answered slowly. "I'd make one ranch of the whole thing, with camps spread all over. I'd see that this range was taken care of."

"That's my idea, too. I've always considered cattle stupid creatures, but there's money in them. It's my plan, when I get my horse raising developed the way I want it, to go into cattle. It will take the right kind of men, Hyslip, men to look generations ahead. There's a future here. You bear that in mind all the time you're overseeing the piddling work we have to do to get ready."

They were going back to Vicuna when Sidney said casually, "You've got some rough spots in your past, haven't you, son?"

"That's right."

"You regret that?"

"The time for regret is before, not after."

Sidney eyed him keenly. A little later he said, "How do you and Kathleen get on?"

"All right."

"I know she's infatuated by your friend, Webb," Sidney said. "I consider that a temporary attachment. A young woman sometimes fails to see the qualities in a man, unless, of course, he finds some way to demonstrate them."

Sidney was pompous and there was a brutal streak of dominance in him, Hyslip thought, but blended with those qualities was a fumbling humanness that offset the rest. . . .

Establishment of regular mail service to Wartrace gave Kathleen an excuse to go every afternoon to town. Her sisters soon lost interest in the ride. It was not a long trip, but Kathleen frequently found reasons in advance for staying overnight. Sidney insisted that Hyslip go with her. After delivering her to the Mansion House, Hyslip never saw her again until it was time to call for her in the morning.

Just once he checked the livery stables, late at night, and saw Purfield's sorrel. He did not check again but he knew the horse was there every time Kathleen stayed in Wartrace.

And then one night she sent a messenger to Hyslip, asking for him to come at once.

"He's in town, Webb, but he isn't here."

Hyslip set his face. "Who?"

"Don't act like that. You've known all the time." She faced him standing. "It's over, isn't it? Did it last any longer than usual?"

Hyslip said, "Don't talk like that!"

She had not been crying. She was not explosively angry or bewildered; but she was hurt so bad she was like a child who could not scream or break things. Hyslip knew it was deep inside her, controlled, but yet she was still a child in that she had learned facts without the experience to understand them.

Hyslip said, "What do you want me for—to go after him?"

She looked steadily at him, and in that moment he recognized a matureness in her that would bring this thing to understanding in time.

"No," she said. "I wanted to talk to you. I know now you must have seen this happen before. What should I do now, Webb?"

"Tell your mother. For God's sake, don't tell your father!"

She nodded. "Is that all the advice you have?"

YOUR CHOICE OF TWO GREAT BOOKS

THE GOOD TIDINGS by William Sidney
(Published at $3.00)

In the days of Augustus and Tiberius, the Jewish people, suffering under the double yoke of imperial Rome and the tyrant Herods, and inwardly strangled by the influences of the Sadducees and the Pharisees, were fighting a desperate battle for survival. This vivid novel of the troubled days preceding Christ's ministry portrays a land in turmoil, a people waiting for a Messiah to deliver them.

Through the pages of THE GOOD TIDINGS strides the mystic figure of John the Baptist. First as a boy watching his father die as a living torch to light a tetrarch's feast; the youthful John fleeing Jerusalem to study under the Magi; the man, returning as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and finally, the slaughtered corpse, for whose head tormented Salome danced.

THE GOOD TIDINGS is not the conventional Biblical novel. William Sidney has chosen one of the world's momentous times for his setting, has peopled it with flesh and blood characters, and has fashioned a memorable story.

OR

THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY by Robert Terrall
(Published at $3.00)

Many men wanted Alois Resch. J. L. Philips, the civilian sent over to break up cartels, needed courtroom evidence to go above the colonel (who was in Austria to keep cartels discreetly organized). Robert Pertl, mysterious leader of the liberated prisoners, was after revenge. For Sergeant Jack Kosek, the problem was more complicated.

What happened in the minds and hearts of American soldiers when, after the victory, they had the privileges of conquerors, marked the end of a crusade. The momentum could not last in the exciting atmosphere of corruption—plenty of wine, ready women, and the heady taste of being Master.

THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY is more suspenseful than any chase yarn, more exciting than any documentary, more important than any war novel. It is a remarkable and frightening love story. It is a grotesque slice of G.I. life. It is also a very provocative analysis of how "it can happen here." Most of all, it is the kind of first novel that makes a busy editor sit up and take notice. Robert Terrall's did.

You can have either one of these books for only $1.00—over 60% less than the regular published price—by joining the MEN'S DOLLAR BOOK GUILD.

MEN'S DOLLAR BOOK GUILD

Yes— Only one dollar will bring you either one of these truly great stories for men. Note: You are not obligated, as in the case of many book clubs, to buy three, four, or six additional books! This is a special introductory, one-time offer, good only while our limited supplies last. At no cost or obligation to you, also, your name will be added to the list of the MEN'S DOLLAR BOOK GUILD and you will receive special notifications sent out on forthcoming book bargains. This service is entirely free and will not obligate you in any way. Send $1.00 for one book or $2.00 for both. NOW, before our supply is exhausted. FILL IN THE COUPON TODAY!

MEN'S DOLLAR BOOK GUILD
Suite 2005, Dept. D
205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed please find ($1.00 ☐) ($2.00 ☐). Please send me:

THE GOOD TIDINGS (Published at $3.00)
THE STEPS OF THE QUARRY (Published at $3.00)

This does not obligate me in any way to buy further books.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....Zone....State.....

New FALSE PLATE for OLD IN 24 HOURS

Low As Only $15.95

***Wonderful New Scientific Method Transforms OLD, LOOSE, Cracked or Chipped Plates into* LUSTROUS BEAUTY-PINK DUPONT PLASTIC PLATES**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Why envy beautiful false teeth of others? We will transform your old, loose, cracked or chipped plate into a beautiful new lightweight DuPont Beauty Pink Plastic Plate, using your own teeth. All missing and broken teeth matched and replaced. Your cost amazingly low; actually save many dollars. No impression needed under our new scientific False Plate Method. 24-Hour Service.

SEND NO MONEY Enjoy life again, and save money on beautiful, new, natural-looking plastic plate. Rush name, address for full details sent FREE. If your plate is *loose*, we show you how to make it comfortable, tight-fitting before duplication.

West Dental Laboratory, 127 N. Dearborn St., Dept. P-142 Chicago 2, Ill.

French STYLE DUELING SWORDS SET OF TWO **$3.98** per pair

Once used in deadly combat—now an exciting sport! Learn right at home. Fun—safe*—educational. These swords are made of fine blue spring steel, polished metal guards, turned handles, rubber safety tips. Fencing teaches quick thinking, develops coordination, posture. Since the Middle Ages, Europeans have enjoyed the sport of dueling. *Now advocated by U.S. colleges. Set includes two swords and the booklet, "The Art of Fencing". Special price. **MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED** At sporting goods dealers or send $3.98 to TECHRITE CORP., Box 276 South Pasadena, Calif.

41" long

heavy duty

Malayan THROWING DAGGER

BALANCED TO STICK! **$1.98**

The MALAYAN FIGHTING KNIFE is used for self-defense, killing game, target skill. Powerful, silent, accurate weapon. Splits 1" board at 30 ft.

EASY TO THROW!

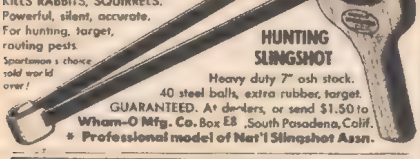
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Fun, Thrills, Excitement! Indoors—outdoors. Learn this Sport! Easy to throw accurately with our clear instructions. Beautiful, heavy-duty 10" knife. Tempered steel. Tough, rawhide-bound handle. Rare souvenir, unusual bargain. Limited quantity. At dealers or send $1.98

WHOLESALE IMPORT CO. Dept M, 604 Morengo, Alhambra, Calif.

WHAM-O SPORTSMAN* **$1.50** 35-LB. PULL!

HITS LIKE A RIFLE—
KILLS RABBITS, SQUIRRELS.
Powerful, silent, accurate. For hunting, target, routing pests. Sportsmen's choice sold world over!



HUNTING SLINGSHOT

Heavy duty 7" osh stock. 40 steel balls, extra rubber, target. GUARANTEED. At dealers, or send $1.50 to Wham-O Mfg. Co. Box E8 South Pasadena, Calif.

* Professional model of Nat'l Slingshot Assn.

HAVE A PROBLEM?

ADVENTURE'S EXPERTS can answer your question on any subject from Americana to wrestling—on any section of the world from Alaska to Zanzibar. See list of experts on page 74.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

May Cause Fatal Infection

Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE** Rotating Scissors

So Simple! Just turn end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently.

You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impracticable. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe, efficient. Rounded points can't cut or prick skin.

$1 Made from fine surgical steel. Also in gold plate, $4.20. Fed Tax Incl.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

HOLLIS CO. • 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. **Dept. M-16**

Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it within 10 days for refund.

Name _____ Address _____

"Bawl your eyes out. Tear hell out of the room."

She looked at him curiously. "What kind of life have you led that you should know those things?"

He had an impulse to tell her that Starr Purfield's women had sent for him before when Starr's brief interest in them waned. A sudden hatred of Purfield made Hyslip tremble. In the white heat of his emotions was one clear thought: *Kill Starr Purfield.*

Kathleen sat down in a red plush chair. "You can run along to Miss Beasley's now, Webb. I won't bother you any more this evening."

"Kathleen—" He started across the room.

"Go away, Webb."

He stood outside the room a few moments. There was no crying inside. His pistol felt heavy on his thigh. . . .

Starr was telling a story at the wine bar in Madam Beasley's place. He had an appreciative audience. His eyes tightened when he saw Hyslip, but he did not falter in the story. Afterward, in a corner of the room, he said, "It's all over your face, Webb. What did she say?"

Hyslip was cooler now. There seemed to be a touch of humility in Purfield and a sort of mild wonder at himself. He did not laugh. He sat with his legs sprawled out, his youthful face troubled as he stared up at Hyslip.

"I'm just not the settling type, Webb. Let's move on. Let's leave tonight."

"What about Kathleen?"

"Always that, huh?" Purfield grinned. "She'll be all right. She's not hurt."

Hyslip's pistol was in the reception parlor. He picked Starr Purfield out of the chair by his shirt and hit him on the point of the jaw. Purfield went back into the chair. The chair dumped over with his weight and he lay on the carpet, unmoving.

WHEN Hyslip rode with Kathleen back to Vicuna the next day, she was quieter than usual. Looking at her face, he saw no blight, no deep pain, nor any change except a certain air of thoughtfulness.

"You know why my father has been sending you along, don't you?" she asked.

Hyslip shook his head.

"He's been throwing you at me."

"The hell!" Hyslip stared. "I mean—"

"We laughed about it, Starr and I," she said in an even voice. She looked at Hyslip squarely, as Sidney had when he was considering sending him out to the fence line with Arthur. She put her horse ahead at a trot then, waving Hyslip back when he would have stayed beside her. . . .

Purfield came in from the sawmill one evening two days later. He conferred with Sidney about some tools that he needed, and then he came over to where Smallwood and Hyslip were pacing off the site of a new breaking corral.

"See you a minute, Webb?" There was no mark on Purfield's chin. Nothing about him was changed. "You're going to stick around Vicuna?"

Hyslip nodded.

"Why?"

"For the same reason I gave you up there on the Turrets." That had not been long ago, but it seemed far distant to Hyslip now.

"You and old Bug-Eyes are getting pretty thick, I hear. You're becoming the fair-haired boy. Maybe you figure on winding up top man around here. Is that it?"

"There's a chance."

"Kathleen, too?"

"Leave her out of it, Starr. No need to include her in this."

"You'd be busting up an old friendship, Webb. You're the only man I ever got along with for very long. I've stayed here longer than my time already, but I don't want to leave without you."

He was sincere, Hyslip knew. But was it based on friendship, or a selfish desire to hold the only steadying influence there had ever been in his life?

"I'm staying," Hyslip said.

Purfield smiled. "Old Solemn Gus. I wish I could be a little like you. I really do. But nothing holds me for very long. I can't help it, Webb. If I left here without you, it scares me to think of what might happen to me. I'd be in real bad trouble quick, and I know it. You're not going to do that to me, are you?"

"You're the one that's doing it."

"I'll stay a while," Purfield said. "You may get tired of things around here. I mean everything, just the way I did." He walked away.

Smallwood came over from where he had stood at the far corner of the corral site. He watched Purfield get on his horse in the yard. "Did you ever hear of the dog in the manger, Webb?"

"I don't think it's exactly like that. He—"

"I do," Smallwood said. "It's damned well exactly that. There goes a man who is no good to himself or to anyone he brushes against. If I thought that him and Kathleen had . . ." His cold eyes were wicked as he watched Purfield ride away.

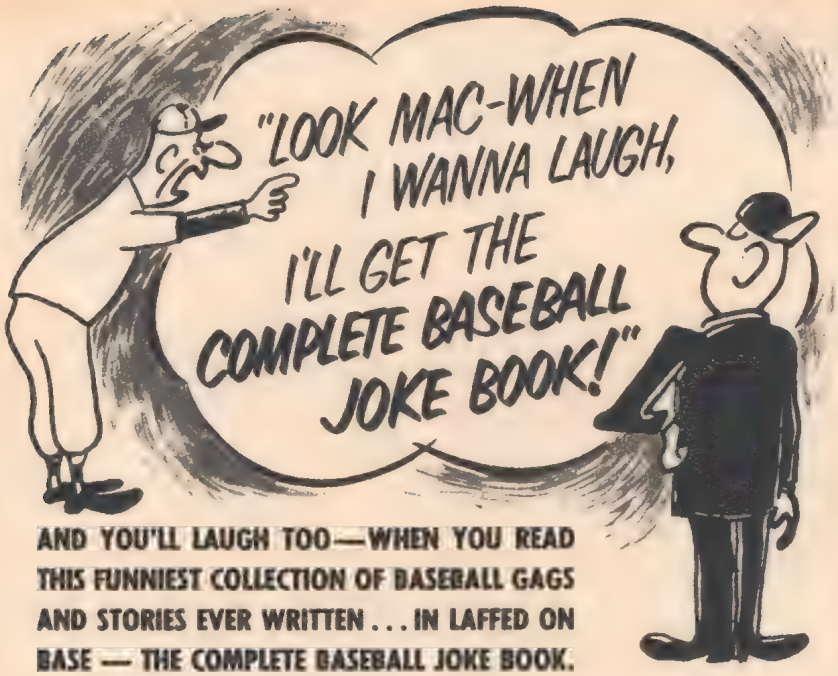
Smallwood was thinking the truth, or he would not have mentioned it, Hyslip thought. It was the memory of black days when he was injured on the Turrets, and days beyond then that made Hyslip say, "I think she's through with Starr, Smallwood."

"Yeah," Smallwood said. "But what brought it about? That's what I'd like to know. Friend or no friend, Webb, don't get in my way if I ever go for Purfield."

AMBROSE SIDNEY was the happiest man at Vicuna; he had made plans and they seemed to be working out, and nothing can please a human being better. He told his wife, "You see what I meant? all she needed was a little encouragement to change over to Webb."

Merva Sidney looked at her husband with wise, pitying eyes. She could not tell him the truth; she could only pray that the days would flow for a long time before he found out the truth, if he ever did.

Now that she had studied Hyslip closely during the evenings he sat with



AND YOU'LL LAUGH TOO—WHEN YOU READ THIS FUNNIEST COLLECTION OF BASEBALL GAGS AND STORIES EVER WRITTEN . . . IN LAFFED ON BASE — THE COMPLETE BASEBALL JOKE BOOK.

Here's a riotous selection of dugout capers that's a "hit" in any league ("hot stove" or not). Daffy stories of real ballplayers and their experiences on and off the diamond, with umpires, managers and their buddies.

CASH IN ON THIS AMAZING DOUBLE PLAY!

Surprise your friends with your increased knowledge of the game *and at the same time* chuckle to the zany antics of these wonderful "screwballs."

Read About the Wild, Crazy Antics of These and Other of Your Favorite Ballplayers!

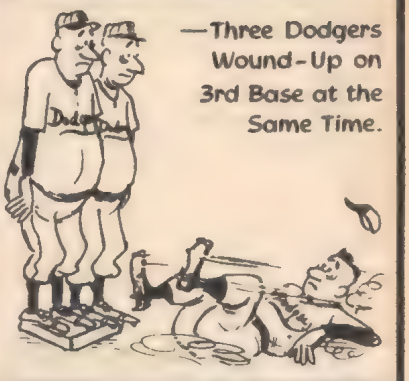
Babe Ruth, Allie Reynolds, Lefty Gomez, Leo Durocher, Sal Maglie, Bobby Thomson, Dixie Walker, Yogi Berra, Dizzy Dean, Al Schacht, Frenchy Bordagaray, Babe Herman, Dazzy Vance, Dick Bartell, Babe Newsom, John McGraw, Frank Frisch, Rube Waddell, Rogers Hornsby, and many more.

DON'T GET CAUGHT OFF BASE!

Mail the coupon NOW, for *your* copy of the Complete Baseball Joke Book. But hurry because "it's a steal"... at only $1.98!

FIRST TRY 10 DAYS

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE TIME WHEN . . .



—Three Dodgers Wound-Up on 3rd Base at the Same Time.

OR WHEN . . .

—Babe Herman Got Conked on the Head Chasing a Fly Ball?

OR WHEN . . .

—Casey Stengel Tipped his Cap at the Plate and a Bird Flew Out?

SEND NO MONEY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. J-324
113 West 57th Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

I want to learn about the funny side of baseball. Rush my copy of The Complete BASEBALL JOKE BOOK. If not completely satisfied I may return the book for a full refund.

☐ Enclosed is $1.98 (Stravon pays postage).
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only $1.98 plus a few cents postage charges.

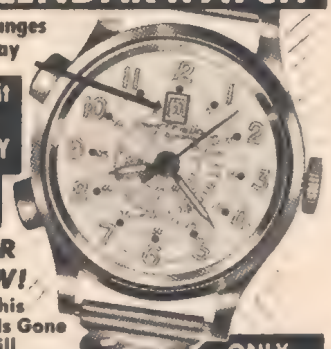
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

NO C.O.D. TO CANADA OR FOREIGN COUNTRIES
SEND INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDER

LIFETIME CHRONOGRAPH
STOPWATCH-WINDOW
CALENDAR WATCH

Date Changes Every Day

Enjoy it on 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!



ORDER NOW!
When This Supply Is Gone Price Will JUMP!

It's also a Telemeter, Tachometer and 12-Hr. Recorder

ONLY $8.95 plus 10% Fed. Tax

ONE-YEAR GUARANTEE

An amazing offer—don't miss it! Or you may be too late! Precision made, imported Swiss jeweled movement 2-button "Stop" and "Start". Radium Glow see-at-night Dial, red sweep-second hand, unbreakable crystal, shock-resistant case, and handsome matching expansion wristband. How-to-use, complete instructions plus 1-Year Guarantee and Lifetime Service Certificate included.

MAIL FREE-TRIAL COUPON TODAY!

Buyer's Guild Inc., Dept. 9304
Woodbridge, New Jersey

Send Chronograph Watch(es) at $8.95 plus 90c Fed. Tax each. Will pay postman bargain price plus postage. If not completely satisfied, may return Watch within 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE 90c POSTAGE. Send $9.85 (includes Fed. Tax). Same 10-day Free-Trial and Money-Back Guarantee.

Borrow $50 to $600
BY MAIL

Confidential Loan Service

Need money? No matter where you live . . . you can borrow BY MAIL, $50.00 to $600.00 this easy, quick, confidential way. No endorsers needed. Employed men and women of good character eligible. Solve your money problems quickly and in complete privacy with a loan made by mail. Employer, relatives and friends will not know you're applying for a loan. Convenient monthly payments. Rush coupon—giving occupation—for Application Blank sent FREE in plain envelope. There's no obligation.

STATE FINANCE CO., 323 Securities Bldg. Dept. Y-10 OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

No Endorsers
REPAY ON EASY TERMS
Quick! Easy!
PRIVATE

STATE FINANCE CO., Dept. Y-10
323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebraska
Please rush FREE Application Blank.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Occupation..... Age.....

Amount you want to borrow $.....

323 Different STAMPS – 25¢

includes the most famous stamp ever issued: SPAIN

GOYA NUDE

What a collection! 323 all-different stamps from all over the world, including hard-to-get stamps like: ALBANIA—Churchill, F.D.R. Liberation; UNITED NATIONS—very first stamp issued; MONACO—giant Pope Pius triangles; GERMANY—Allied Military Gov't cpl. (9); FRANCE—Anti-Communist bicolors cpl.; KOREA—Pyongyang Provisionals; U.S.A.—$1 1931 top value; plus hundreds more at the amazing bargain rate of 13 stamps for 1¢! It's a regular $3.50 value—get yours for 25¢ with our Bargain Approvals. Money back if not delighted. And we'll include, FREE, our 32-page "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps"—plus Stamp Identifier and Dictionary.

SEND 25¢ TODAY ASK FOR LOTHK-1
ZENITH CO., 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

Kathleen in the big living room; Mrs. Sidney had decided that he might, after all, be a good man for Kathleen. If Kathleen did marry Webb Hyslip, it seemed to Merva Sidney that her daughter would be starting her marriage on a mature level.

"Webb ought to laugh more," Sidney said. "He looks younger when he does, and I think Kathleen would like him more. I'll mention that to him."

"Tell him when to breathe, too, Ambrose."

Sidney missed the remark. "The trouble, I think, is Purfield. That fellow has worried Webb to death. I'd fire Purfield right now if he wasn't so handy at running the sawmill. Since he got it set up and going, I haven't had to go near the place."

Kathleen came into the room.

Sidney cleared his throat. "No doubt Hyslip will be underfoot again tonight. Why don't you take him riding, or something, to get him out of my sight?"

Kathleen smiled. "I might do that."

I wonder if I had such composure at her age, Mrs. Sidney thought.

Ambrose Sidney rose and started toward an outside door. "I don't want you to get too serious about that fellow, Kathleen. Just because I trust him is no reason anybody else should." The bluster carried into a hollowness that only Sidney was not aware of. He went out smiling.

Kathleen and Mrs. Sidney looked at each other. The smile faded from the daughter's lips. She ran across the room and knelt, putting her face in her mother's lap.

For the first time since discovering what Starr Purfield was, Kathleen gave way to tears. Mrs. Sidney stroked her hair, staring down with troubled eyes.

"I love him so much," Kathleen sobbed. "That's what makes it worse!"

"Starr?" Mrs. Sidney asked gently.

"No. Father, I mean."

It was not the time to ask any questions about Webb Hyslip. "I love your father, too," Mrs. Sidney said. She watched her husband stride across the yard. "We won't tell him anything."

IN THE middle of the morning Purfield rode in from the sawmill. He talked pleasantly to Sidney about a part for the saw carriage that he wanted to make in the blacksmith shop. He waved to Smallwood and Hyslip, who were helping on the new corral.

Hyslip was turning to pick up a hammer when he saw the piece of chinking drop from between the logs at the back end of the blacksmith shop. An instant later more chinking fell. Hyslip went over to the shop.

Purfield was pumping the bellows, heating a length of tire iron in the forge. He grinned. "Still hell-bent to be a pioneer on the great Pacheco Grant?"

Hyslip looked through the slot where the line of chinking had been. He could see the road toward Wartrace.

"Who are you expecting, Starr?"

Purfield raised his brows. "Expecting?" He glanced over his shoulder at the slot. "Oh, that! Smoke, son. It goes out through holes, so I made an extra one. Still going to be a pioneer, Webb?"

"I've answered that."

"A man can change his mind. Why, you and me might be fifteen miles east of Wartrace by sundown."

Hyslip chewed his lip. Something in Purfield's grin made him uneasy. Maybe that had always been so. While he was thinking about it, Purfield pushed him off balance with a casual question.

"How's Kate?"

"She's all right."

"Sure she is. No use to glare, Webb. I only asked a civil question. I'm interested in you and Kate. I really am."

HYSLIP went back to the corral. His mind was not on his work, and Smallwood eyed him curiously from time to time.

Smallwood was on his way to get a drink when Rud Pomeroy, who had been transferred from the fence gang to the sawmill crew, rode in on a lathered horse. He went directly to the blacksmith shop. Smallwood started toward the blacksmith shop, rubbing his hands on his shirt front.

Hyslip was far ahead of him. He stopped in the doorway. Pomeroy and Purfield had been talking, but now they were silent.

"What are you doing over here, Pomeroy?" Hyslip asked.

"He came over to help me," Purfield said.

"He came from the wrong direction," Hyslip said. "He's been in town. He's been on the lookout there." It was clear now to Hyslip, but to the last he did not want to believe what he thought.

"Sure he has." Purfield grinned easily.

Unhurriedly, he took his pistol belt from a peg on the wall where he had hung it when he went to work. With his back to Hyslip, he buckled it on. "What do you know! There's somebody coming. Go see where Smallwood is, Pomeroy."

Hyslip said, "Stay right here, Pomeroy." There was gray in Pomeroy's hair. He had the build of a rough-and-tumble fighter, and he wore a pistol. It was the years behind the grayness that told. He looked from Hyslip to Purfield. "You let me into something, didn't you, Starr?" He walked over to a keg and sat down. "You're the boss, Hyslip."

Smoke from the forge was drifting through the room, but Hyslip could see well enough between the logs, out there to the Wartrace road. The man was on a steel-dust. He was tall and stringy.

He was Fred Coplon, coming at last.

Matt Smallwood called, "Come out of the shop, you fellows!"

"No shooting," Hyslip said to Purfield.

"Sure. We'll talk him out of it." Purfield laughed.

They went outside. Smallwood had stopped halfway between the watering trough and the blacksmith shop. Pomeroy walked away, going toward the bunkhouse, a man who had lived to get gray by knowing when to leave.

"I'll handle things," Smallwood said.

Purfield walked toward the foreman. Coplon stopped at the meadow gate. He

left his horse and ducked through the bars. "Smallwood, I'm coming in to talk to a couple of your men."

"Come ahead." Smallwood did not take his eyes from Purfield. "Don't try a thing, Purfield."

"What makes you think I would?" Purfield raised his hand to rub his cheek slowly. When the hand started down it went all the way to his pistol.

Matt Smallwood was just as fast. He might even have been a fraction quicker, but he took time for careful aim. Purfield played the main chance, gambling, aiming as one would point a finger. He was ahead. His bullet knocked the little foreman down.

Coplon stopped sixty or seventy feet away.

"Come on, you long drink of water," Purfield said. "Come on in and talk."

"I aim to. Put your pistol away."

"Sure." Purfield slipped his pistol into the holster. "Better saddle up, Webb," he murmured. "Twenty miles east of Wartrace by sundown." He smiled as the tall figure of the marshal came steadily toward him.

Purfield's back was to Hyslip; and that, Hyslip thought, might have been planned with everything else. The Vicuna crew was edging in. Sidney yelled something.

Hyslip drew his pistol. "I'll wreck your arm right at the elbow, Starr."

Purfield watched the marshal. "You wouldn't do that. I know you wouldn't do that."

Hyslip's silence was the argument that made Purfield turn. He read Hyslip's face. "What's the matter with you, Webb? You really wouldn't—"

"I'm not bringing trouble," Coplon said. "Hyslip, Purfield, do you hear me!"

During one long moment that would rise before Hyslip all his life, he saw on Purfield's face everything that had always been there, a selfishness so deep and twisted that it would kill Hyslip before it let him live his own life.

AND he saw that Purfield knew he had lost, that killing Coplon would not cause Hyslip to run, that the separation had really been up there in the rain and fog on the Turrets.

In a moment stark with loneliness Hyslip recognized these things. He had been Purfield's friend, but Purfield had never known it, for he had always considered Hyslip a symbol of relationship and not a man.

Coplon said something sharply but it was lost on Hyslip. He saw Purfield start his draw. Hyslip's pistol was in his hand. There was a tick of time for aiming, just a fraction more time than Smallwood had been granted. Hyslip shot once. The tightness went out of Purfield's face. He stared at Hyslip and then he fell.

There was a numbness then in Hyslip. The hand that held the pistol seemed no part of him. He went forward slowly through the smoke. When he bent over and straightened up again one thought came and fled. He was thankful that his aim had been deadly, for if it had not been so, if Purfield had lived long enough to talk, he would have grinned and said something that would have added overwhelmingly to the memories.

Fred Coplon walked up. His mouth was a line and his eyes were impersonal. "I was trying to say that me and the express agent got the charges dropped."

HYSLIP fumbled his pistol into the holster. "We heard you say you weren't bringing a fight."

"So?" Coplon looked down at Purfield. "Personal trouble is no affair of mine."

Ambrose Sidney came over from where he had been kneeling by Smallwood. "Some of this is my affair now. One of my foremen had a bullet through the shoulder and one is dead." He stared at Coplon. "I don't know you, sir, but you're responsible for causing this. I'll hold a trial for you at once."

"Trial?" For once there was slack in Coplon's lips, but his eyes were busy ranging over the Vicuna men all around him.

"Bring him to the porch in ten minutes, Hyslip." Sidney started away.

"He's a United States marshal," Hyslip said. "Don't put that uniform on, Sidney."

"I don't recognize any such office." Sidney swung around. "What was that last you said, Hyslip?"

"Don't put that uniform on!"

Sidney stared at Hyslip, and their wills were locked in combat. Something faded out of Sidney, but it was not his strength; it was rather that he veered suddenly from one driving idea to another. One moment he was stiff with fury, and an instant later he was thoughtful, with none of his force diminished, but with an expression that said he himself had finally arrived at a decision he had been long in avoiding.

"The order is revoked," he said, looking at Coplon.

Hyslip went down to the meadow fence. Guppy was out there with the claybanks, and now someone was turning Purfield's blue roan through the bars. It raised its head high, scenting the strangers, and then it trotted over to Guppy and the two ranged side by side.

On the benches of the Turrets the red and gold of fall had spilled into the aspens. Summer was dying, and it seemed to Hyslip that it happened all at once.

"Come fall, come spring, what's the difference?" Purfield used to say. "Today is the one that counts." There were other expressions, too; and his laugh would echo out of nowhere in the years to come.

After a while Hyslip realized that someone had come up beside him. It was Kathleen. "Are you thinking of leaving, Webb?"

He nodded.

She shook her head. "Don't go away."

They stood there together, and it seemed to Hyslip that they had nothing to say to each other; but still he sensed a strength in their combined presence. He wondered if that was because Purfield had marked both their lives.

"I needed you that night in Wartrace," Kathleen said. "Now you need me."

It was the answer. Time would make it full enough for both of them. ■ ■

I need 500 Men

To Wear and Show Made-to-Measure SUITS

Pay No Money—Send No Money

My values in made-to-measure suits are so sensational, thousands of men order when they see the actual garments. I make it easy for you to get your own suit to wear and show—MAKE MONEY IN FULL or SPARE TIME IN THIS EASY WAY!

My Plan is Amazing

Just take a few orders at my low money-saving prices—that's all—and get your own personal suit to wear and show—make money fast taking orders. No experience needed. Spare time pays BIG. You pay no money, now or any time.

MAIL COUPON!

Rush this coupon today for full facts and BIG SAMPLE KIT containing 150 fine woolens in all popular weights and shades. Be one of the 500 top-notchers I need to wear, show, and take orders for my suits. Act today!

PIONEER TAILORING CO.
Dept. U-1240, Congress & Throop Sts., Chicago 7, Ill.

PIONEER TAILORING CO., Dept. U-1240
Congress & Throop Streets, Chicago 7, Ill.

Dear Sir: I WANT a Made-to-Measure SUIT TO WEAR AND SHOW, without paying one cent for it. Rush details and Sample Kit of actual fabrics. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FISH-HUNT-BOAT
In The Rain With The Amazing New
RAIN-ZIP COVERALL $4.95

With Detachable Parka Hood

Roomy swing action coverall suit of famous Firestone Velon. Zipper closing, removable parka hood. Folds wet or dry into handy pocket pouch. No stick, peel or odor. Ideal for fishing, hunting, boating, working, etc. Sizes: small, medium, large. Order today! Money back guarantee. Sent C O D $4.95 plus postage or we pay postage if you remit with order.

GARDINER PRODUCTS
18 E. 11th St. Dept. AV-4 Kansas City 6, Mo.

MEN WANTED!

Make $15-$20 in Few Hours Spare Time—up to $210.00 a Week FULL TIME—with Amazing D-FROST-O-MATIC!

Millions of housewives want this sensational new Automatic Refrigerator Defroster! No more messy hand defrosting! Just plug in D-FROST-O-MATIC and refrigerator is defrosted *automatically* every night! Sales easy, sure when you leave D-FROST-O-MATIC on FREE TRIAL—housewives won't let you take it out! Saves money, food, time, work! *Big profits for you*—up to $210.00 a week full time—$15 to $20 in just a few spare hours! Start spare time and build big, prosperous business . . . quickly, easily!

SELLY of California started in his spare time and now sells 1500 D-Frost-O-Matics a month!

Rush Name Today for Profit Details and FREE TRIAL PLAN!

More than 29,000,000 prospects waiting! Rush your name and address today. We'll airmail exciting facts, proof and sure-profit Free Trial plan. No obligation. Write today.

D-FROST-O-MATIC, Dept. T-43
173 W. Madison Street, Chicago 2, Ill.

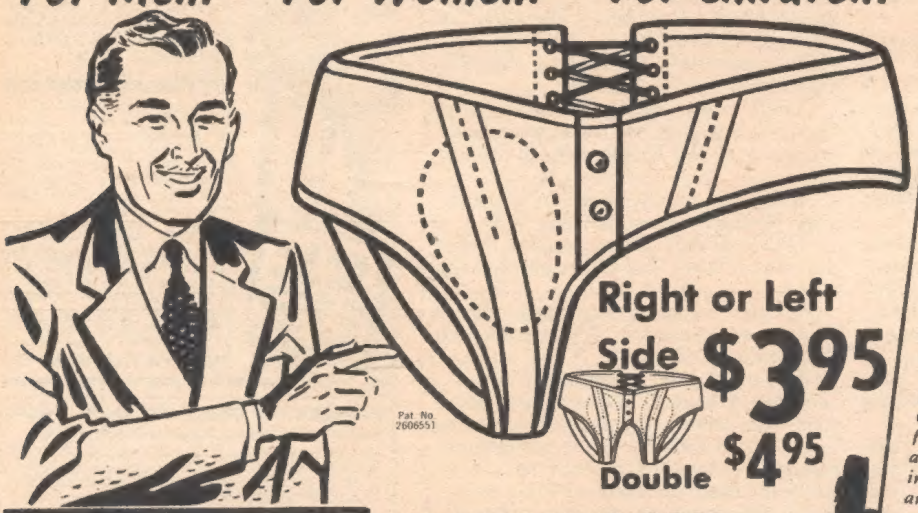
HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH

Patented

RUPTURE-EASER

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. (A Piper Brace Product)

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Right or Left Side $3.95

Double $4.95

NO FITTING REQUIRED!

NOW YOU CAN . . . THROW AWAY THOSE GOUGING, TORTURING TRUSSES --- GET NEW WONDERFUL RELIEF *WITH* RUPTURE-EASER

A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat groin pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! **(Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)**

OVER 500,000 GRATEFUL USERS!

Unsolicited Testimonials From Our Thousands on File:

R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air Mails: *"Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."*

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is—*"very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."*

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: *"It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."*

M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y. writes: *"I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."*

Mrs. L. H. C., Blackburn, Mo. writes: *"The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."*

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE ORDER TODAY!

THE MOST EFFECTIVE HERNIA SUPPORT

Rupture-Easer is the most effective support on the market today. Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for amazing new comfort. Rupture-Easer is easy to wear.

RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY

Unlike oldtime cumbersome supports Rupture-Easer is comfortable and sanitary. It can be washed without harm to the fabric. You never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.

EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief.

DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS ORDER TODAY

Piper Brace Co., Dept. AD-43
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

PIPER BRACE CO., 811 Wyandotte, Dept. AD-43 Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side	☐ $3.95	Measure around lowest part
Left Side	☐ $3.95	of my abdomen is
Double	☐ $4.95	.....INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
(Note: Be Sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

Enclosed is: ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for $..... ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

RUN THE BEST "SHOE STORE BUSINESS" IN YOUR TOWN!

Not Just Shoes... But SPECIAL KINDS OF SHOES!

BIG FULL OR SPARE TIME PROFITS! SATISFY CUSTOMERS MOST STORES ARE NOT ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF!

HERE'S THE BUSINESS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED! YEAR 'ROUND—REPEAT ORDERS FROM FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, EVERYBODY—STEADY PROFITS—UNLIMITED PROSPECTS—A QUALITY PRODUCT THAT'S NATIONALLY KNOWN! Start full or spare time with a "shoe store business" in your pocket. No expense of overhead, lights, etc. . . . your big profit is ALL YOURS!

We set you up in this fine business FREE. See how easy it is to make BIG MONEY with Mason's new "Wonder Line" of shoes for men and women. Wonderful styles, extra-comfort features; amazing range of sizes and widths. You feature over 150 styles of dress, sport and work shoes. Sizes from 5 to 16, widths AAAA to EEEE. No wonder no shoe store in your town can compete with you!

Make hundreds of *extra* dollars every month by selling *specially designed* Mason air-cushioned service shoes to filling station attendants, garage men, postmen, truck drivers, grocers, other people who work in stores, offices, industries. Watch your customer list grow—see how easy it is to earn exciting cash profits when customers RE-ORDER from you.

STEEL SAFETY TOE SHOES!
The last word in foot safety! You feature Steel Safety Toe shoes in many good-looking styles. Workers want to save feet from injury. Safety Toe shoes help do the job—put EXTRA dollars into your bank account!

OUTSTANDING LEATHERS!
Imported Australian Kangaroo leather, Calfskin—Lustrous Shell Cordovan—Rugged Horsehide—actual shoe samples of these fine quality leathers furnished FREE to qualified men!

NEOPRENE and GRO-CORK SOLES and HEELS!
Work shoes have special features for different occupations. Oil-Resistant Du-Pont Neoprene soles, heels, Gro-Cork Slip-Resistant soles, heels wanted by service station men, garage men, factory workers, thousands in other occupations—help make shoes so fast-selling!

AIR-CUSHION COMFORT!
Foamy-soft Air-Cushion innersole cushions feet on thousands of air bubbles. Customers rave about comfort of "walking on air"! You get actual Air-Cushion demonstrator. Just say "Feel that Cushion." When customers do—they buy!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES SELL MASON SHOES QUICKLY FOR YOU!

Mason shoes are nationally known for extra comfort features. Just hand prospects your Cut-away 10-second Air Cushion Demonstrator. When they feel the foamy-soft, heel-to-toe Velvet-eez Air Cushion they realize how wonderfully comfortable it is to "Walk on air!" Then point out the sturdy steel shank for extra strength, plus special Air Cushion Arch Support. Mason Velvet-eez shoes are the *only* footwear sold direct that bears the famed Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal. Because these fine shoes are NOT sold in stores, people must buy from YOU!

WE START YOU ON THE WAY TO EXCITING PROFITS FREE!

No need to invest a cent, ever. We send you our Powerful Selling Outfit that has proved to be a real money-maker for so many thousands of men—absolutely FREE! We back you up with National Advertising proved Sales Aids, even MORE, as soon as you show us you are really interested in making BIG MONEY.

"TERRIFIC INCOME!"
Edward McCarty of Illinois says: "The day I started to sell Mason Velvet-eez shoes was the luckiest day of my life! My income now is simply terrific!"

SEND TODAY... Start Your Own Profitable Business RIGHT AWAY!

DO YOU want to make steady EXTRA money? Do you want *real security?* Do you want to be able to afford the things you've always only dreamed about? — then send this coupon TODAY! We will rush your powerful Free Selling Outfit that features over 150 fast-selling Mason Shoe styles for men and women — Air-Cushion Demonstrator, How-To-Make-Money Booklet, *everything* you need to make money from the first hour!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISC.
DEPT. MA-118

SEND COUPON FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-118
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

I want to make really BIG MONEY with Mason shoes! Rush my FREE Selling Outfit so I can start running the best "Shoe Store Business" in my town.

Name_____
Address_____ Age_____
Town_____ State_____

WHAT A FEAST OF READING PLEASURE!

You Get Every Book on This Page in One Giant Package

—but you must act NOW!

WILL YOU ACCEPT the gigantic bargain pictured above? Just look what you get: ALL of these full-sized NEW books! Enjoy each exciting novel . . . then display them proudly on your bookshelf. In publishers' editions they sell for $17.75. But YOU get all SEVEN for ONE DOLLAR with membership if you mail the coupon now!

Ellery Queen
THE KING IS DEAD
Exactly on schedule, somebody killed sadistic Mr. Bendigo. But the murder weapon was an EMPTY gun! *And it was "fired" through a solid steel door!*

Rex Stout
TRIPLE JEOPARDY
"I killed that cop!" said the scandal-hungry brunette. Was she lying . . . crazy . . . or telling the TRUTH? *Nero Wolfe has to find out fast!*

Patrick Quentin
BLACK WIDOW
A girl dead in your apartment! Her suicide note blames you. Her angry friends say she was YOUR mistress. But YOU have seen her ONLY ONCE in your whole life!

George Harmon Coxe
NEVER BET YOUR LIFE
Every cent the murdered gambler owned was willed to Dave Barnum. But Dave had to BET HIS OWN LIFE to prove HE wasn't the killer!

Manning Coles
ALIAS UNCLE HUGO
Here's a top-notch espionage yarn about a young heir to a throne . . . a Russian commissar . . . and Tommy Hambledon, secret agent extraordinary!

Agatha Christie
MURDER WITH MIRRORS
Here's the terrific new best-seller by one of the greatest mystery writers! Tells of a thrice-married woman . . . and a house swept by MURDER . . .

Thomas Walsh
THE NIGHT WATCH
Every night he peered through his binoculars at the "bachelor girl" in apartment 8-A. He got a surprising "close-up" of her private life. *Then the KILLER showed up!*

Get all SEVEN—Mail coupon NOW!

THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD, Dept. AM-4, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the Dollar Mystery Guild and rush me these new books. Later, I'll send only $1.00 for the entire package.

ENROLLMENT BONUS — 7 FULL-SIZED BOOKS for $1.00

Triple Jeopardy • The King Is Dead • Black Widow
Never Bet Your Life • Alias Uncle Hugo • The Night Watch
Murder With Mirrors

Forthcoming book bargains will be described to me in advance in the Club's monthly bulletin, "Mystery Guild Clues." It is my privilege to notify you whenever I do not wish to accept any forthcoming selections at the special member's price of only $1.00 each, plus a few cents shipping charge. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only four during each year that I remain a member. I may resign at any time after accepting four selections. **GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I'll return books in 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.**

Name (Please Print)_____

Street and No._____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(Offer slightly different in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont., Good only in U. S. A. and Canada)

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD MEMBERSHIP GIVES YOU THE RELAXATION YOU DESERVE

Here's the amazingly simple and popular plan of the Dollar Mystery Guild: Each month the editorial board selects two top-notch new books—often by authors like Rex Stout, Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie. These are described to members well IN ADVANCE. You take only those you like; no more than four a year if you wish. If you don't want a book, simply tell the club. It will not be sent.

These latest novels cost $2.50 to $3.00 in the publishers' editions. *But members pay only ONE DOLLAR each (plus a few cents for shipping) for their handsome, hard-bound, large sized library volumes!* Best of all, if you join now, you get SEVEN new books for ONE DOLLAR as an enrollment premium! Don't miss this opportunity. Send the coupon today.